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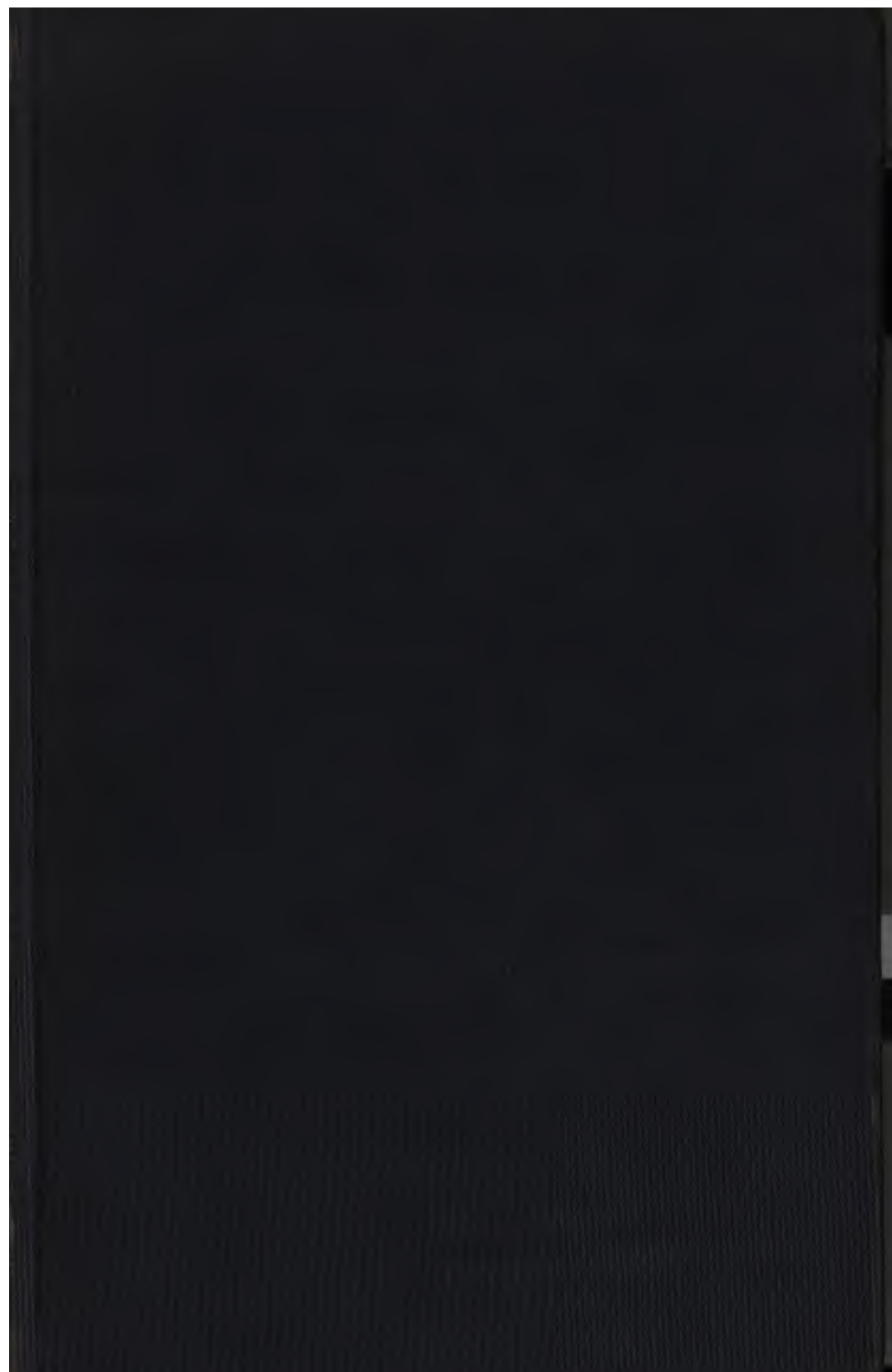
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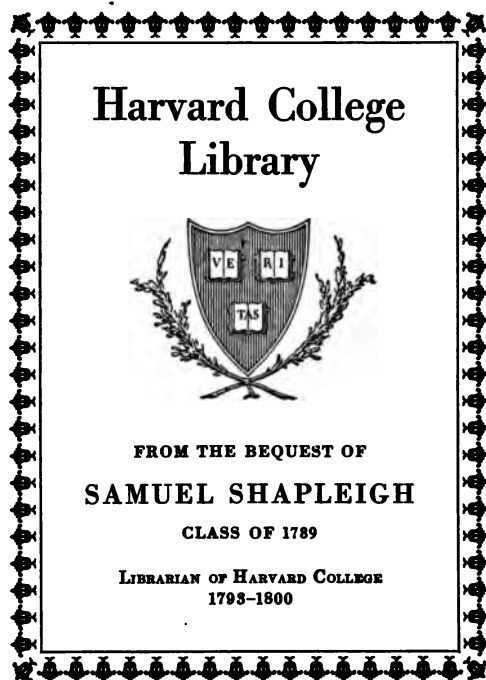
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THE
LITERARY EXAMINER:

CONSISTING OF

THE INDICATOR,

A REVIEW OF BOOKS,

AND

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES IN PROSE AND VERSE.

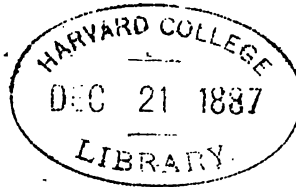
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THE
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No. I.—SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1823.

THE INDICATOR.

No. LXXVII.

There he arriving, round about doth fly,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye,
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.—SPENSER.

MY BOOKS.

SITTING last winter among my books, and walled round with all the comfort and protection which they and my fire-side could afford me,—to wit, a table of high-piled books at my back, my writing-desk on one side of me, some shelves on the other, and the feeling of the warm fire at my feet,—I began to consider how I loved the authors of those books; how I loved them too, not only for the imaginative pleasures they afforded me, but for their making me love the very books themselves, and delight to be in contact with them. I looked sideways at my Spenser, my Theocritus, and my Arabian Nights; then above them at my Italian Poets; then behind me at my Dryden and Pope, my Romances, and my Boccaccio; then on my left side at my Chaucer, who lay on writing-desk; and thought how natural it was in C. L. to give a kiss to an old folio, as I once saw him do to Chapman's Homer. At the same time I wondered how he could sit in that front room of his with nothing but a few unfeeling tables and chairs, or at best a few engravings in trim frames, instead of putting a couple of arm-chairs into the back room with the books in it, where there is but one window. Would I were there, with both the chairs properly filled and one or two more besides! "We had talk, Sir,"—the only talk capable of making one forget the books. Good God! I could cry like one of the Children in the Wood to think how far I and mine are from home; but this would not be "decent or manly;" so I smile instead, and am philosophic enough to make your heart ache. Besides, I shall love the country I am in more and more, and on the very account for which it angers me at present.

This is confessing a great pain in the midst of my books. I own it; and yet I feel all the pleasure in them which I have expressed.

Take me, my bookshelves, to your arms,
And shield me from the ills of life.

No disparagement to the arms of Stella; but in neither case is pain a reason why we should not have a high enjoyment of the pleasure. I entrench myself in my books, equally against sorrow and the weather. If the wind comes through a passage, I look about to see how I can fence it off by a better disposition of my moveables: if a melancholy thought is importunate, I give another glance at my Spenser. When I speak of being in contact with my books, I mean it literally. I like to be able to lean my head against them. Living in a southern climate,

though in a part sufficiently northern to feel the winter, I was obliged during that season to take some of the books out of the study, and hang them up near the fire-place in the sitting-room, which is the only room that has such a convenience. I therefore walled myself in, as well as I could, in the manner above mentioned. I took a walk every day, to the astonishment of the Genoese, who used to huddle against a bit of sunny wall, like flies on a chimney-piece. But I did this only that I might so much the more enjoy my *English* evening. The fire was a wood fire instead of a coal; but I imagined myself in the country. I remembered, at the very worst, that one end of my native land was not nearer the other, than England is to Italy.

While writing this article I am in my study again. Like the rooms in all houses in this country, which are not hovels, it is handsome and ornamented. On one side it looks towards a garden and the mountains: on another to the mountains and the sea. What signifies all this? I turn my back upon the sea: I shut up even one of the side windows looking upon the mountains; and retain no prospect but that of the trees. On the right and left of me are bookshelves: a bookcase is affectionately open in front of me; and thus kindly enclosed with my books and the green leaves, I write. If all this is too luxurious and effeminate, of all luxuries it is the one that leaves you the most strength. And this is to be said for scholarship in general. It unfits a man for activity—for his bodily part in the world: but it often doubles both the power and the sense of his mental duties: and with much indignation against his body, and more against those who tyrannize over the intellectual claims of mankind, the man of letters, like the magician of old, is prepared to “play the devil” with the great men of this world, in a style that astonishes both the sword and the toga.

I do not like this fine large study. I like elegance; I like room to breathe in, and even walk about, when I want to breathe and walk about. I like a great library next my study; but for the study itself, give me a small snug place almost entirely walled with books. There should be only one window in it, looking upon trees. Some prefer a place with few or no books at all; nothing but a chair and a table, like Epictetus: but I should say that these were philosophers, not lovers of books, if I did not recollect that Montaigne was both. He had a study in a round tower, walled as aforesaid. It is true, one forgets one's books while writing: at least they say so. For my part, I think I have them in a sort of sidelong mind's eye; like a second thought, which is none; like a waterfall, or a whispering wind.

I dislike a grand library to study in. I mean an immense apartment, with books all in Museum order, especially wire-safed. I say nothing against the Museum itself, or public libraries. They are capital places to go to, but not to sit in: and talking of this, I hate to read in a public place and in strange company. The jealous silence,—the dissatisfied looks of the messengers, the inability to help yourself, the not knowing whether you really ought to trouble the messengers, much less the Gentleman in black or brown, who is perhaps half a trustee, with a variety of other jarrings between privacy and publicity, prevent one's settling heartily to work. They say “they manage these things better in France;” and I dare say they do: but I think I should feel still more *distract* in France, in spite of the benevolence of the servitors, and the generous profusion of pen, ink, and paper. I should feel as if *I were doing nothing* but interchanging amenities with polite writers.

A grand private library, which the master of the house also makes his study, never looks to me like a real place of books, much less of authorship. I cannot take kindly to it. It is certainly not out of envy; for three parts of the books are generally trash, and I can seldom think of the rest and the proprietor together. It reminds me of a fine gentleman, of a collector, of a patron, of Gil Blas and the Marquis of Marialva; of anything but genius and comfort. I have a particular hatred of a round table (not *the* Round Table, for that was a dining one) covered and irradiated with books; and never met with one in the house of a clever man but once. It is the reverse of Montaigne's Round Tower. Instead of bringing the books around you, they all seem turning another way, and eluding your hands.

Conscious of my propriety and comfort in these matters, I take an interest in the bookcases, as well as books of my friends. I long to meddle, and dispose them after my own notions. When they see this confession, they will acknowledge the virtue I have practised. I believe I did mention his book room to C. L. and I think he told me that he often sat there when alone. It would be hard not to believe him. His library, though not abounding in Greek or Latin (which are the only things to help some persons to an idea of literature) is anything but superficial. The depths of philosophy and poetry are there, the innermost passages of the human heart. It has some Latin, too. It has also an handsome contempt for appearance. It looks like what it is, a selection made at precious intervals from the book-stalls;—now a Chaucer at nine and twopence; now a Montaigne or a Sir Thomas Brown at two shillings; now a Jeremy Taylor, a Spinoza; an old English Dramatist, Prior, and Sir Philip Sidney; and the books are “neat as imported.” The very perusal of the backs is a “discipline of humanity.” There Mr. Southey takes his place again with an old Radical friend: there Jeremy Collier is at peace with Dryden: there the tign, Martin Luther, lies down with the Quaker lamb, Sewell: there Guzman d'Alfarache thinks himself fit company for Sir Charles Grandison, and has his claims admitted. Even the “high fantastical” Duchess of Newcastle, with her laurel on her head, is received with grave honours, and not the less for declining to trouble herself with the constitutions of her maids. There is an approach to this in the library of W. C. who also includes Italian among his humanities. W. H., I believe, has no books, except mine; but he has Shakspeare and Rousseau by heart. N. who though not a book man by profession, is fond of those who are, and who loves his volume enough to read it across the fields, has his library in the common sitting room, which is hospitable. H. R.'s books are all too modern and finely bound, which however is not his fault, for they were left him by will,—not the most kindly act of the testator. Suppose a man were to bequeath us a great japan chest, three feet by four, with an injunction that it was always to stand on the tea-table. I remember borrowing a book of H. R. which, having lost, I replaced with a copy equally well bound. I am not sure I should have been in such haste, even to return the book, had it been a common looking volume; but the splendour of the loss dazzled me into this ostentatious piece of propriety. I set about restoring it as if I had diminished his fortunes; and waived the privilege a friend has to use a man's things as his own. I may venture upon this profligate theory, not only because candour compels me to say that I hold it in higher matters, with Montaigne, but because I have been a meek son

in the family of book-losers. I may affirm, upon a moderate calculation, that I have lent and lost in my time, (and I am eight and thirty,) half-a-dozen decent sized libraries,—I mean books enough to fill so many ordinary book cases. I have never complained; and self-love, as well as gratitude, makes me love those who do not complain of me. But like other patient people, I am inclined to burst out now that I grow less strong,—now that writing puts a hectic in my cheek. Publicity is nothing now-a-days “between friends.” There is R. not H. R. who in return for breaking a set of my English Poets, makes a point of forgetting me, whenever he has poets in his eye; which is carrying his conscience too far. But W. H. treated me worse; for not content with losing other of said English Poets, together with my Philip Sidney (all in one volume) and divers pieces of Bacon, he vows I never lent them to him; which is “the unkindest cut of all.” This comes of being magnanimous. It is a poor thing after all to be “pushed from a level consideration” of one’s superiority in matters of provocation. But W. H. is not angry on this occasion, though he is forgetful; and in spite of his offences against me and mine (not to be done away by his good word at intervals). I pardon the irritable patriot and metaphysician, who would give his last penny to an acquaintance, and his last pulse to the good of mankind. Why did he fire up at an idle word from one of the few men, who thought and felt as deeply as himself, and who “died daily” in the same awful cause? But I forgive him, because *he* forgave him; and yet I know not if I can do it for that very reason.

“Come, my best friends, my books, and lead me on:

“’Tis time that I were gone.”

I own I borrow books with as much facility as I lend. I cannot see a work that interests me on another person’s shelf, without a wish to carry it off: but, I repeat, that I have been much more sinned against than sinning in the article of non-return; and am scrupulous in the article of intention. I never had a felonious intent upon a book but once; and then I shall only say, it was under circumstances so peculiar, that I cannot but look upon the conscience that induced me to restore it, as having sacrificed the spirit of its very self to the letter; and I have a grudge against it accordingly. Some people are unwilling to lend their books. I have a special grudge against them, particularly those who accompany their unwillingness with uneasy professions to the contrary, and smiles like Sir Fretful Plagiary. The friend who helped to spoil my notions of property, or rather to make them too good for the world “as it goes,” taught me also to undervalue my squeamishness in choosing to avail myself of the books of these gentlemen. He showed me how it was doing good to all parties to put an ordinary face on the matter; though I know his own blushed not a little sometimes in doing it, even when the good to be done was for another. (Dear S. in all thy actions, small as well as great, how sure was the beauty of thy spirit to break forth!) I feel in truth, that even when anger inclines me to exercise this privilege of philosophy, it is more out of revenge than contempt. I fear that in allowing myself to borrow books, I sometimes make extremes meet in a very sinful manner, and do it out of a refined revenge. It is like eating a miser’s beef at him.

I yield to none in my love of bookstall urbanities. I have spent as happy moments over the stalls (till the woman looked out) as any literary apprentice boy who ought to be moving onwards. But I confess my weakness in liking to see some of my favourite purchases neatly

bound. The books I like to have about me most are Spenser, Chaucer, the minor poems of Milton, the Arabian Nights, Theocritus, Plato's Republic, and such old good-natured speculations as Plutarch's Morals. For most of these I love a plain good old binding, never mind how old, provided it wears well; but my Arabian Nights may be bound in as fine and flowery a style as possible, and I should like an engraving to every dozen pages. Book-prints of all sorts, bad and good, take with me as much as when I was a child: and I think some books, such as Prior's Poems, ought always to have portraits of the authors. Prior's airy face with his cap on, is like having his company. From early association, no edition of Milton pleases me so much, as that in which there are pictures of the Devil with brute ears, dressed like a Roman General: nor of Bunyan, as the one containing the print of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, with the Devil whispering in Christian's ear, old Pope sitting by the way side, and

"Vanity Fair,
With the Pilgrims suffering there."

I delight in the recollection of the puzzle I used to have with the frontispiece of the Tale of a Tub, of my real horror at the sight of that crawling old man representing Avarice, at the beginning of Enfield's Speaker, the Looking Glass, or some such book; and even of the careless school-boy hats, and the prim stomachers and cottage bonnets, of such golden-age antiquities as the Village School. The oldest and most worn-out wood cut, representing King Pepin, Goody Two Shoes, or the grim Soldan, sitting with three staring blots for his eyes and mouth, his sceptre in one hand, and his other five fingers raised and spread in admiration at the feats of the Gallant London Prentice, cannot raise in me a feeling of ingratitude or disrespect. Cooke's edition of the British Poets and Novelists came out while I was at school: for which reason I never could put up with Suttaby's or Walker's publications, except in the case of such works as the Fairy Tales, which Mr. Cooke did not publish. Besides they are too cramped, thick, and mercenary; and the pictures are all frontispieces. They do not come in at the proper places. It is like having one's pie before dinner. Cooke realized the old woman's beau ideal of a prayer book,—“A little book, with a great deal of matter, and a large type:”—for the type was really large for so small a volume. Shall I ever forget his Collins and his Gray, books at once so superbly ornamented and so inconceivably cheap? Sixpence could procure much before; but never could it procure so much as then, or was at once so much respected, and so little cared for. His artist Kirk was the best artist, except Stothard, that ever designed for periodical works; and I will venture to add (if his name rightly announces his country) the best artist Scotland ever produced, except Wilkie: but he unfortunately had not enough of his country in him to keep him from dying young. His designs for Milton and the Arabian Nights, his female extricated from the water in the Tales of the Genii, and his old hag issuing out of the chest of the Merchant Abadah in the same book, are before me now as vividly as they were then. He possessed elegance and the sense of the beauty in no ordinary degree; though they sometimes played a trick or so of foppery. I shall never forget the gratitude with which I received an odd number of Akenside, value sixpence, one of the set of that poet, which a boarder distributed among three or four of us, “with his mother's compliments.” The present might have been more lavish, but I hardly

thought of that. I remember my number. It was the one on which there is a picture of the poet on a sofa, with Cupid coming to him, and the words underneath, "Tempt me no more, insidious Love!" The picture and the number appeared to me equally divine. I cannot help thinking to this day, that it is right and natural in a gentleman to sit in a stage dress, on that particular kind of sofa, though on no other, with that exclusive hat and feathers on his head, telling Cupid to be gone with a tragedy air. Cowley says, that even when he was "a very young boy at school, instead of his running about on holidays, and playing with his fellows, he was wont to steal from them, and walk into the fields, either alone with a book, or with some one companion, if he could find one of the same temper." When I was at school, I had no fields to run into, or I should certainly have gone there; and I must own to having played a great deal; but then I drew my sports as much as possible out of books, playing at Trojan wars, chivalrous encounters with coal-staves, and even at religious mysteries. When I was not at these games, I was either reading in a corner, or walking round the cloisters with a book under one arm, and my friend linked with the other, or with my thoughts. It has since been my fate to realize all the romantic notions I had of a friend at that time, and just as I had embraced him in a distant country, to have him torn from me. This it is that sprinkles the most cheerful of my speculations now with tears, and that must obtain me the reader's pardon for a style unusually chequered and egoistical. No man was a greater lover of books than he. He was rarely to be seen, unless attending to other people's affairs, without a volume of some sort, generally of Plato, or one of the Greek Tragedians. Nor will those who understand the real spirit of his scepticism, be surprised to hear that one of his companions was the Bible. He valued it for the beauty of some of its contents, for the dignity of others, and the curiosity of all; though the philosophy of Solomon he thought *too Epicurean*, and the inconsistencies of other parts afflicted him. His favourite part was the book of Job, which he thought the grandest of tragedies. He projected founding one of his own upon it; and I will undertake to say, that Job would have sat in that Tragedy, with a patience and a profundity of thought worthy of the original. Being asked on one occasion, what book he would save for himself, if he could save no other? he answered, "The oldest book, the Bible." It was a monument to him of the earliest, most lasting, and most awful aspirations of humanity. But more of this on a fitter occasion.*

* I will mention, however, in this place, that an advantage of a very cunning and vindictive nature was taken of Mr. Shelley's known regard for the Bible, to represent him as having gone with him at the time he was drowned. Nothing was more probable; and it is true, that he had a book in his pocket, the remains of which, at the request of the author of this article, were buried with him: but it was the volume of Mr. Keats's poems, containing *Hyperion*, of which he was a great admirer. He borrowed it of me when he went away, and knowing how I valued it also, said that he would not let it quit him till he saw me again.

[To be concluded next week].

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Don Juan. Cantos VI. VII. VIII.

WE scarcely know of any thing more ludicrous, although of many more amusing, than a contemplation of the manner in which the vagaries of genius tend to the production of grave and fatiguing common-

places from a multitude of persons who can neither understand the eccentricity, nor appreciate the source of it. It is unnecessary to remark, that if the Noble Author of *Don Juan* could possibly have been overwhelmed by this sort of matter, he would by this time have been buried under a heap which, to borrow the hyperbole of the brother of Ophelia, might

" O'er top old Pelion, or the skyish head
" Of blue Olympus."

There is happily, however, no extinguishment of soul, no annihilation of intellect, to be effected by this process at the present time of day, so that *honest* dulness may be allowed its unavoidable portion of expletive with great complacency. Nay, if uttered with sincerity, and on a supposition, as Figaro says, that the good people " think that they are thinking," their *platitudes* are to be endured, like a passing cloud, at which, although it afflicts us with the vapours, it is useless to repine. We are not to expect the bat to track the flash which precedes a thunder-clap, or the mole to adjust and ascertain the polarity of light.

But if the numerous class of innocent and well intentioned venters of no-meaning are to be thus tolerated, we are not aware of the existence of any species of literary chivalry, which demands an equal degree of consideration for the rancour of disappointed venality—the affected horror of alarmed and becloaked hypocrisy—the yell of low political hostility, and the artificial hiss of the whole serpentine train of corruption—"complicated monsters," who in the variety and nature of their powers, and motives of annoyance, may be figuratively compared to their prototypes in Pandemonium:—

" Scorpion, and Asp, and Amphisbæna dire,
Cerastes horn'd, Hydrus, and Elops drear,
And Dipsas."

Need we say, that nearly all those who affect to sound the tocsin upon every sally of imagination by Lord Byron, may be classed under one or other of the foregoing divisions? The venality that would embrace the profits, while it avoided the responsibility, is known to all men;—the hypocrisy and cant, under the name of equity, that would undermine property, and suffer legitimate fraud to acquire an unprincipled and dangerous controul over the press, have been rendered equally evident. As to low political hostility, is it possible to consider any thing *more* low, contemptible, abject, rancorous, crawling—and, for the honour of the country, we hope to add silly—than the wretched attack of the Constitutional Society? And as to the anonymous creatures of venom, *they* abound in every dirty pool, which stagnates and breeds things of slime, under the sun of a corruptive influence. What is the crime of Lord Byron with this crew—the boldness of his occasional scepticism?—Not a jot. His treatment of the " good old King?"—Pish!—the mere adoption of a rallying point, to furnish a new experiment upon the card-purses of old women. Mr. Charles Murray's bills run high, and the funds of the Society low. Is it a dangerous portion of license and freedom in *Don Juan*?—How edifying this objection, considering that the *John Bull* is under the especial patronage and protection of the Church! What then is the real offence of his Lordship? How rapidly told! He,—a nobleman,—has burst the enthrallment of rank and station; nay more, the stronger ligatures of an aristocratical bias, and declared for the Many against the Few. His powerful spirit has embraced the cause of the politically oppressed, and aided to expel and to scourge that great piece of general social treason, the Holy Alliance.

liance. This it is, which has subjected Lord Byron to the enmity and anger by which, in certain quarters, he is so much honoured; and but for this, he might have written like Rochester, intrigued like Buckingham, and acted all sorts of folly in the manner of Wharton. Nay, his expedition with Satan after the origin of evil, in the person of Cain, would have passed from the Creator of well-fed Rectors, and bowing Deans; a position which has been proved by much kindred matter-of-fact. In a word, the yelpers are a-slip, not for what Lord Byron is, but for what he is not. He might have been all that he is with perfect impunity, save a liberal Lord, which agrees neither with the conservative principle of the great Holy Alliance, nor the little Constitutional Society,—with the confederate interests, nor the proprietary Oligarchy that oppress the British system, all of which, in their several degrees, claim a *vested* right to impede the genial march of society, and make a property of the common rights of mankind.

Having eased our mind by a little general appreciation of the common-place, the cant, and the malignity against Lord Byron, the source of which is so obvious; and protesting against any sort of intention of interfering with the just rights of sound and honest criticism,—to which, whether springing out of differences of taste, feeling, or sincere opinion, he is of course as amenable as the meanest shrub of Parnassus,—we drop at once to a consideration of that poem in particular, the continuation of which has led to the present article.

Of the general characteristics of *Don Juan*, it would now be almost impertinent to dilate. We shall therefore spare ourselves all expatiation upon its felicitous combination of description, humour, pathos, and keen and pervading satire; the last of which, after all, we apprehend is what disturbs the moral prudery of the well-dressed mob more than those amatory scenes and glowing descriptions to which the manifestation of the said disturbance is so greatly attributed. The first canto, for instance—Are certain people quite so alarmed at the loves of Don Juan and Donna Julia, as at certain tangential strokes in the delineation of the character of the hero's grave and prudential mother, and transient glances at the infirmities and peccadilloes of good sort of people? The same story told in another manner, they would possibly regard as a moral tale; but this air *riant*, and disturbance of composed masks and orderly decencies, are unbearable. Circumspection avails nothing in this case, and (*contra bonos mores*) the “simulars of virtue” are in as much danger as the vicious—a frightful and comprehensive calamity. To be sure, we have heard the objection urged very speciously. We do not like to be eternally put upon the weak or wicked points of our nature; and in poetry particularly, prefer more gentle portraiture,—“Alice Fell,” and the “Thoughts too deep for tears.” Without deciding whether some of the latter may not be found even in the stanzas of *Don Juan*, we utterly protest against this very convenient species of interdiction, which, we maintain, would foster every species of rancorous weed, by the mere absence of annoyance. It would require more time and space than the nature of this publication will allow, to enter into a comparison of the advantages to be derived from the exaltation of conspicuous virtue and the exposure of latent vice; but if both are good, Lord Byron is vindicated; and every body must allow that the latter is the most fruitful field. Sound divines (not being Court Chaplains) take both ways, we believe; an observation that drops from us in the pure spirit of orthodoxy. Again: Lord Byron will take up

such dark-featured and reckless heroes! This remark, by the by, was made by a critic in a daily print, in relation to *The Island*. It was strange that Lord Byron should persist in choosing such heroes as Christian (the main incident of whose life is almost poetry in plain narrative); it was quite sickening to hear eternally of such people. Now we need not inform those who have read the poem, that Christian is scarcely its hero; and that nothing anticipated by the honest scribe, who had merely seen it new in the shop windows, is to be found in it. The entire spirit of this sort of observation is however false and erroneous. Virtue, define it as we may, consists chiefly in forbearance, negation, and the mastery of the passions. We may go still further, and add, that even its activity wears the aspect of self-denial, as all the self-devotion of Greek and Roman story—all that we understand of exalted virtue, from Alfred to Washington, will testify. This is well in fact, but is it so in poetry? Or, in plainer terms, is it not the force, prevalence, and violence of the passions; which supply the latter with the richest *materiel*? From the very nature of things it must be so, as Milton found out in *Paradise Lost*, his Satan being objected to on this very account; and to talk a hundred years old, that is to say, in reference to Homer and Virgil,—who prefers not, poetically speaking, the fierce and wrathful Achilles, to the *Dux Trojanus*, the pious Æneas? The lofty department of tragedy, what is its essence?—Masterless passion; the absence of which, and the poor substitution of mere poetry, make some recent efforts so very mawkish. Let us hear no more of this.

Looking at *Don Juan* as far as it has gone, it is quite obvious, that having taken up the general conception, Lord Byron has bound himself to no particular series of adventures, but writes on under the influence of his immediate impulses. Every one is aware that there is both loss and gain by this process; that something is lost in unity and consistency of object, and something gained in occasional freshness and spirit. It may be further observed, that, after all, *Don Juan* is not an epic; and that we can scarcely conceive an outline more capable of excursion *ad libitum* than the pilotage of a Don Galaor of headlong courage and boundless adventure to the gates of hell. This, however, is a secondary consideration; as we have already hinted, this conspicuous and alarming attribute of Lord Byron is an intuitive perception of the almost mathematical point which marks the confines of vice and virtue, harmlessness and innocence; and a rapid detection of the approximation of extremes, which renders him the Asmodeus or Mephistophiles of poets, a creature which penetrates into your secrets at will. This is startling to every one, but absolutely terrific to the orderly people, who, muffled up in exterior decencies, place well-doing in a mental costume. We never heard an individual express more horror at the first canto of *Don Juan* than a grave merchant, who regularly sent his clerk out of the way to take tea with his wife; or a woman more piously outraged by it than the mistress of the man who married her. These persons felt themselves detected. It is not confounding good and evil to shew the slightness of the partitions which divide them; on the contrary, the former may be guarded and secured by a dread of the rapidity of glance which can at once perceive and expose the myriads of lurking avenues by which the one can slide into the other.

And now for the sixth
regular continuation of
the disguised and secret

which is in strict and
adventures of
innocence

with a pleasant parody, in application to woman, of "There is a tide in the affairs of men." In respect to the former, the poet opines that—

Those navigators must be able seamen
Whose charts lay down its current to a hair;
Not all the reveries of Jacob Behmen
With its strange whirls and eddies can compare:—
Men with their heads reflect on this and that—
But women with their hearts or heaven knows what!

Not the less influentially, however, it appears—

And yet a headlong, headstrong, downright she,
Young, beautiful, and daring—who would risk
A throne, the world, the universe, to be
Beloved in her own way, and rather whisk
The stars from out the sky, than not be free
As are the billows when the breeze is brisk—
Though such a she's a devil (if that there be one)
Yet she would make full many a Manichean.

The Author moralizes for several stanzas in this strain; but in allusion to a little finesse on the part of the favourite Sultana (who had managed the introduction of Don Juan in female disguise) to her awful Sultan, thus beautifully distinguishes between feminine love and the affectation of it:—

A slight blush, a soft tremor, a calm kind
Of gentle, feminine delight, and shown
More in the eyelids than the eyes, resigned
Rather to hide what pleases most unknown,
Are the best tokens (to a modest mind)
Of love, when seated on his loveliest throne,
A sincere woman's breast,—for over warm
Or over cold annihilates the charm.

We must be very general in our outline. The convenient nondescript, who to oblige the Sultana managed the entry of Don Juan into the harem, is under the necessity of trusting to his discretion, by allowing him to share the accommodation of one of the beauties of the establishment, three of whom are described with those graces which prove most attractive to the people whom certain Christians think the fittest in the world to govern Greece. We supply the portraiture:—

Of those who had most genius for this sort
Of sentimental friendship, there were three,
Lolah, Katinka, and Dudù; in short,
(To save description) fair as fair can be
Were they, according to the best report,
Though differing in stature and degree,
And clime and time, and country and complexion;
They all alike admired their new connexion.
Lolah was dusk as India and as warm;
Katinka was a Georgian, white and red,
With great blue eyes, a lovely hand and arm,
And feet so small they scarce seemed made to tread,
But rather skim the earth; while Dudù's form
Looked more adapted to be put to bed,
Being somewhat large and languishing and lazy,
Yet of a beauty that would drive you crazy.
A kind of sleepy Venus seemed Dudù,
Yet very fit to "murder sleep" in those
Who gazed upon her cheek's transcendent hue,
Her Attic forehead, and her Phidian nose:
Few angles were there in her form, 'tis true,
Thinner she might have been and yet scarce lose;
Yet, after all, 'twould puzzle to say where
It would not spoil some separate charm *to pare*,
She was not violently lively, but
Stole on your spirit like a May-day breaking;

Her eyes were not too sparkling, yet, half-shut,
 They put beholders in a tender taking;
 She looked (this simile's quite new) just cut
 From marble, like Pygmalion's statue waking,
 The Mortal and the Marble still at strife,
 And timidly expanding into life.

The appropriation of the disguised Juan of course produces some confusion; and the haughty Sultana learns from her creature the trust he has been obliged to put in his prudence. She has no confidence in his share of that same cardinal virtue, and her feminine agitation and distress is thus beautifully depicted:—

She stood a moment as a Pythoness
 Stands on her tripod, agonized, and full
 Of Inspiration gathered from Distress,
 When all the heart-strings like wild horses pull
 The heart asunder;—then, as more or less
 Their speed abated or their strength grew dull,
 She sunk down on her seat by slow degrees,
 And bowed her throbbing head o'er trembling knees.
 Her face declined and was unseen; her hair
 Fell in long tresses, like the weeping willow,
 Sweeping the marble underneath her chair,
 Or rather sofa (for it was all pillow,
 A low, soft Ottoman) and black Despair
 Stirred up and down her bosom like a billow,
 Which rushes to some shore whose shingles check
 Its farther course, but must receive its wreck.
 Her head hung down, and her long hair in stooping
 Concealed her features better than a veil;
 And one hand o'er the Ottoman lay drooping,
 White, waxen, and as alabaster pale:
 Would that I were a painter! to be grouping
 All that a poet drags into detail!
 Oh that my words were colours! but their tints
 May serve perhaps as outlines or slight hints.

We are to suppose she is inexorable, for the Eunuch is ordered to get a boat under the palace wall to execute her orders; the absolute fact, however, is left in doubt, as here the stanza closes. To ease the great anxiety of the reader, however, we will just allow him to know, that in the next canto (of which more in our next number) Don Juan, a Turkish lady, and an old man, suddenly make their appearance in the Russian camp before Ismail, and are presented to Suwarrow,—so that all fear of the premature death of the hero may be at once dismissed.

The general complexion of this canto, it will be perceived, is *couleur de rose*, and skittish; but more in the way of humour than luxuriance,—a step in the education of Juan pleasantly related and rapidly dismissed. The succeeding cantos breathe more of fire and sword; but we will not anticipate.

We must not forget to remark, that these cantos are preceded by a preface of a very piquant description, in which Lord Byron explains himself, as to the late Marquis of Londonderry, with very marked significance. Not only so,—he briefly but forcibly expresses his contempt for “the hypocritical mass which leavens the present English generation.” This is as it should be: it would be melancholy indeed, if a confederacy of the lowest and most unprincipled hypocrites—of the most base and slavish designers on the face of the earth, could impede the free breathings of mind as successfully as they crush the infant liberty of exhausted nations—crib and confine the impulses of genius, like Gulliver in Lilliput, by the cobwebbery of a multiplicity of dirty ligature, spun from the brain and bowels of a combination of reptiles.

some of whom manhood can scarcely name, or womanhood imagine. It is quite enough that the *vis inertiae* of society exacts so large a tribute of attention to the conventional jargon which, among the high and low vulgar, is substituted for the native convictions of reason and common sense; it would be still more miserable, if every grade of intellect could be made to succumb. Of this, however, thank heaven, there is little danger; the march of mental freedom and of social and political amelioration has commenced, and what monarch or monarchs can effectually stay it? The command of King Canute to the waves of the sea to stand still, had he even expected obedience, would have been reasonable in comparison with this fond attempt; for the ocean, although magnificent, is limitable, but who can assign boundaries to mind? or at least to the diffusion which advances the mass of it, and which is industriously and insidiously confounded, by those who dread its ultimate consequences, with certain romantic notions of the perfectibility of the individual. Happily, amidst all the fluctuations of success and misfortune, which alternately exalt and depress the friends of political liberty, this truth is eternally perceptible. It is not obscured because Angouleme is at Madrid, French gold triumphant in Portugal, or another Turkish fleet at sea, to reiterate massacres of Scio. Revived Inquisitions abroad, and attempted ones at home, cannot shadow it; nor senatorial servility, foolishness, and evasion, extinguish it. Even law, which is so successful against *all* light, finds it a species of Greek fire; and like the bright cloud which guided the Israelites through the wilderness, however devious the path to be trodden, it will not cease to shine and inspirit the human progress until, triumphant over every obstacle, mankind, in the attainment of genuine liberty, and equal political rights, shall have reached the promised land.

Sketches in Bedlam, or Characteristic Traits of Insanity, as displayed in the cases of 140 Patients of both sexes, now or recently confined in Bedlam.

Of all the gross and disgusting instances of coarseness and want of feeling in the pursuit of temporary emolument, we think this publication is one of the most unpardonable. Here are the connexions of no less than 140 persons rendered unhappy and uneasy, to say nothing of certain of the parties discharged cured, in order that some miserable book-maker may pocket a few pounds in his calling. We know not whether this be the book to which Mr. Brougham alluded on Monday last, in the House of Commons; we apprehend not; but if so, it may pair off with it in offensiveness and barbarity. We can conceive nothing less amusing, than a dull common-place detail of the ravings, wanderings, and habits of confirmed insanity, unilluminated by a single iota of physiological acquirement, medical experience, or vivid and discriminating powers of description. It is unnecessary to say that much of such detail must necessarily be abominably nauseous, if not indecent; and we may observe that, in this respect, the extreme vulgarity and want of feeling which originated the work, have been very faithfully displayed in its execution. We cannot sully our columns with example, but we request those who may meet with the book to turn to pages 113 and 128, and ask themselves what they think of the information there bestowed. Such exposures are indefensible on the score of common decorum; but what is to be said of exhibiting an unhappy, and possibly a recoverable individual, as a spectacle to the public, to the an-

noyance of every one belonging to him, for such information as the following :—We of course omit the names :—

———, aged thirty-two, admitted 28th June, 1821. This patient had been once in very respectable life, was occupied as a ship broker, and his derangement was ascribed to heavy losses and disappointments in business. He appeared to have been a very genteel man; perfectly harmless and well conducted for some time after his first admission: but afterwards his disorder became high. He tore his clothes, and became, in his opinion, a very great man. He had in his own hands the insurance of all outward-bound ships from the river Thames to every part of the globe; and, in fact, no ship left the river without having Mr. ———'s seal affixed to her. He knew every body by name, but none by sight. He transacted all his business without ever seeing the principals; and ever since he came here, he had done, in imagination, insurance business to the extent of hundreds of thousands.

He was at all times very cheerful, danced and sung, and made many promises of conferring numerous appointments and lucrative situations on his poor fellow-patients. He was at length found to be paralytic, and was discharged. His friends were respectable, and he was known to many opulent merchants in London.

We supply an equally useless and barbarous disregard of family and connexion in a female instance, a sample of many more:

Charlotte ———, aged forty-five, belonged to Putney, and was transferred hither from Old Bethlehem: she is a married woman, and mother of a family. This poor woman has contracted a most singular persuasion: she fancies herself to be a man, and sometimes styles herself a boy; and, when spoken to, she bows, scrapes, and puts her hand to her head in every respect like a footman.

She is particularly attached to the matron, whom she calls her beauty, and is quite uneasy every day until she sees her.

There is nothing else particularly remarkable in her manner; she is orderly, cleanly in her person and habits, and perfectly quiet and harmless.

This is mere gratuitous brutality; for what is learned by the foregoing information? and with regard to more remarkable cases, as told by this vulgar and unfeeling narrator, they convey nothing from which the slightest instruction can be derived. Another species of injury is also the frequent result. It is well known that the current of thought and expression in insanity is frequently directly opposed to that of the same individual in a sane state; yet our book-maker is continually inferring the one from the other; and all his humour—for, a genuine son of gentle dulness, he loves his joke—is elicited by this supposed connexion. In a word, a more inexcusable production never insulted the sense and humanity of the public.

If we may be allowed to extract one piece of general information from so despicable a source, we will confine it to the observation, that in the feminine cases, we were surprised at the number of heads disordered by fancied calls and religious fanaticism.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of William Hayley, Esq. the Friend and Biographer of Cowper, written by himself.

We are not aware of any possible position, in relation to the general estimation of society, more equivocal than that of an aged literary veteran, who has lived to witness an entire revolution of opinion in respect to the character and merits of the school in which he has been an ardent if not a leading student,—an amusing, and amiable writer, if not one of the lights of his age. Such a person was Hayley, who, but for his life of Cowper, we apprehend a great number of readers of the present generation would scarcely know by name. To the great success of the latter's biography, we shrewdly suspect we owe the ponderous volumes before us, which, if compiled with a view to publication, and such was doubtless the case, exhibit as fine an illustration of the importance of a man to himself as we ever beheld. Hayley was a gentleman and a scholar, but nothing less than a successful author, even

at a period when Poetry, generally speaking, with a few honourable exceptions, aimed at little beyond trim classicality; Humour, to a variation of the sketches of the Spectator and its progeny, (Fielding and Smollet were past) with the occasional *sauce piquante* of a New Bath Guide, or an epistle to Sir William Chambers; and Wit, to, now and then, a sprightly comedy, an abundance of epigrams and "such small deer." His dramas in rhyme, at this time of day, can scarcely encounter the perusal of persons exceeding the age of fourteen; and his Triumphs of Temper, considering its former popularity, in this age of more forcible appeal and varied association, appears to us inexpressibly mawkish. His best works, in our estimation, are his "Young Widow," which few people read when it was published, and scarcely any body since; and his "Essay on Old Maids," which naturally producing no small portion of anger in a very irritable class, met with general attention. As for his *Vers de Societ *, which he appears to have thought very highly of himself, they are of the usual stuff of which such things are made,—eulogy of course is abundant; and most people recollect the wicked wit of Porson, in relation to the too lavish exchange of panegyric between him and Miss Seward. His compliments, congratulation, and condolence, found vent chiefly in octosyllabic verse, which could excite no vast deal of posthumous interest, even at a time when such composition was fashionable; but what can render it palatable some thirty years after the taste has expired? We know of nothing more difficult than to revive a relish for associations which have attained their natural period of decay, in the production of mental satiety. If something of this languor be perceptible even in the spirited resuscitation of Geoffrey Crayon, how little is to be expected from the tame and spiritless muse of Mr. Hayley. Two ponderous quarto volumes, half filled with defunct matter of this nature, are too much. Such a freightage might sink a seventy-four, to say nothing of a cockboat.

But this is a life, it may be said,—a piece of auto-biography; and a man of longevity like Hayley, moving in a respectable sphere, tolerably widely acquainted, and moreover eternally with a pen in his hand, may write a very pleasant account of himself and acquaintances, without any great claims of his own; as for example James Boswell and others. Nothing can be more correct; but it unfortunately happens, that owing to the very recluse and retired habits of Hayley,—habits which seem to have led to a separation from both his wives—excluded almost always in his beautiful family and village retirement in Sussex, with a determined resolution neither to visit or be visited, what is such a life to present? Lastly, as if every thing should conspire to make the work dull, the deceased has written his narrative chiefly in the sketchy way of note and memorandum, and in the unnatural and constrained form of the third person. A recipe for the production of ennui could scarcely have prescribed a method more appalling.

Are these volumes, then, *entirely* destitute of interest? Certainly not; but it is far too little to inspire so ponderous a mass of matter. There are, doubtless, some contemporary venerables existing, who will wade through it with satisfaction; and some of a succeeding generation, who, from connection, acquaintance, or other reasons, may also feel interested. The hop-skip-and-jump tribe may also dip and try their fortune, with now and then the possibility of bringing up a stray anecdote or sexagenary incident worth remembering.

Hayley was a neighbour of Gibbon, and in consequence of a weak-

ness in his eyes, as he never attended public worship personally, some people suspected his orthodoxy. We are happy to add, on the testimony of the Editor, the Rev. John Johnson, Rector of Yardham in Norfolk, substantiated by the very important document of a creed in his own hand-writing, which is judiciously supplied, that this very ominous imputation was unfounded. Q.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE!

WE shall have something to say, probably, from time to time, on the subject of this notorious publication. The public may be assured, that nothing is wanting but to take this goat by the horns, in order to show how weak as well as worthless it is.

The system at present pursued by the Scotch scribblers is,—not to attack the rival Magazines as formerly, when they were worsted, but—to assail, by every species of unjust and impudent invective, *the individuals* who sustain the weight of those publications. Accordingly, we find that they have left off abusing the “London” and sneering at “Colburn’s” Magazine, in order to cast their scurrility upon the contributors to each. They have abused or ridiculed, successively, Mr. Hazlitt, Mr. Thomas Campbell, Mr. Charles Lamb, the “Opium Eater,” the author of “Letters on England,” Mr. Reynolds, Allan Cunningham, Barry Cornwall, Mr. Bowring (we believe) Janus Weathercock, &c. &c. together with other gentlemen whom we can only specify by recurring to the Scotch Magazine: Now, *we know that Blackwood applied to several of these Gentlemen, and pressed them to contribute to his Magazine*, and that when they declined to do so or abandoned it, he began to insult them.

The reader will perceive, that the object of Blackwood’s crew is to neutralize, as far as possible, the effect of the writings of certain *known* contributors to the rival Magazines, perhaps to embroil them with the editors: for this will almost necessarily be the case, if the respective Magazines do not take up the cause of their partizans, and repel the attacks of the Scotchmen. We think that this may very easily be done, and that it *ought to be done*.

Persons familiar with Blackwood’s writers, will recollect, that they have insulted not only the Edinburgh, but the Quarterly Review, Constable’s, the London, the Monthly (*both new and old*) the Gentleman’s Magazines, one after the other, as the falling off in their own sale, we suppose, required. Now, there is no existing work which has had recourse to such contemptible expedients, to lift itself into a short and bad popularity. There is, moreover, no humour so cheap, as that which springs from personal attack. Suppose we were (and we might make some amusing articles)—to touch upon the following points? [We are not sure that we shall not do so,—we shall turn the matter over in our minds.]

1. Private Memoirs of young Lockit, the Ballad-vamper.
2. The Literary Haberdasher; or a Picture of the Back Room in Dundas-street.
3. A Map of the Road to the Chair of Moral Philosophy.
4. The Son-in-law, or Curtain Lectures—(The Wife’s Tale.)
5. The Baronet’s Table, or the Vacant Place.
6. The Retreat of one of the Ten Thousand.
7. Sandy Eitherside, or the Puff and the Plague—

with others too numerous to mention.—Till we determine upon this

point, the reader who still "hankers after" Blackwood,—(if indeed there be one still remaining amongst *gentlemen*)—will do well to see how the editors *can* both puff and defame,—in the cases of Wordsworth, Coleridge, &c. whose contributions have either bribed them to praise, or whose defection has stung them into impudent detraction.

ARMATUS.

THE AUTHORS' SONG.

FOR THE POETS' CATCH-CLUB.

1.

COME! Fill high! Another song!
Never let us linger long
On the parch'd and thirsty strand,
Where dull duns and critics stand.
Each is spelling, as he lingers,
One his warrant, one his fingers,—
Both, in study or in street,
Watching for our erring *feet*.

2.

Fill the glasses! Let us sing
Honour to the Poets' King,
Phœbus—Pythius—young Apollo!
He who drinks not, let him halloo
From the shadow of his bays
To the Sun, a thousand ways,
"Honour to the God of Story,
First in light, and first in glory!"

3.

Fill again! The duns are near us:
Let us force the knaves to fear us,
And the critics,—worse and worse,—
By the splendour of our curse.
Rebels to the seat of light—
Duns, whose bills are never right—
Critics, made of mood and tense—
Dunces, lost 'tween sound and sense—

4.

Hear us!—From our lofty level,
Lo! we pitch ye to the d—l,
With your items, totals, lines,
And your sixes turned to nines,—
With your trash of stops and commas,
And your damnable dilemmas,—
Be ye critics, be ye duns,
What have ye to do with Suns!

5.

May lean Spite and Envy cherish
Both, until ye starve, and perish!
May the ragged author's coat
Round your frozen shoulders float!
May ye eat the author's dinner,
Shunned by saint, and scorned by sinner,
Like the leper in his woe,
Till ye to "the downwards" go!

6.

Hence! Avaunt! Be quick, and flee!
Suns and starry souls are we.
Leave us to our wealth of soul,
And the fullness of our bowl—
Ha!—'tis empty. Fill again!
Let us drown the dream of pain
In the crimson light of wine,
Which, though earthly, is divine!

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THE INDICATOR.

No. LXXVIII.

There he arriving, round about doth fly,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye,
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.—SPENSER.

MY BOOKS.—(Concluded.)

I LOVE an author the more for having been himself a lover of books. The idea of an ancient library perplexes our sympathy by its map-like volumes, rolled upon cylinders. Our imagination cannot take kindly to a yard of wit, or to thirty inches of moral observation, rolled out like linen in a draper's shop. But we conceive of Plato as of a lover of books;—of Aristotle certainly; of Plutarch, Pliny, Horace, Julian, and Marcus Aurelius. Virgil too must have been one; and, after a fashion, Martial. May I confess, that the passage which I recollect with the greatest pleasure in Cicero, is where he says that books delight us at home, *and are no impediment abroad*, travel with us, ruralize with us. His period is rounded off to some purpose:—"Delectant domi, non impediunt foris, peregrinantur rustificantur." I am so much of this opinion, that I do not care to be any where without having a book or books at hand, and like Dr. Arkborne in the novel of Camilla, stuff the coach or post-chaise with them whenever I travel.—As books however become ancient, the love of them becomes more unequivocal and conspicuous. The ancients had little of what we call learning. They made it. They were also no very eminent buyers of books;—they made books for posterity. It is true, that it is not at all necessary to love many books, in order to love them much. The scholar in Chaucer who would rather have

At his beddes head
A twenty bokes, clothed in black and red,
Of Aristotle and his philosophy
Than robes rich, or fiddle, or psaltery,—

doubtless beat all our modern collectors in his real passion for reading. But books must at least exist, and have acquired an eminence, before their lovers can make themselves known. There must be a possession also to perfect the communion: and the mere contact is much, even when our mistress speaks an unknown language. Dante puts Homer, the great ancient, in his Elysium, upon trust; but a few years afterwards, Homer, the book, made its appearance in Italy; and Petrarch, in a transport put it upon his bookshelves, where he adored it like "the unknown God." Petrarch ought to be the God of the Bibliomaniacs, for he was a collector and a man of genius, which is an union that

does not often happen. He copied out, with his own precious hand, the manuscripts he rescued from time, and then produced others for time to reverence. With his head upon a book he died. Boccaccio, his friend, was another: nor can one look upon the longest and most tiresome works he wrote (for he did write some tiresome ones, in spite of the gaiety of his *Decameron*) without thinking, that in that resuscitation of the world of letters, it must have been natural to a man of genius, to add to the existing stock of volumes, at whatsoever price. I always pitch my completest idea of a lover of books either in these dark ages, as they are called,

(Cui cieco a torto il cieco volgo appella—)

or in the gay town days of Charles II. or a little afterwards. In both times, the portrait comes out by the force of contrast. In the first, I imagine an age of iron warfare and energy, with solitary retreats, in which the monk, or the hooded scholar, walks forth to meditate, his precious volume under his arm. In the other, I have a triumphant example of the power of books and wit to contest the victory with sensual pleasure; Rochester staggering home to pen a satire in the style of Monsieur Boileau; Butler cramming his jolly duodecimo with all the learning that he laughed at; and a new race of book poets come up, who, in spite of their periwigs or petit-maitres, talk as romantically of "the Bays," as if they were priests of Delphos. It was a victorious thing in books to beguile even the French of their egotism, or at least to share it with them. Nature never pretended to do as much. And here is the difference between the two ages; or between any two ages in which genius and art predominate. In the one, books are loved, because they are the records of nature and her energies: in the other, because they are the records of those records; or evidences of the importance of the individuals, and proofs of our descent in the new and imperishable aristocracy. This is the reason why rank (with few exceptions) is so jealous of literature, and loves to appropriate or withhold the honours of it, as if they were so many toys and ribbons like its own. It has an instinct that the two pretensions are incompatible. When Montaigne (a real lover of books) affected the order of St. Michael, and pleased himself with possessing that fugitive little piece of importance, he did it because he would pretend to be above nothing that he really felt, or that was felt by men in general: but at the same time he vindicated his natural superiority over this weakness by praising and loving all higher and lasting things, and by placing his best glory in doing homage to the geniuses that had gone before him. He did not endeavour to think that an immortal renown was a fashion like that of the cut of his scarf; or that by undervaluing the one, he should go shining down to posterity in the other, perpetual lord of Montaigne and of the ascendant.

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“illustrious obscure,” rendering themselves more illustrious and more obscure by retreating from the “thorny queaches” of Dutch and German names, into the “vacant interlunar caves” of appellations latinized or translated. I think I see all their volumes now, filling all the shelves of a dozen German convents. The authors are bearded men, sitting in old wood cuts in caps and gowns, and their books are dedicated to princes and statesmen as illustrious as themselves. My old friend Wierus, who wrote a thick book *De Præstigiis Dæmonum*, was one of them, and had a fancy worthy of his sedentary stomach. I will confess, once for all, that I have a liking for them all. It is my link with the Bibliomaniacs, whom I admit into our relationship, because my love is large, and my family pride nothing. But still I take my idea of books read with a gusto, of companions for bed and board, from the two ages before mentioned. The other is of too book-worm a description. There must be both a judgment and a fervour; a discrimination and a boyish eagerness; and (with all due humility) something of a point of contact between authors worth reading and the reader. How can I take Juvenal into the fields, or Valcarengnius *De Aortæ Aneurismate* to bed with me? How could I expect to walk before the face of nature with the one? to tire my elbow properly with the other, before I put out my candle, and turn round deliciously on the right-side. Or how could I stick up Coke upon Lyttleton against something on the dinner table, and be divided between a fresh paragraph and a mouthful of salad?

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And as for me, though that I can but lite,
On bookès for to rede I me delite,
And to hem yeve I faith and full credence,
And in mine herte have hem in reverence
So hertely, that there is gamè none,
That fro my bookès maketh me to gone,
But it is seldome on the holy daie;
Save certainly whan that the month of May
Is comen, and that I hear the foules sing,
And that the flourès ginnen for to spring,
Farewell my booke, and my devoción,

The Legend of Good Women.

And again in the second book of his “House of Fame,” where the eagle addresses him:—

———Thou wilt make
At night full oft thine head to ake,

And in thy study so thou writest,
 And evermore of Love enditest,
 In honour of him and his praisings,
 And in his folk's furtherings,
 And in his matter all devisest,
 And not him ne his folke despisest,
 Although thou mayest go in the daunce
 Of hem, that him list not advance;
 Therefore as I said, ywis,
 Jupiter considreth well this,
 And also, beausire, of other things;
 That is, thou hast no tidings
 Of Loves folke, if they be glade,
 Ne of nothing else that God made,
 And not only fro ferre countree,
 But no tidings comen to thee,
 Not of thy very neighbouris,
 That dwellen almost at thy dores;
 Thou hearest neither that we this,
 For when thy labour all done is,
 And hast made all thy rekenings,*
 Instead of rest and of new things,
 Thou goest home to thine house anone,
 And all so dombe as anie stone,
 Thou sittest at another booke,
 Till fully dazed is thy looke.

After I think of the bookishness of Chaucer and Milton, I always make a great leap to Prior and Fenton. Prior was first noticed when a boy by Lord Dorset, sitting in his uncle's tavern, and reading Horace. He describes himself years after when Secretary of Embassy at Hague, as taking the same author with him in the Saturday's chaise, in which he and his mistress used to escape from town cares into the country, to the admiration of Dutch beholders. Fenton was a martyr to contented scholarship (including a sirloin and a bottle of wine) and died, among his books, of inactivity. "He rose late," says Johnson, "and when he had risen sat down to his books and papers. A woman that once waited on him in a lodging, told him, as she said, that he would "lie a-bed and be fed with a spoon." He must have had an enviable liver, if he was happy. I must own (if my conscience would let me) that I should like to lead, half the year, just such a life (woman included, though not that woman) the other half being passed in the fields and woods, with a cottage just big enough to hold us. Dacier and his wife had a pleasant time of it. Both fond of books, both scholars, both amiable, both wrapt up in the ancient world, and helping one another at their tasks. If they were not happy, matrimony would be a rule even without an exception. Pope does not strike me as being a book man. He was curious rather than enthusiastic; more nice than wise. He dabbled in modern Latin poetry, which is a bad symptom. Swift was decidedly a reader. The Tale of a Tub, in its fashion as well as substance, is the work of scholarly wit. The Battle of the Books is the fancy of a lover of libraries. Addison and Steele were too much given up to Button's and the town. Periodical writing, though its demands seem otherwise, is not favourable to reading; it becomes too much a matter of business; and will either be attended to at the expence of the writer's books; or books, the very admonishers of his industry, will

* Chaucer at this time had an office under the Government.

make him idle. Besides, a periodical work, to be suitable to its character, and warrant its regular recurrence, must involve something of a gossiping nature, and proceed upon experiences familiar to the existing community, or at least likely to be received by them in consequence of some previous tinge of inclination. You do not pay weekly visits to your friends to lecture them, whatever good you may do their minds. There will be something compulsory in reading the *Ramblers*, as there is in going to church. Addison and Steele undertook to regulate the minor morals of society, and effected a world of good with which scholarship had little to do. Gray was a book man. He wished to be always lying on sofas, reading "eternal new novels of *Crebillon* and *Marivaux*." This is a true hand. The elaborate and scientific look of the rest of his reading was owing to the necessity of employing himself. He had not health and spirits for the literary voluptuousness he desired. Collins, for the same reason, could not employ himself; he was obliged to dream over *Arabian Tales*, to let the light of the supernatural world half in upon his eyes. "He loved" (as Johnson says, in that strain of music, inspired by tenderness,) *faries*, *genii*, *giants*, and *monsters*; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of *Elysian gardens*." If Collins had had a better constitution, I do not believe that he would have written his projected work upon the Restoration of Literature, fit as he was by scholarship for the task; but he would have been the greatest poet since the days of Milton. If his friend Thomas Warton had had a little more of his delicacy of organization, the love of books would almost have made him a poet. His edition of the minor poems of Milton is a wilderness of sweets. It is the only one, in which a true lover of the original can pardon an exuberance of annotation; though, I confess, I am inclined enough to pardon any notes that resemble it, however numerous. The "built rhyme" stands at the top of the page, like a fair edifice, with all sorts of flowers and fresh waters at its foot. The young poet lives there, served by the nymphs and fauns.

*Hinc atque hinc glomérantur orades.
Huc ades, o formose puer: tibi lilia plenis
Ecce ferunt nymphæ calathis: tibi candida Nais
Pallentes violas et summa papavera carpens,
Narcissum et florem jungit bene olentis anethi.*

Among the old writers I must not forget Ben Jonson and Donne. Cowley has been already mentioned. His boyish love of books, like all the other inclinations of his early life, stuck to him to the last; which is the greatest reward of virtue. I would mention Izaak Walton, if I had not a grudge against him. His brother fishermen, the *divines*, were also great fishers of books. I have a grudge against them and their divinity. They talked much of the devil and divine right, and yet forgot what Shakespear says of the devil's friend Nero, that he is "an angler in the lake of darkness." Selden was called "the walking library of our nation." It is not the pleasantest idea of him; but the library included poetry and wit, as well as heraldry and the Jewish doctors. His *Table Talk* is equally pithy and pleasant, and truly worthy of the name, for it implies other speakers. Indeed it was actually what it is called, and treasured up by his friends. Selden

wrote complimentary verses to his friends the poets, and a commentary on Drayton's *Polyolbion*. Drayton was himself a reader, addicted to all the luxuries of scholarship. Chapman sat among his books, like an astrologer among his spheres and altitudes.

How pleasant it is to reflect that all these lovers of books have themselves become books! What better metamorphosis could Pythagoras have desired! How Ovid and Horace exulted in anticipating theirs! And how the world have justified their exultation! They had a right to triumph over brass and marble. It is the only visible change which changes no further; which generates, and yet is not destroyed. Consider: mines themselves are exhausted; cities perish; kingdoms are swept away, and man weeps with indignation to think that his own body is not immortal.

Muoiono le città, muoiono i regni,
E l'uom d'esser mortal par che si adegni.

Yet this little body of thought that lies before me in the shape of a book has existed thousands of years; nor since the invention of the press, can any thing short of an universal convulsion of nature, abolish it. To a shape like this, so small, yet so comprehensive, so slight, yet so lasting, so insignificant, yet so venerable, turns the mighty activity of Homer, and so turning, is enabled to live and warm us for ever. To a shape like this turns the placid sage of Academus: to a shape like this the grandeur of Milton, the exuberance of Spenser, the pungent elegance of Pope, and the volatility of Prior. In one small room, like the compressed spirits of Milton, can be gathered together

The assembled souls of all that men held wise.

May I hope to become the meanest of these existences? This is a question which every author, who is a lover of books, asks himself some time in his life; and which must be pardoned, because it cannot be helped. I know not. I cannot exclaim with the poet,

Oh that my name were numbered among theirs,
Then gladly would I end my mortal days.

For my mortal days, few and feeble as the rest of them may be, are of consequence to others. But I should like to remain visible in this shape. The little of myself that pleases myself, I could wish to be accounted worth pleasing others. I should like to survive so, were it only for the sake of those who love me in private, knowing as I do what a treasure is the possession of a friend's mind, when he is no more. At all events, nothing, while I live and think, can deprive me of my value for such treasures. I can help the appreciation of them while I last, and love them till I die; and perhaps, if fortune turns her face once more in kindness upon me before I go, I may chance, some quiet day, to lay my over-beating temples on a book, and so have the death I most envy.

ness in his eyes, as he never attended public worship personally, some people suspected his orthodoxy. We are happy to add, on the testimony of the Editor, the Rev. John Johnson, Rector of Yardham in Norfolk, substantiated by the very important document of a creed in his own hand-writing, which is judiciously supplied, that this very ominous imputation was unfounded. Q.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE!

WE shall have something to say, probably, from time to time, on the subject of this notorious publication. The public may be assured, that nothing is wanting but to take this goat by the horns, in order to show how weak as well as worthless it is.

The system at present pursued by the Scotch scribblers is,—not to attack the rival Magazines as formerly, when they were worsted, but—to assail, by every species of unjust and impudent invective, *the individuals* who sustain the weight of those publications. Accordingly, we find that they have left off abusing the “London” and sneering at “Colburn’s” Magazine, in order to cast their scurrility upon the contributors to each. They have abused or ridiculed, successively, Mr. Hazlitt, Mr. Thomas Campbell, Mr. Charles Lamb, the “Opium Eater,” the author of “Letters on England,” Mr. Reynolds, Allan Cunningham, Barry Cornwall, Mr. Bowring (we believe) Janus Weathercock, &c. &c. together with other gentlemen whom we can only specify by recurring to the Scotch Magazine. Now, *we know that Blackwood applied to several of these Gentlemen, and pressed them to contribute to his Magazine*, and that when they declined to do so or abandoned it, he began to insult them.

The reader will perceive, that the object of Blackwood’s crew is to neutralize, as far as possible, the effect of the writings of certain *known* contributors to the rival Magazines, perhaps to embroil them with the editors: for this will almost necessarily be the case, if the respective Magazines do not take up the cause of their partizans, and repel the attacks of the Scotchmen. We think that this may very easily be done, and that *it ought to be done*.

Persons familiar with Blackwood’s writers, will recollect, that they have insulted not only the Edinburgh, but the Quarterly Review, Constable’s, the London, the Monthly (*both new and old*) the Gentleman’s Magazines, one after the other, as the falling off in their own sale, we suppose, required. Now, there is no existing work which has had recourse to such contemptible expedients, to lift itself into a short and bad popularity. There is, moreover, no humour so cheap, as that which springs from personal attack. Suppose we were (and we might make some amusing articles)—to touch upon the following points? [We are not sure that we shall not do so,—we shall turn the matter over in our minds.]

1. Private Memoirs of young Lockit, the Ballad-vamper.
2. The Literary Haberdasher; or a Picture of the Back Room in Dundas-street.
3. A Map of the Road to the Chair of Moral Philosophy.
4. The Son-in-law, or Curtain Lectures—(The Wife’s Tale.)
5. The Baronet’s Table, or the Vacant Place.
6. The Retreat of one of the Ten Thousand.
7. Sandy Eitherside, or the Puff and the Plague—

with others too numerous to mention.—Till we determine upon this

point, the reader who still "hankers after" Blackwood,—(if indeed there be one still remaining amongst *gentlemen*)—will do well to see how the editors *can* both puff and defame,—in the cases of Wordsworth, Coleridge, &c. whose contributions have either bribed them to praise, or whose defection has stung them into impudent detraction.

ARMATUS.

THE AUTHORS' SONG.

FOR THE POETS' CATCH-CLUB.

1.

COME! Fill high! Another song!
Never let us linger long
On the parch'd and thirsty strand,
Where dull duns and critics stand.
Each is spelling, as he lingers,
One his warrant, one his fingers,—
Both, in study or in street,
Watching for our erring *feet*.

2.

Fill the glasses! Let us sing
Honour to the Poets' King,
Phœbus—Pythius—young Apollo!
He who drinks not, let him halloo
From the shadow of his bays
To the Sun, a thousand ways;
"Honour to the God of Story,
First in light, and first in glory!"

3.

Fill again! The duns are near us:
Let us force the knaves to fear us,
And the critics,—worse and worse,—
By the splendour of our curse.
Rebels to the seat of light—
Duns, whose bills are never right—
Critics, made of mood and tense—
Dunces, lost 'tween sound and sense—

4.

Hear us!—From our lofty level,
Lo! we pitch ye to the d—l,
With your items, totals, lines,
And your sixes turned to nines,—
With your trash of stops and commas,
And your damnable dilemmas,—
Be ye critics, be ye duns,
What have *ye* to do with Suns!

5.

May lean Spite and Envy cherish
Both, until ye starve, and perish!
May the ragged author's coat
Round your frozen shoulders float!
May ye eat the author's dinner,
Shunned by saint, and scorned by sinner,
Like the leper in his woe,
Till ye to "the downwards" go!

6.

Hence! Avaunt! Be quick, and flee!
Suns and starry souls are we.
Leave us to our wealth of soul,
And the fullness of our bowl—
Ha!—'tis empty. Fill again!
Let us drown the dream of pain
In the crimson light of wine,
Which, though earthly, is divine!

THE
LITERARY EXAMINER.

No. II.—SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1823.

THE INDICATOR.

No. LXXVIII.

There he arriving, round about doth fly,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye,
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.—SPENSER.

MY BOOKS.—(Concluded.)

I LOVE an author the more for having been himself a lover of books. The idea of an ancient library perplexes our sympathy by its map-like volumes, rolled upon cylinders. Our imagination cannot take kindly to a yard of wit, or to thirty inches of moral observation, rolled out like linen in a draper's shop. But we conceive of Plato as of a lover of books;—of Aristotle certainly; of Plutarch, Pliny, Horace, Julian, and Marcus Aurelius. Virgil too must have been one; and, after a fashion, Martial. May I confess, that the passage which I recollect with the greatest pleasure in Cicero, is where he says that books delight us at home, and are no impediment abroad, travel with us, ruralize with us. His period is rounded off to some purpose:—"Delectant domi, non impediunt foris, peregrinantur rustificantur." I am so much of this opinion, that I do not care to be any where without having a book or books at hand, and like Dr. Arkborne in the novel of Camilla, stuff the coach or post-chaise with them whenever I travel.—As books however become ancient, the love of them becomes more unequivocal and conspicuous. The ancients had little of what we call learning. They made it. They were also no very eminent buyers of books;—they made books for posterity. It is true, that it is not at all necessary to love many books, in order to love them much. The scholar in Chaucer who would rather have

At his beddes head
A twenty bokes, clothed in black and red,
Of Aristotle and his philosophy
Than robes rich, or fiddle, or psaltery,—

doubtless beat all our modern collectors in his real passion for reading. But books must at least exist, and have acquired an eminence, before their lovers can make themselves known. There must be a possession also to perfect the communion: and the mere contact is much, even when our mistress speaks an unknown language. Dante puts Homer, the great ancient, in his Elysium, upon trust; but a few years afterwards, Homer, the book, made its appearance in Italy; and Petrar in a transport put it upon his bookshelves, where he adored it like "unknown God." Petrarch ought to be the God of the Bibliomaniac for he was a collector and a man of genius, which is an an

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But it is seldome on the holy daie;
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The Legend of Good Women.

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At night full oft thine head to ake,

And in thy study so thou writest,
 And evermore of Love enditest,
 In honour of him and his praisings,
 And in his folk's furtherings,
 And in his matter all devisest,
 And not him ne his folke despisest,
 Although thou mayest go in the daunce
 Of hem, that him list not advance;
 Therefore as I said, ywis,
 Jupiter considreth well this,
 And also, beausire, of other things;
 That is, thou hast no tidings
 Of Love's folke, if they be glade,
 Ne of nothing else that God made,
 And not only fro ferre countree,
 But no tidings commen to thee,
 Not of thy very neighbouris,
 That dwellen almost at thy dores;
 Thou hearest neither that ne this,
 For when thy labour all done is,
 And hast made all thy rekenings,*
 Instead of rest and of new things,
 Thou goest home to thine huse anone,
 And all so dombe as anie stone,
 Thou sittest at another booke,
 Till fully dazed is thy looke.

After I think of the bookishness of Chaucer and Milton, I always make a great leap to Prior and Fenton. Prior was first noticed when a boy by Lord Dorset, sitting in his uncle's tavern, and reading Horace. He describes himself years after when Secretary of Embassy at Hague, as taking the same author with him in the Saturday's chaise, in which he and his mistress used to escape from town cares into the country, to the admiration of Dutch beholders. Fenton was a martyr to contented scholarship (including a sirloin and a bottle of wine) and died, among his books, of inactivity. "He rose late," says Johnson, "and when he had risen sat down to his books and papers. A woman that once waited on him in a lodging, told him, as she said, that he would 'lie a-bed and be fed with a spoon.' He must have had an enviable liver, if he was happy. I must own (if my conscience would let me) that I should like to lead, half the year, just such a life (woman included, though not that woman) the other half being passed in the fields and woods, with a cottage just big enough to hold us. Dacier and his wife had a pleasant time of it. Both fond of books, both scholars, both amiable, both wrapt up in the ancient world, and helping one another at their tasks. If they were not happy, matrimony would be a rule even without an exception. Pope does not strike me as being a book man. He was curious rather than enthusiastic; more nice than wise. He dabbled in modern Latin poetry, which is a bad symptom. Swift was decidedly a reader. The Tale of a Tub, in its fashion as well as substance, is the work of scholarly wit. The Battle of the Books is the fancy of a lover of libraries. Addison and Steele were too much given up to Button's and the town. Periodical writing, though its demands seem otherwise; is not favourable to reading; it becomes too much a matter of business; and will either be attended to at the expence of the writer's books; or books, the very admonishers of his industry, will

* Chaucer at this time had an office under the Government.

make him idle. Besides, a periodical work, to be suitable to its character, and warrant its regular recurrence, must involve something of a gossiping nature; and proceed upon experiences familiar to the existing community, or at least likely to be received by them in consequence of some previous tinge of inclination. You do not pay weekly visits to your friends to lecture them, whatever good you may do their minds. There will be something compulsory in reading the *Ramblers*, as there is in going to church. Addison and Steele undertook to regulate the minor morals of society, and effected a world of good with which scholarship had little to do. Gray was a book man. He wished to be always lying on sofas, reading "eternal new novels of *Crebillon* and *Marivaux*." This is a true hand. The elaborate and scientific look of the rest of his reading was owing to the necessity of employing himself. He had not health and spirits for the literary voluptuousness he desired. Collins, for the same reason, could not employ himself; he was obliged to dream over *Arabian Tales*, to let the light of the supernatural world half in upon his eyes. "He loved" (as Johnson says, in that strain of music, inspired by tenderness,) *faries*, *genii*, *giants*, and *monsters*; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of *Elysian gardens*." If Collins had had a better constitution, I do not believe that he would have written his projected work upon the *Restoration of Literature*, fit as he was by scholarship for the task; but he would have been the greatest poet since the days of Milton. If his friend Thomas Warton had had a little more of his delicacy of organization, the love of books would almost have made him a poet. His edition of the minor poems of Milton is a wilderness of sweets. It is the only one, in which a true lover of the original can pardon an exuberance of annotation; though, I confess, I am inclined enough to pardon any notes that resemble it, however numerous. The "built rhyme" stands at the top of the page, like a fair edifice, with all sorts of flowers and fresh waters at its foot. The young poet lives there, served by the nymphs and fauns.

*Hinc atque hinc glomérantur orades.
Huc ades, o formose puer: tibi lilia plenis
Ecce ferunt nymphæ calathis: tibi candida Nafs
Pallentes violas et summa papavera carpens,
Narcissum et florem jungit bene olentis anethi.*

Among the old writers I must not forget Ben Jonson and Donne. Cowley has been already mentioned. His boyish love of books, like all the other inclinations of his early life, stuck to him to the last; which is the greatest reward of virtue. I would mention *Izaak Walton*, if I had not a grudge against him. His brother fishermen, the divines, were also great fishers of books. I have a grudge against them and their divinity. They talked much of the devil and divine right, and yet forgot what Shakespear says of the devil's friend Nero, that he is "an angler in the lake of darkness." Selden was called "the walking library of our nation." It is not the pleasantest idea of him; but the library included poetry and wit, as well as heraldry and the Jewish doctors. His *Table Talk* is equally pithy and pleasant, and truly worthy of the name, for it implies other speakers. Indeed it was actually what it is called, and treasured up by his friends. Selden

wrote complimentary verses to his friends the poets, and a commentary on Drayton's *Polyolbion*. Drayton was himself a reader, addicted to all the luxuries of scholarship. Chapman sat among his books, like an astrologer among his spheres and altitudes.

How pleasant it is to reflect that all these lovers of books have themselves become books! What better metamorphosis could Pythagoras have desired! How Ovid and Horace exulted in anticipating theirs! And how the world have justified their exultation! They had a right to triumph over brass and marble. It is the only visible change which changes no further; which generates, and yet is not destroyed. Consider: mines themselves are exhausted; cities perish; kingdoms are swept away, and man weeps with indignation to think that his own body is not immortal.

Muovono le città, muoiono i regni,
E l'uom d'esser mortal par che si sdegna.

Yet this little body of thought that lies before me in the shape of a book has existed thousands of years; nor since the invention of the press, can any thing short of an universal convulsion of nature, abolish it. To a shape like this, so small, yet so comprehensive, so slight, yet so lasting, so insignificant, yet so venerable, turns the mighty activity of Homer, and so turning, is enabled to live and warm us for ever. To a shape like this turns the placid sage of Academus: to a shape like this the grandeur of Milton, the exuberance of Spenser, the pungent elegance of Pope, and the volatility of Prior. In one small room, like the compressed spirits of Milton, can be gathered together

The assembled souls of all that men held wise.

May I hope to become the meanest of these existences? This is a question which every author, who is a lover of books, asks himself some time in his life; and which must be pardoned, because it cannot be helped. I know not. I cannot exclaim with the poet,

Oh that my name were numbered among theirs,
Then gladly would I end my mortal days.

For my mortal days, few and feeble as the rest of them may be, are of consequence to others. But I should like to remain visible in this shape. The little of myself that pleases myself, I could wish to be accounted worth pleasing others. I should like to survive so, were it only for the sake of those who love me in private, knowing as I do what a treasure is the possession of a friend's mind, when he is no more. At all events, nothing, while I live and think, can deprive me of my value for such treasures. I can help the appreciation of them while I last, and love them till I die; and perhaps, if fortune turns her face once more in kindness upon me before I go, I may chance, some quiet day, to lay my over-beating temples on a book, and so have the death I most envy.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Don Juan. Cantos VI. VII. and VIII.

[Concluded.]

WE observed in our last number that the transition from the sixth to the seventh canto of *Don Juan* was one from love to war. In accordance with this change, the poet opens the latter with an apostrophe to Love and Glory, in some small disparagement of the intrinsic value of both; and aware of the tenor of much grave censure of his frequent exhibition of the *risus sardonicus* at the mention of *human* sublimity, he thus breaks out:—

They accuse me—*Me*—the present writer of
The present poem—of—I know not what,—
A tendency to under-rate and scoff
At human power and virtue, and all that;
And this they say in language rather rough.
Good God! I wonder what they would be at!
I say no more than has been said in Dante's
Verse, and by Solomon and by Cervantes;
By Swift, by Machiavel, by Rochefoucault,
By Fenelon, by Luther, and by Plato;
By Tillotson, and Wesley, and Rousseau,
Who knew this life was not worth a potato.
'Tis not their fault, nor mine, if this be so—
For my part, I pretend not to be Cato,
Nor even Diogenes.—We live and die,
But which is best, you know no more than I.

Ecclesiastes said, that all is vanity—
Most modern preachers say the same, or show it
By their examples of true Christianity;
In short, all know, or very soon may know it;
And in this scene of all-confessed inanity,
By saint, by sage, by preacher, and by poet,
Must I restrain me, through the fear of strife,
From holding up the Nothingness of life?

After a little more expatiation in this strain, the author states that he is

About to batter
A town which did a famous siege endure,
And was beleaguer'd both by land and water
By Suvaroff, or anglicè Suwarrow,
Who loved blood as an Alderman loves marrow.

This fortress is Ismail, the locality and fortified state of which he proceeds to describe, as also the situation of the Russian flotilla before it; gravely observing upon various heroes

Whose names want nothing but—pronunciation.
Still I'll record a few, if but to encrease
Our euphony;—there was Strongenoff and Strokonoff,
Meknop, Serge Lwdw, Arseniew of modern Greece,
And Tschitshakoff, and Roguenoff, and Chokenoff,
And others of twelve consonants a-piece;
And more might be found out, if I could poke enough
Into Gazettes; but fame (capricious strumpet)
It seems, has got an ear as well as trumpet.

Other heroes, volunteers in this gallant army, are then celebrated; and, among the rest, certain *Smiths, Thomsons, and Johnsons*, of England; after which the result is detailed of some unskilful and blunder-

at a period when Poetry, generally speaking, with a few honourable exceptions, aimed at little beyond trim classicality; Humour, to a variation of the sketches of the Spectator and its progeny, (Fielding and Smollet were past) with the occasional *sauce piquante* of a New Bath Guide, or an epistle to Sir William Chambers; and Wit, to, now and then, a sprightly comedy, an abundance of epigrams and "such small deer." His dramas in rhyme, at this time of day, can scarcely encounter the perusal of persons exceeding the age of fourteen; and his Triumphs of Temper, considering its former popularity, in this age of more forcible appeal and varied association, appears to us inexpressibly mawkish. His best works, in our estimation, are his "Young Widow," which few people read when it was published, and scarcely any body since; and his "Essay on Old Maids," which naturally producing no small portion of anger in a very irritable class, met with general attention. As for his *Vers de Societ  *, which he appears to have thought very highly of himself, they are of the usual stuff of which such things are made,—eulogy of course is abundant; and most people recollect the wicked wit of Porson, in relation to the too lavish exchange of panegyric between him and Miss Seward. His compliment, congratulation, and condolence, found vent chiefly in octosyllabic verse, which could excite no vast deal of posthumous interest, even at a time when such composition was fashionable; but what can render it palatable some thirty years after the taste has expired? We know of nothing more difficult than to revive a relish for associations which have attained their natural period of decay, in the production of mental satiety. If something of this languor be perceptible even in the spirited resuscitation of Geoffrey Crayon, how little is to be expected from the tame and spiritless muse of Mr. Hayley. Two ponderous quarto volumes, half filled with defunct matter of this nature, are too much. Such a freightage might sink a seventy-four, to say nothing of a cockboat.

But this is a life, it may be said,—a piece of auto-biography; and a man of longevity like Hayley, moving in a respectable sphere, tolerably widely acquainted, and moreover eternally with a pen in his hand, may write a very pleasant account of himself and acquaintances, without any great claims of his own; as for example James Boswell and others. Nothing can be more correct; but it unfortunately happens, that owing to the very recluse and retired habits of Hayley,—habits which seem to have led to a separation from both his wives—excluded almost always in his beautiful family and village retirement in Sussex, with a determined resolution neither to visit or be visited, what is such a life to present? Lastly, as if every thing should conspire to make the work dull, the deceased has written his narrative chiefly in the sketchy way of note and memorandum, and in the unnatural and constrained form of the third person. A recipe for the production of ennui could scarcely have prescribed a method more appalling.

Are these volumes, then, *entirely* destitute of interest? Certainly not; but it is far too little to inspire so ponderous a mass of matter. There are, doubtless, some contemporary venerables existing, who will wade through it with satisfaction; and some of a succeeding generation, who, from connection, acquaintance, or other reasons, may also feel interested. The hop-skip-and-jump tribe may also dip and try their *fortune*, with now and then the possibility of bringing up a stray anecdote or *sexagenary* incident worth remembering.

Hayley was a neighbour of Gibbon, and in consequence of a weak-

ness in his eyes, as he never attended public worship personally, some people suspected his orthodoxy. We are happy to add, on the testimony of the Editor, the Rev. John Johnson, Rector of Yardham in Norfolk, substantiated by the very important document of a creed in his own hand-writing, which is judiciously supplied, that this very ominous imputation was unfounded. Q.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE!

WE shall have something to say, probably, from time to time, on the subject of this notorious publication. The public may be assured, that nothing is wanting but to take this goat by the horns, in order to show how weak as well as worthless it is.

The system at present pursued by the Scotch scribblers is,—not to attack the rival Magazines as formerly, when they were worsted, but—to assail, by every species of unjust and impudent invective, *the individuals* who sustain the weight of those publications. Accordingly, we find that they have left off abusing the “London” and sneering at “Colburn’s” Magazine, in order to cast their scurrility upon the contributors to each. They have abused or ridiculed, successively, Mr. Hazlitt, Mr. Thomas Campbell, Mr. Charles Lamb, the “Opium Eater,” the author of “Letters on England,” Mr. Reynolds, Allan Cunningham, Barry Cornwall, Mr. Bowring (we believe) Janus Weathercock, &c. &c. together with other gentlemen whom we can only specify by recurring to the Scotch Magazine. Now, *we know that Blackwood applied to several of these Gentlemen, and pressed them to contribute to his Magazine*, and that when they declined to do so or abandoned it, he began to insult them.

The reader will perceive, that the object of Blackwood’s crew is to neutralize, as far as possible, the effect of the writings of certain *known* contributors to the rival Magazines, perhaps to embroil them with the editors: for this will almost necessarily be the case, if the respective Magazines do not take up the cause of their partizans, and repel the attacks of the Scotchmen. We think that this may very easily be done, and that *it ought to be done*.

Persons familiar with Blackwood’s writers, will recollect, that they have insulted not only the Edinburgh, but the Quarterly Review, Constable’s, the London, the Monthly (*both new and old*) the Gentleman’s Magazines, one after the other, as the falling off in their own sale, we suppose, required. Now, there is no existing work which has had recourse to such contemptible expedients, to lift itself into a short and bad popularity. There is, moreover, no humour so cheap, as that which springs from personal attack. Suppose we were (and we might make some amusing articles)—to touch upon the following points? [We are not sure that we shall not do so,—we shall turn the matter over in our minds.]

1. Private Memoirs of young Lockit, the Ballad-vamper.
2. The Literary Haberdasher; or a Picture of the Back Room in Dundas-street.
3. A Map of the Road to the Chair of Moral Philosophy.
4. The Son-in-law, or Curtain Lectures—(The Wife’s Tale.)
5. The Baronet’s Table, or the Vacant Place.
6. The Retreat of one of the Ten Thousand.
7. Sandy Eitherside, or the Puff and the Plague—

with others too numerous to mention.—Till we determine upon this

point, the reader who still "hankers after" Blackwood,—(if indeed there be one still remaining amongst *gentlemen*)—will do well to see how the editors *can* both puff and defame,—in the cases of Wordsworth, Coleridge, &c. whose contributions have either bribed them to praise, or whose defection has stung them into impudent detraction.

ARMATUS.

THE AUTHORS' SONG.

FOR THE POETS' CATCH-CLUB.

1.

COME! Fill high! Another song!
Never let us linger long
On the parch'd and thirsty strand,
Where dull duns and critics stand.
Each is spelling, as he lingers,
One his warrant, one his fingers,—
Both, in study or in street,
Watching for our erring *feet*.

2.

Fill the glasses! Let us sing
Honour to the Poets' King,
Phœbus—Pythius—young Apollo!
He who drinks not, let him halloo
From the shadow of his bays
To the Sun, a thousand ways;
"Honour to the God of Story,
First in light, and first in glory!"

3.

Fill again! The duns are near us:
Let us force the knaves to fear us,
And the critics,—worse and worse,—
By the splendour of our curse.
Rebels to the seat of light—
Duns, whose bills are never right—
Critics, made of mood and tense—
Dunces, lost 'tween sound and sense—

4.

Hear us!—From our lofty level,
Lo! we pitch ye to the d—l,
With your items, totals, lines,
And your sixes turned to nines,—
With your trash of stops and commas,
And your damnable dilemmas,—
Be ye critics, be ye duns,
What have ye to do with Suns!

5.

May lean Spite and Envy cherish
Both, until ye starve, and perish!
May the ragged author's coat
Round your frozen shoulders float!
May ye eat the author's dinner,
Shunned by saint, and scorned by sinner,
Like the leper in his woe,
Till ye to "the downwards" go!

6.

Hence! Avaunt! Be quick, and flee!
Suns and starry souls are we.
Leave us to our wealth of soul,
And the fullness of our bowl—
Ha!—'tis empty. Fill again!
Let us drown the dream of pain
In the crimson light of wine,
Which, though earthly, is divine!

He wrote this Polar melody, and set it,
 Duly accompanied by shrieks and groans,
 Which few will sing, I trust, but none forget it,—
 For I will teach, if possible, the stones
 To rise against Earth's tyrants. Never let it
 Be said that we still truckle unto thrones;—
 But ye—our children's children! think how we
 Showed *what things were* before the world was free!

The canto closes very characteristically with four more stanzas, the last two of which inform us that Juan is accompanied by his little Moslem captive; the two former, which indicate a Russian field of action for the cantos that are speedily to follow those under review, we supply:—

With which I still can harp, and carp, and fiddle.
 What further hath befallen or may befall
 The hero of this grand poetic riddle,
 I by and bye may tell you, if at all:
 But now I choose to break off in the middle,
 Worn out with battering Ismail's stubborn wall,
 While Juan is sent off with the dispatch,
 For which all Petersburg is on the watch.
 This special honour was conferred, because
 He had behaved with courage and humanity;—
 Which *last*, men like, when they have time to pause
 From their ferocities produced by vanity.
 His little captive gained him some applause,
 For saving her amidst the wild insanity
 Of carnage; and I think he was more glad in her
 Safety, than his new order of St. Vladimir.

And here, after dispatching a brace of cantos, as illustrative of the copiousness of its author as any which have preceded them, we arrive at another pause in this anomalous and extraordinary production. Of this fertility we think our extracts will form a tolerably convincing proof, although amounting to only twenty-two stanzas, out of two hundred and seventy-eight. It is evident, indeed, that the author is bounded by no limits but his own inclination. Juan is scarcely a man at present, and his maturity may be rendered a perfect cornucopia; to say nothing of the great convenience of a medium through which the noble author can with such ease and nonchalance pay off the numerous scores which folly, bigotry, and cant are eternally chalking up to his account—a vehicle in which, with a combination altogether his own, he can mingle rue and wormwood with myrtles and roses—interweave in the same garland, the most delicate blossoms of the spring with the enduring oak and evergreen bay.

[These three Cantos, 6th, 7th, and 8th, form the Volume about to be published; but there are two more Volumes to follow in succession at short intervals, of which we shall speedily commence an account.]

Characteristics, in the Manner of Rochefoucault's Maxims.

The author of this little volume observes, that it was suggested by a perusal of Rochefoucault's Maxims, which inspired him with an ambition to inclose some thoughts of his own within a similar species of amber. The merit of the execution is various, but generally speaking, the dissimilarity to the model consists in its greater air of candour and *bonhomie*; and in the intrusion of inferences, which are less the result of general observation than of personal experience. The first of these

differences implies a less portion of brilliancy and pointedness, and the latter of concentration and abstraction. Upon the whole, we are not quite sure that the single advantage claimed over Rochefoucault (whose principle the author opposes) that of having had no theory to maintain, is in reference to epigram and polish to be so regarded, especially as the theory of Rochefoucault is almost an epigram in itself, and at all events, connected with trains of associations which must eternally lead the espousers of it to *think* epigrams. There may be more general wisdom in the absence of a theory, but there is possibly less opportunity for flint and steel work—light and particular collision, which is often more spiritedly sported in defence of paradox than of simple truth; and, in many respects, Rochefoucault's principle of self-love is paradox alone. One proof of the benefit accruing to the French writer from his apparent shackles, is to be found in the curious fact, that some of the most pointed thoughts in the present work, are those which seem the most congenial with his doctrine: as for instance:—

The surest way to make ourselves agreeable to others is by seeming to think them so. If we appear fully sensible of their good qualities, they will not complain of the want of them in us.

We often choose a friend as we do a mistress, for no particular excellence in themselves, but merely from some circumstance that flatters our self-love.

We talk little, if we do not talk about ourselves.

But sufficient in allusion to the model; we will now quote a general specimen or two:—

The study of metaphysics has this advantage, at least—it promotes a certain integrity and uprightness of understanding, which is a cure for the spirit of lying. He who has devoted himself to the discovery of truth feels neither pride nor pleasure in the invention of falsehood, and cannot condescend to any such paltry expedient. If you find a person given to vulgar shifts and rhodomontade, and who at the same time tells you he is a metaphysician, do not believe him.

The expression of a Frenchman's face is often as melancholy when he is by himself, as it is lively in conversation. The instant he ceases to talk, he becomes "quite chop-fallen."

We almost tremble at the insertion of the following positions of our English *Misogug*:—

Women have as little imagination as they have reason. They are pure egotists. They cannot go out of themselves. There is no instance of a woman having done any thing great in poetry or philosophy. They can act tragedy, because this depends very much on the physical expression of the passions—they can sing, for they have flexible throats and nice ears—they can write romances about love—and talk for ever about nothing.

Women are not philosophers or poets, patriots, moralists, or politicians—they are simply women.

Shakspeare makes a voluble satirist speak of the wits "keen as the razor's edge invisible," of some of these no-poets, patriots, and philosophers who are simply *women*, and with such, we suspect, the foregoing passage will not pass without a shrewd inference or two. There is however some redemption in the following:—

Women are less cramped by circumstances or education than men. They are more the creatures of nature and impulse, and less cast in the mould of habit or prejudice. If a young man and woman in common life are seen walking out together on a holiday, the girl has the advantage in point of air and dress. She has a greater aptitude in catching external accomplishments and the manners of her superiors; and is less depressed by a painful consciousness of her situation in life. A Quaker girl is often as sensible and conversable as any other woman: while a Quaker man is a bundle of quaint opinions and conceit. Women are not spoiled by education and an affectation of superior wisdom. They take their chance for wit and shrewd-

ness, and pick up their advantages, according to their opportunities and turn of mind. Their faculties (such as they are) shoot out freely and gracefully, like the slender trees in a forest; and are not clipped and cut down, as the understandings of men are, into uncouth shapes and distorted fancies, like yew-trees in an old-fashioned garden. Women in short resemble self-taught men, with more pliancy and delicacy of feeling.

The author of *Characteristics* will discover himself to the general reader almost the moment he opens the book; and any body acquainted with the characteristics of Mr. Hazlitt will be aware that he cannot characteristically dispose of four hundred and thirty-four THOUGHTS without *thinking* for the amusement and information of other people. His vinous spirit is certainly not so highly rectified as that of Rochefoucault, and the flavour of the stalk is too frequently perceptible; but what it loses in concentration and unity, it gains in raciness and variety, and will be proportionably attractive.

Memoirs of the Reign of Napoleon, dictated to the Generals Gourgaud and Montholon.

The Manuscript of 1814, a History of Events which led to the Abdication of Napoleon; written at the command of the Emperor, by Baron Fain.

It is singular enough that an exile and captivity which was evidently intended to interpose as thick a veil as possible between Napoleon, personally considered, and posterity, should have tended directly to a different result. It cannot for a moment be doubted, that the residence of this extraordinary individual at St. Helena, in a species of custody which, however far from nationally liberal or honourable, could not, from the nature of things, be made, like a Siberian residence or a German fortress, to *quash* his existence, will tend to render his history far better known than if he had been allowed to remain in Europe. In what a variety of ways is the unspeakable blessing of liberty beneficial! For without a free press, and a free people in Great Britain—(America is too far off)—how much matter-of-fact would be lost to the world! Looking at this dictation of Napoleon with what eyes we may, it is evident that posterity will regard them as valuable documents. Had the Government of Great Britain been despotic, or even *selon la charte*, none of them would have seen the light; and the whole Sir Hudson Lowe story would have existed only in whispers among court Botherbys and under gaolers, like the cagings, the iron-maskings, and Bastille immurements of ancient France, and the imperial amours and murders of modern Russia. In the present instance, national enmity may undervalue the benefit; but even when this is the case, it will amount to a pitiable excess if it prevent a due appreciation of the power of forming our own estimation of it. Besides, if in ultra opinion Bonaparte was only a dethroned *usurper* in St. Helena, this same power of suppression might affect a Charles I. at Carisbrook Castle, a Louis at Hartwell, or a Ferdinand at Ceuta,—a consideration which ought to be conclusive; although, if we give in to the sentiment published the other day in the *Journal des Debats*, it is better for monarchy that kings should lose their heads, than be placed in degrading or ludicrous situations. What heads that are crowned may think of this doctrine we know not; but in the contemplation of such

Pepins as Ferdinand of Spain and John of Portugal, with their ready oaths of every sort of calibre, we are half inclined to subscribe to it.

We need not enter into any account of the two second volumes forming the continuation of the *Memoirs of the Reign of Napoleon*; because, in the first place, they are strictly in continuation, and partake of all the characteristics of their predecessors; and in the second, extract of any length from works of this nature is scarcely within the plan of this miscellany. In recommendation to our readers, we will observe that we have been most informed by the account of the battle of Aboukir, and the campaign in Egypt in the one volume; and the continuation of Napoleon's notes, on a work intitled "*Considerations on the Art of War*," in the *Historical Miscellanies*,—with the latter, being the work of a great master in his own line, more especially.

The Manuscript of 1814 shews the getting up of a more literary hand than those either of Gourgaud or Montholon. It appears to us to be an abstraction from a species of journal either kept by Napoleon, or at his command, and subsequently assuming something like its present form under his direction,—we say *something* like its present form, for it has doubtless been much modified since his death. It tells the story of his adversity with good taste and simplicity, even if we take for granted that occasional colouring may be apparent. We believe it is the first circumstantial narrative of any pretension, which, on competent authority, gives a clear account of the closing of the European history of Napoleon, in reference to which we shall end our remarks by finding room for one striking passage, illustrative of the too purely military spirit and characteristic loftiness and decision of that extraordinary man. We are to suppose Bonaparte, amidst his officers, receiving the extremity of the bad news which led to his conclusive abdication:—

These movements on the part of the enemy wonderfully assisted those counsellors who maintained that Napoleon had no alternative but to break his sword. "How," said they, "shall we assemble those wrecks of our army on which dependence seems still to be placed. The different corps are so dispersed that even the generals who are nearest each other are, at least, more than a hundred leagues asunder. How, then, can they be made to act together? And are we, who are here, sure of being able to join them?"

Next arrived the news of the night—the appearance of the enemy's scouts on the Loire—the occupation of Pithiviers;—our communication with Orleans intercepted, &c. &c.

Napoleon listened coolly to all this. He appreciated justly the unequal strength of the net which was represented as being drawn around him, and he promised to break through it when the proper moment arrived.

"A road that is closed against couriers will soon open before fifty thousand men," said he; and yet notwithstanding his confident tone, it was evident that he hesitated in the execution of his project; being doubtless restrained by a secret dissatisfaction which he could not overcome. He foresaw too well the difference that would exist between his future and his past circumstances.

He who had always commanded great armies, who had never manœuvred but to meet the enemy, who in every battle had been accustomed to decide the fate of a capital or a kingdom, and who had hitherto been accustomed to commence and conclude a war in one campaign, saw that he must henceforth assume the character of partizan leader, an adventurer roaming from province to province, skirmishing and destroying without the hope of attaining any decisive success.

The horrors of civil war also helped to darken the picture which was exhibited to him in the most unfavourable light. But it is vain to attempt to describe this interval of painful anxiety and hesitation. Suffice it to say that those who represented to Napoleon the possible chances of a civil war, had most influence in inducing him to form his resolution.—"Well, since I must renounce the hope of defending

France," cried Napoleon, "does not Italy offer a retreat worthy of me? Will you follow me once more across the Alps?" This proposal was received in profound silence. If at this moment Napoleon had quitted his saloon and entered the hall of the secondary officers, he would have found a host of young men eager to follow wherever he might lead them! But a step further, and he would have been greeted at the foot of the stairs by the acclamation of all his troops! Napoleon however was awayed by the habits of his reign: He thought success could not attend him if he marched without the great officers whom his Imperial dignity had created. He conceived that General Bonaparte himself could not renew his career without his old train of lieutenants. But they had received his summons in silence! He found himself compelled to yield to their apathy, though not without addressing to them these prophetic words:—"You wish for repose; take it then! Alas! You know not how many troubles and dangers will await you on your beds of down. A few years of that peace which you are about to purchase so dearly, will cut off more of you than the most sanguinary war would have done!"*

Napoleon declared himself to have been subdued less by his enemies than by the defection of his friends; and, taking up his pen, he drew up the second formula of his abdication in the following terms:—

"The Allied Powers having proclaimed that the Emperor is the only obstacle to the re-establishment of the peace of Europe, the Emperor, faithful to his oath, renounces for himself and his heirs, the thrones of France and Italy, and declares that there is no sacrifice, not even that of life, which he is not ready to make for the interests of France."

Baron Fain was the Secretary of the Imperial Cabinet; if the annotation be his own, it is calm and liberal.

Memorable Days in America; or, Journal of a Tour to the United States, 1818, 1819, 1820. By W. Faux, an English Farmer.

Mr. W. Faux is one of those comprehensive tourists who adopt the form of a diary, and write down their personal adventures at large, without much consideration of relative value. The consequence is, that what is really to be learned from his labours is to be sought for, like Gratiano's wit, amidst a multitudinous assemblage of nothing. This is unfortunate in respect to a journey undertaken to ascertain "the condition and probable prospects of British emigrants;" for few disposed to emigrate can do what the author evidently could not do himself—separate the wheat from the chaff. We need not say that it is only certain kind of people who can deduce exact information from travellers of this class; amusement is another affair, and in this way our English Farmer is not without his merit; for we have laughed a little *with*, and an immense deal *at*, him. The Quarterly Review may be more grave upon the book, seeing that his general impressions are against America; and he abounds in a variety of odd incidents, which prove the infinite inferiority of republicans to honest Englishmen. What strikes us most, is the deficiency in accuracy and clearness in that sort of information which he principally travelled to acquire. On this subject he gives us every thing in generals, and nothing beyond what we knew before. He visited Birkbeck's settlement, and sketches some account of his visit, but conveys little new information, and that little not worth knowing, although the gossips of the former English neighbourhoods of Messrs. Birkbeck and Flower may think differently. In a word, precise information of any kind is not to be expected from our desultory farmer; but stray points may be picked up occasionally, and

* "Seven years have not yet elapsed since these words were uttered, and where now are Berthier, Murat, Ney, Massena, Augereau, Lefebvre, Brune, Serrurier, Kellermann, Perignon, Boursouville, Clarke, and many others?"

there is no dearth of entertainment, an observation which will not spoil the sale of the book. This work by the bye is prefaced by a list of subscribers, and dedicated, without express permission it seems, to the Duke of Bedford and Mr. Coke. We guess, as Jonathan says, that we know all about it.

MYSTERIES AND MORALITIES.

FOR THE SERIOUS AND THE SIMPLE.

1.

What is *Love*?—Alas!
'Tis a jest—a sigh,—
Full of sad and sunny tears,
We know not why.

2.

What is *War*?—A game
Where the dicers die,
Some for gain, or glory—some
They know not why.

3.

What is *Hope*?—It is
Life's divinest joy.
When all others vanish, *that*
At last, is by.

4.

What is *Joy*?—a fawn
Which doth ever fly,
Till we touch't, and then it changes
And says "Good bye!"

5.

What is *Life*?—a dream
Full of visions high,
Where we seek and never find
Until—we die.

6.

What is *Death*?—Ay, me!
"Touch me not so nigh."
Shall I—may I—*can* I tell?—
Alas! not I.

THE
LITERARY EXAMINER.

No. III.—SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1823.

THE INDICATOR.

No. LXXIX.

There he arriving, round about doth fly,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye,
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.—SPENSER.

(For the Indicator.)

WILLIAM LENTILE AND THOMAS WALT.

So, William Lentile is dead, and, as the newspapers tell us, “universally lamented.” Now I see no harm in his death. He was one of the anomalies in our social system, and could therefore be spared. I mean one of those cold-blooded, heartless, selfish beings, who, under different disguises, solemn or trifling, canting or whining, prey on the kindness of others. Something may be said in their favour, as adding to the varieties of the human species, on the same principle that I tolerate the sight of a cat, though I never allow one to enter my house. Still, as the greatest feline amateur can without pity drown a breed of kittens, no one ought to regret the loss of a few of these Blifles, lest we should be overrun by them. I could better endure them if they did not pass for respectable characters. The world is merciless towards a “gallant bold-faced villain,” though he may possess some almost redeemable qualities; while they countenance these skulking vampyres, because, being a prudent, fearful race, they commit no Old Bailey offence, nor open scandal. Yet they will be guilty, if the law is on their side, of all sorts of questionable wrong, and if occasion serves, would set a neighbour’s house on fire to roast their own eggs, and think there is reason in it. They cannot be called peaceable, for when it is their interest to quarrel, they take offence at a straw. You may tread on their toes, and obtain pardon for asking; but should a friend surpass them in the world, he can never hope to be forgiven. When they wish to cut an old acquaintance, they tell every body they do not think his conduct quite right, and seriously decline giving a reason. Expect their condolence, earnestly and for an hour, on the score of tooth-ache, and not their “how d’ye do” if your name appears in the Gazette; for, as they argue, what is the use of it under the circumstances? Love for their wives is of course out of the question; though, as it looks well, they like to appear conjugal. Their children must behave with implicit submission, especially the daughters, because they are the less able to contend. If you are overtaken in a shower, their umbrella is at your service; but as for stepping forward in your defence, should you be calumniated, that is another matter: for they have read Don Quixote,

hate all knight-errantry, and would rather make you a present of an umbrella than be confounded with your doubtful virtues. They never give offence, or do an act of generosity. All the ground between direct outrage and gentle feeling is their fee simple, and they know how to make the most of it. I wish they were surly, but they are worse,—they are sulky. Seldom are they met with among the poor or the unhappy. Good eating and drinking at another's cost are gainful perfections. With what dignity they gluttonise! How soberly they get drunk! It is common for them to boast they are never deceived to their own injury. They forget that such a boast implies either a want of noble confidence, or an acquaintance with every species of deception; rogues may defy rogues. Hard-hearted bitter witticisms, exercised over the weak and unresisting, or, better still, over some poor dependant, are the spice of their conversation. Sometimes their tongues wage war against one who, they are aware, will not return a cruel jest, though able to retaliate, and this they enjoy as a glorious superiority. The distinguishing marks of William Lentile are few. Some of the tribe have their limbs and features remarkably angular; but he was of a short, clumsy, squab figure, with a large dull-featured face, as if cast in lead,—a torpid, uninspired face, like an under-undertaker's, who tails at funerals on a small stipend. Throw a sop to his vanity, and he bowed down at your feet; differ with him in opinion, and he gave you a languid smile and squeezed your hand. In his dress, he was particularly fastidious as to hat and coat brushing, the polishing of his boots, and the bleaching of his linen. The solemnity of his countenance might have served ten Solomons, but was not a tithe sufficient for his individual self,—a Rehoboam cannot have enough. His arrogance kept pace with his imbecility. Without a spark of judgment or feeling, he turned over an author's work with the air of a fine lady criticising goods in a mercer's shop. He considered Shakespear, after an attentive perusal of his plays and sonnets, an immoral man. Milton, to his mind, would have been a greater poet, had he steered clear of politics. I have heard him lament that the severity of the law was relaxed against naughty women; and presently he told a tale which would have put most of them to shame. He puzzled little children by asking if they did not love papa and mama. I never saw him affected at the calamities of others, except during the alarming progress of the typhus fever.

The family of the Lentiles, and it is a large one, used to startle my simple faith in the immortality of the soul. They puzzled me more than idiots or monsters. Are these fellow-beings, without fellow feelings, to be peers with the noblest of the human race? No; they cannot but be everywhere inferior. And why should there not in another state, as in this planet, be infinite gradations of happiness, or rather capabilities to enjoy happiness, from a snail to a Socrates? And is it discordant to reason that these several gradations should be allotted to each man, according to his deserts? Rewards and punishments, in an after life, will then be the just and inevitable consequence of the exalting or the degrading of our nature in this. Thus, without the dread of hell-fire, it is a fearful thing for those who crawl about this earth like caterpillars, that they may never arrive beyond the dignity of an eternal butterfly.

Again, a Lentile, as far as animal enjoyment goes, which is no trifle, is a happy man. He is perfectly satisfied with himself, and takes care to steer clear of misery. A direct visitation of poverty or disease will often change his character; but, if free from that, he lives and dies in a somewhat enviable state. This, without looking further, does not seem like justice. The unequal distribution of happiness is the old argument for the immortality of the soul; and perhaps it is the best, next to our being capable of conceiving so spiritual an idea, and to our yearning after it. On the other hand, it is contended that, however we may outwardly differ, as the mind always becomes accommodated to its situation, we severally, and in the same degree, partake of our certain and allotted portion of pleasure and pain. The difficulty of denying such an assertion rests solely on the impossibility of being acquainted with all the joys and sorrows of every individual. But look around you, and the probabilities are everywhere against it. For my part, I can no more believe in it, than that we have the same excellent constitutions, and the same handsome faces, or that a dead child has lived to a good old age. Let those who differ from me listen to the story of an ill-fated being—poor Thomas Walt. I shall give it in the words of him who, had it been possible, would have been Tom's friend; for indeed the story is no invention.

During the war between England and Russia, I was on board a German vessel, crossing the Baltic from Riga to Carlsrona. After having passed the bar of the port, and endured the searching visit of the officers of the guard-ship, the Captain came into the cabin, and said, "Now I can release my little prisoner. A poor boy, Sir," (addressing himself to me) "who, in his first attempt at a sea-faring life, was wrecked off Libeau. The master and the rest of the crew managed to shift for themselves, and sailed away some two months since; but this creature, being an incumbrance, they left behind. He walked from Libeau to Riga, but being English, he was unable to get a passport; for, owing to the war, he had no Consul to apply to, and how could he get one? And so, Sir, as I was told of his misfortune, and knowing he must starve in a foreign country, I could not do less than smuggle him back again to London." While he spoke this, he was busy in removing the cabin-table, and pulling up the trap-door beneath; when, from that dark suffocating hole, like a ghost rising on the stage, a wan and emaciated boy made his appearance, and this was Thomas Walt. A large meal of beef and bread was brought, which he hastily devoured, for he had fasted long, having been twelve hours in his hiding-place. I was pleased at this kindness on the part of the Captain, especially as he ran considerable risk in smuggling him away from Riga; and I was still more pleased at the grateful conduct of the boy. Tom followed his benefactor, literally like his shadow, up and down the deck, and when ordered hither and thither, his body, from head to foot, sprung to do his master's bidding. I asked Tom if he was not happy in being able to return to his friends. He stopped before me, as in duty bound to show respect to any one who addressed him, yet still with an eye to his Captain, and said nothing. It struck me his feeling was mistrust, or that he dreaded lest he might be checked for being overbold in talking to a gentleman passenger. I therefore put on my kindest looks, in order to encourage him, and repeated my question,

half doubting the expression of my countenance. "Sir," said he, "I am only going to London."—"And do not your friends live in London?"—"No, none."—"Why, where then do your parents live?"—"My parents?" he gently answered, "Sir, I never knew who was my father, and my mother, they tell me, was a w—." Gracious heaven! the grossness of that word, and from the mouth of a son, together with the modesty, the humility of his features,—the knowledge, forcing itself on my mind, that he had been taught to call her by no other name,—and seeing, as I did, the blush of shame spreading painfully over his lean and sallow cheeks,—it affected me more than the most elaborate tale of misery. I moved from him, walked to the stern, played the tattoo with my foot, and pretended to watch the furrowing of the sea. Surely, thought I, there must be some villainous alloy in my nature to withhold me from offering my good will on the instant,—I will speak to him again. The artless account which this child of misfortune gave of himself, from his earliest remembrance in the work-house, convinced me his life had been constant suffering, not only of body but of mind, for he was acutely sensible to his hapless situation. There was no sigh, no tear, no complaint; but his steady thoughtful countenance, and, at times, the affecting tone of his voice, too plainly showed a consciousness of being forlorn and despised. "Well," said I, "this Captain, it appears, is the first friend you ever had, and I will be the second. At Carlserona I leave you; but we shall meet in London, where I promise, Tom, to do something for you. I shall be there before you, so that soon after you arrive, expect to see me on board, with a suit of clothes for you; and then, after a good scrubbing, you shall go along with me." Tom's joy was beyond all bounds. My hint at his uncleanly appearance set him presently at work with a bucket of salt water, in which he vainly endeavoured to wash the dirt from his head; and in this attempt to deserve my kindness I again read the character of a grateful heart. At our parting in the port of Carlserona, I took him by the hand, and called myself his friend. Never shall I forget the gentle but continued pressure of that hand, his echo of the word "friend," his tears, and, at the last, his clinging to me like an infant to its nurse! There is a magic in these spontaneous bursts of affection that the most rugged nature cannot withstand; and I remarked that one of the crew, the only one whom Tom had seemed to fear, and doubtless he had reason for that fear,—even he cried out, as he watched the expression of the boy's face, "God bless your little heart!" As soon as I reached London, I inquired for this German vessel, and she had not arrived. However, at the end of a fortnight, I heard she was in the river. I went immediately, for I thought every hour's delay would be to him an age. As my boat was rowed alongside, I saw the Captain on the deck, and called out, "Ah! Captain, I am come for my Tom!" His reply thus rung in my ears: "Sir, he is not here,—we lost him the very day after you left us; and indeed I was not to blame,—he had often been up there before, as you yourself knew,—but, losing his hold, he fell from the yard-arm with his head on the deck, and was killed on the spot." The bundle containing the promised suit of clothes dropped from my hand. "Then," I exclaimed, "there must be another world for poor Tom!" "Yes, there must be! at least I would run all hazards, and rather be a Thomas Walt than a William Lentile." CARLUCCIO.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Historical View of the Literature of the South of Europe. By J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi. Translated from the Original, with Notes, by Thomas Roscoe, Esq.

It is not our intention to take up the time of our readers with expatiating on the character and merits of a writer so well known as Sismondi, and still less on the scope and object of that one of his works which has attracted the greatest and most recent attention. Our purpose is therefore simply to press into notice the completion of a translation in which everything seems to have been done in the way of annotation and otherwise to convey to the English reader an accurate knowledge of the original, and even to supply a few occasional points of omission. The poetical extracts introduced by M. Sismondi, in order to illustrate the character of the various early writers, and of the period in which they flourished, are metrically rendered, either by the translator or his friends; an advantage which the original wanted, in which they are given in French prose. We are not quite sure, indeed, that besides a general wish to recommend a faithful and elegant version of a meritorious work, which will materially tend to increase the general stock of knowledge of a body of readers who cannot have recourse to the original with equal convenience, one of our main purposes has not been to exhibit a curious coincidence connected with a very early specimen of Provençal poetry. We have all heard of the crusade against the Albigenses, instigated by Innocent III. and aided by that holy promoter of innocent and pious expeditions, Saint Louis; as also of the murderous atrocity and unheard of cruelty with which it was attended. Some bard or Troubadour among the unhappy Provençals composed a martial song to rouse them in this extremity to a due spirit of resistance, which song, being translated, we give below. The admirable hint of Mr. Roscoe, that it is the God of *this* Saint Louis who has been invoked to favour a very kindred project in 1823, will not be lost upon our readers in perusing the following version of the unaffected effusion of of a semi-barbarous age in reference to a similar piece of iniquity upwards of six centuries ago:—

I'll make a song, shall body forth
My full and free complaint,
To see the heavy hours pass on,
And witness to the feint
Of coward souls, whose vows were made
In falsehood, and are yet unpaid;
Yet, noble Sirs, we will not fear,
Strong in the hope of succour near.

Yes! full and ample help for us
Shall come, so trusts my heart;
God fights for us, and these our foes,
The French, must soon depart.
For, on the souls that fear not God,
Soon, soon shall fall the vengeful rod:
Then, noble Sirs, we will not fear,
Strong in the hope of succour near.

And hither they believe to come,
 (The treacherous, base Crusaders !)
 But, ev'n as quickly as they come,
 We 'll chase those fierce invaders ;
 Without a shelter, they shall fly
 Before our valiant chivalry :
 Then, noble Sirs, we will not fear,
 Strong in the hope of succours near.

And ev'n if Frederic, on the throne
 Of powerful Germany,
 Submits the cruel ravages
 Of Louis' hosts to see ;
 Yet, in the breast of England's King,
 Wrath, deep and vengeful, shall upspring ;
 Then, noble Sirs, we will not fear,
 Strong in the hope of succours near.

Not much those meek and holy men,
 The traitorous Bishops, mourn,
 Though from our hands the sepulchre
 Of our dear Lord be torn ;
 More tender far, *their* anxious care
 For the rich plunder of Belcaire :
 But, noble Sirs, we will not fear,
 Strong in the hope of succours near.

I cannot think that Avignon
 Will lose its holy zeal
 In this our cause, so ardently
 Its citizens can feel.
 Then, shame to him who will not bear
 In this our glorious cause his share !—
 And, noble Sirs, we will not fear,
 Strong in the hope of succours near.

The poor Provençals, like the Spaniards, trusted in vain. The God of St. Louis was then a mere Mexican deity—the mere patron of bloodshed, massacre, and extermination. His worshippers cannot act quite so openly at present, whatever the inclination,—but nobody doubts the latter.

We conclude our brief, but we trust neither incurious nor unprofitable episode, by once more expressing our satisfaction at beholding so useful and respectable a work in the English language.

Faust, a Drama, by Goethe. Translated by Lord Francis Leveson Gower.

There are some works so identified with national and individual genius, that their transfusion into another language is in the highest degree difficult, if not impossible. We regard much both of Shakespear and Milton in this point of view ; and we are led to believe that most nations will furnish something or other of this racy description, except France, who in all she produces is too conventional, not to be translatable. Whatever exceptions, however, may be afforded to the generality of this remark, Germany will not prove one of them, which truth nothing in the world can render more demonstrable than the work before us. *Faust* is a production *per se*, engendered by the musings of a genius at once the most intuitive and profound, and the most rapid, graceful, and wildly careless of common boundaries. In what a variety of forms has the original idea of a sinful and dangerous

thirst after knowledge been embodied! All the wild superstitions of magic and witchcraft, enchantment and supernatural agency,—all the misty dreams of an impure and dangerous communication with the powers of evil, have taken their rise in this notion. Now, why a lofty aspiration after knowledge should be criminal we know not; or why the Deity should be offended at the very natural desire of a thinking being to dive as much as possible into the mystery which links him to all the rest of existence. Of the reasonableness of this sort of anxiety we say nothing; it is manifestly absurd to be solicitous to know what can never be known, but the condemnation has not grown out of that conviction. We suspect, therefore, that knowledge has in all ages been constituted a kind of forbidden fruit, upon a more extensive principle; to which principle Lord Bacon gave a tolerable clue when he called knowledge power. Every body in authority is jealous of partnership; and hence the prevalence of apologues and fables in all ages and nations, to shew that few persons ought to possess it; and that a busy and active spirit of inquiry is not only a folly,—for that is merely *secundum quid*,—but a sin; and not only a sin, but the greatest of sins—the sin against salvation and the Holy Ghost.

But sufficient in this line of observation. . . . *Faust*, although grounded on the prevalence of the traditionary notion, was certainly not written to confirm it. We rather suspect, indeed, that genius seldom sets to work with a moral in its head, however great the number it may pick up in its gallop under the whip and spur of its own impulses. Whatever the purpose of Goethe in his unparalleled *Faust*, his execution of it is most extraordinary: at once so lofty yet so wild—so familiar yet so imaginative—so simple yet deep-glancing and profound—as a whole it is perfectly indescribable. Nature is not in the habit of forming numerous heads with capacities for such combinations; on which account we can readily imagine the success of translators in one part of this extraordinary production, who would fail altogether in another,—a remark which brings us at once to the book before us, and to Lord Francis Leveson Gower.

The first disappointment we encounter in opening this volume assails us in the preface, in which we are told that the translator has omitted passages partly because he feared his inability to supply them; and partly because they are revolting in themselves. With respect to the first-mentioned reason, some ill-natured persons might pretend that it ought to have prevented the attempt altogether, but this is not our case, having already admitted that there must necessarily be few who could adequately accomplish it. As to the revolting passages, we hope it is not fear of the precious “Societies” which has operated; for if so, we can assure his Lordship, that, being a Lord, he has nothing to fear from *them*. The first omission takes place in “the Prologue in Heaven,” which we scarcely need inform our readers is little more than a version of the colloquy between the Lord and Satan in the book of Job. No doubt the Mephistopheles of Goethe is made to assume a degree of licence which is any thing but scriptural, but however grotesque and whimsical, it never travels out of the road—it is only the more devilish for its hilarity, and the more horrible for its laughing heartlessness. The fear of the “Societies,” therefore, should not have stood in the way of the noble author, for it will deprive his mere English readers of a pre-

per introduction to a person so indescribable, and at the same time, of heartily hating him; but these meddlers are always interposing between people and their most amiable feelings.

Deducting as lightly as possible for these and other omissions, while we cannot compliment the translator with the accomplishment of a version which conveys any thing like a competent idea of the original, we can without hesitation affirm, that it is frequently felicitous and generally respectable. The versification no doubt is often bald and trite; but when it is known that his Lordship has confined himself as closely as possible to all the variety of metres of the original, great allowances are demanded. What we most regret is the absence of the wild and supernatural air, which is never lost in the latter; and of an utter want of power to reach the more vinous and tipsy spirit of Goethe, when his imagination runs helter-skelter amidst the most whimsical yet the most awe-inspiring associations. We will, however, quote a few passages in illustration, and select, in the first place, the dialogue between Faust and Margaret, in which she evinces her involuntary horror of Mephistopheles.

Martha's Garden.—MARGARET and FAUST.

Margaret. Now tell me, Henry—

Faust. What I can.

Margaret. How to religion is your soul inclined?

You are, indeed, a kind good-hearted man;

My doubts on this one point distress my mind.

Faust. Dearest, no more of this! you know me true;

Know I would shed my heart's best blood for you.

None of their faith or ritual would bereave.

Margaret. Too little this. You should yourself believe.

Faust. Should I?

Margaret. Alas! could I your ills prevent!

Besides, you honour not the sacrament.

Faust. I honour it.

Margaret. Yet never seek to share.

Confession, mass—'tis long since you were there.

Dost thou believe?

Faust. Ah! dearest, who can dare

Say he believes?

Ask the religious, ask the wise,

And all the priest or sage replies

But mocks the asker.

Margaret. Faith, then, you have none.

Faust. Do not distort my answer, lovely one.

Who could himself compel

To say he disbelieves

The being whose presence all must feel so well?

The All-creator,

The All-sustainer,

Does he not uphold

Thyself, and me, and all?

Does not yon vaulted Heaven expand

Round the fast earth on which we stand?

Do we not hail it, though from far

The light of each eternal star?

Are not my eyes in yours reflected?

And, all these living proofs collected,

Do they not flash upon the brain,

Do they not press upon the heart,

The trace of Nature's mystic reign?

Inade the feeling that it all

The breast, then call it what you will;

Call it an influence from above—

Faith, heaven, or happiness, or love,

I have no name by which to call!

The secret power—'tis feeling all.

Margaret. All that you say is spoken well;

Perhaps the priest the same would tell—

In different words, perchance.

Faust. All men the same advance,

In every clime beneath the orb of heaven,

Each in the tongue by habit given,

And why not I in mine?

Margaret. In yours it sounds exceeding fine;

Yet, though such words are soothing, I hold out;

'Tis of your Christianity I doubt.

Faust. Nay, dearest!

Margaret. I have trembled for your state;

Long since, to see you leagued with such a mate.

Faust. How so?

Margaret. The man who still your steps attends,

That man, my deepest, inmost soul offends.

I never knew a feeling dart

So like a dagger through my heart,

As when his evil features cross my sight.

Faust. My foolish Margaret, why this causeless fright?

Margaret. His presence chills my blood through every vein;

Ill will to man I never entertain.

But, howsoe'er on you I love to gaze,

Still on that man my eye with horror strays:

To a bad race I hold him to belong.

May God forgive me, if I do him wrong!

Faust. He is not lovely, but such men must be.

Margaret. Heaven keep me far from such a mate as he!

If at our door be chance to knock,

His very lip seems curl'd to mock,

Yet furious in his very sneers.

He takes no part in aught he sees or hears.

Written it stands his brow above—

No thing that lives that man may love.

Abandoned to your circling arm,

I feel so blest, so free from harm—

And he must poison joys so pure and mild.

Faust. Thou loveliest, best, but most suspecting child.

Margaret. My nerves so strongly it comes o'er,

I feel, where'er he joins us on our way,

As if I did not love you as before;

As if I could not raise my voice to pray.

That fancy makes me tremble through my frame;

Say what you will, yourself must feel the same.

Faust. This is antipathy, you must confess.

Margaret. I must away.

As another favourable specimen, we furnish that heart-thrilling scene wherein the lost and deluded Margaret appears—where none but a German imagination would have dared to place her—in a cathedral, in the midst of the solemn service, attended by an evil spirit—the spirit of dark consciousness and unbearable self-reproach.

Cathedral Service and Entrance of Margaret and Faust.

MARGARET.

Evil spirit, Margaret, how different thy lot

When kneeling at the altar's foot

In thy young innocence!

When, from the mass-book, snatched in haste,
 Thy prayer was utter'd;
 Prayer which but half displaced
 The thought of childish pastime in thy mind.
 Margaret!
 How is it with thy brain?
 Is it not in thy heart
 The blackening spot?
 Are thy prayers uttered for thy mother's soul,
 Who slept, through thee, through thee, to wake no more?
 Is not thy door-stone red?
 Whose is the blood?
 Dost thou not feel it shoot
 Under thy breast, e'en now,
 The pang thou dardest not own,
 That tells of shame to come?
Margaret. Woe, woe! could I dispel the thoughts
 Which cross me and surround
 Against my will.

Chorus. Dies iræ, dies illa,
 Solvet sæculum in favillâ.

Evil Spirit. Despair is on thee—
 The last trumpet sounds—
 The graves are yawning.
 Thy sinful heart,
 From its cold rest,
 For wrath eternal,
 And for penal flames
 Is raised again!

Margaret. Were I but hence!
 I feel as if the organ's swell
 Stifled my breath—
 As if the anthem's note
 Shot through my soul!

Chorus. Judex ergo cum sedebit,
 Quidquid latet adparebit,
 Nil inultum remanebit.

Margaret. I pant for room!
 The pillars of the aisle
 Are closing on me!
 The vaulted roof
 Weighs down my head!

Evil One. Hide thyself!
 Sin and shame
 May not be hidden.
 Light and air for thee?
 Despair! despair!

Chorus. Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
 Quem patronum rogaturus?
 Cum vix justus sit securus.

Evil One. The glorified are turning
 Their foreheads from thee;
 The holy shun
 To join their hands in thine.
 Despair!

Chorus. Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?

Margaret. Help me, I faint.

This is a noble personification of the fearful visitations attendant upon remorse looking forward to perdition and abandoned to despair, the whisperings of a maddened conscience, which seem to taunt the soul's lost estate, and, by a mysterious law of the human constitution, to make guilt its own most merciless avenger.

We have already said that the noble translator shrunk beneath the almost reeling imaginativeness of the witchery and hobgoblinade of Goethe,—a remark which is the less invidious, as he has virtually made it himself, by leaving out the main part of the scene of the *Brocken*, to which Mr. Shelley (the man of all others the most generally spirited and endowed for a translator of Faust) did so much justice in a version that appears in the first number of *The Liberal*. The remaining principal desideratum in the translation before us, is that of a sufficient air of diabolism about Mephistopheles: he is the Devil of the original in malice, but not in refinement and in mystery; nor, we may add, in poetry. With this, and every other abatement, however, this book supplies a very honourable testimony of literary ardour in a young man of high rank; and one which he will never have occasion to recollect with the regret which too frequently at an after period attends the cultivation of more fashionable and less intellectual pursuits.

CONVERSATIONS OF THE DEAD.

Scene, ELYSIUM.—*Dramatis Personæ*, REYNOLDS, WEST, BARRY, OPIC, SIR THOMAS BERNARD.

R. THE ghost of an artist has just glided from the ferry-boat: we shall hear news. See, he approaches. Well sir, what news do you bring from the world of art?

G. Haydon, the historical painter—perhaps, gentlemen, you will allow me to call him the first in Europe, on the great style, now you have quitted it—has been obliged, by adverse circumstances, to close his exhibition, and seek an asylum for awhile in one of the legal purgatories of the upper world. He had painted, and was successfully exhibiting, pictures of colossal dimensions from Holy Writ, such as the Judgment of Solomon, and the resuscitation of Lazarus, in which some of the figures are larger than life.

B. I dare say he is a d——d fine fellow.

R. Is he a member of the Academy?

W. No.

B. By St. Patrick! I thought so.

W. Why sir, you shall hear. You see, when he was a candidate, they preferred you see, a Daw, who used to array himself in Peacock's feathers. Mr. Constable, you see sir—

B. Never mind about Mr. Constable. Let's hear more about Haydon.

G. Sir, a mere man of opulence,—a citizen and merchant, who had favoured him with a loan; one who had thoroughly satisfied himself that

The worth of any thing
Was just as much as it would bring,—

pronounced upon the two largest of his pictures, by virtue of a legal assignment. The notoriety of this transaction called forth other claim-

ants; while some unlucky truths he has told of the R. A. have perhaps called forth (among other feelings of the illiberal east) resentment. And, in short, when I quitted earth, "Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, the little bitches and all, were barking at him."

R. What! has the Royal Academy been established for half a century; and is there a British Institution for the encouragement and promotion of high efforts in art; and is such still the fate of British genius?

O. It is; and of west country genius too, Sir Joshua! for Haydon (whom I knew a student, though you did not) is from that quarter as well as ourselves. But, however, gentlemen, you three *legislators* may share the blame among you, in as far as it results from the want of first principles, and the consequent inefficiency of that wretched academical constitution and code of leaden laws which you all helped to hammer out. But you, Reynolds, merit the largest share; for besides the leading part you took in raking and stitching together those shreds and patches clipped from the laws of those foreign academies that were previously established under despotic auspices; you left an unlucky sentence behind you about "*playing a great game*," the ardent spirit of which gets into the heads of ambitious young artists; and you coupled it with the seeming sanction of your own successful example. I could see that Haydon was intoxicated by this egotistical display of yours before I left London; for all enthusiasts in art are not at once persevering and economical like our friend Barry—

B. Rather say like yourself, Opie.

O. Nay don't interrupt me here. Like both of us, if you please to admit me to share the honours, where you set the example. Why, my friends, perseverance and economy are the two summits of modern historical painting, where alone it can sit independent and sublime. Barry could hurl his thunder-strokes from hence, unhurt and unassailable, but Haydon must surely have condescended to the caterings of the lower world. The spiritual ambrosia must have been too refined and evanescent for his digestive organs. Yet I own that in my time, I perceived no symptoms of this, nor any thing tending to extravagance, beyond a few sacrifices, of no moment, to external appearance. But you say he has debts beyond those to the man of the city.

G. To the amount of several thousands, if report speak true; and his nearest and best friends are involved in his embarrassments.

O. Then his great game must have been played like an unskilful gambler; or there is mystery yet to be developed.

G. Sir, he calculated upon hedging his bets; and fancied all would be well, as his successive history pieces were well ended. He was sure of fame, and thought its abundance would compensate for lack of profit: a generous indiscretion, had not others been entangled in the wreck of his tempest-torn fortunes. Yet after all, truth may stand up for him, and insist that he was neglected by those who set themselves up as the patrons of high art. He met with no adequate encouragement, nor any thing approaching to it, from the British Institution. Mr. Haydon's case seems a remarkable instance of the little sympathy that is felt by public bodies for individual sufferers, even when ostensibly associated for a purpose the most liberal; and when met by the most unquestionable merit. "*Every whole is surely not*"

equal to all its parts taken together;" or else the true principle of union is in this case wanting; for several individual members of the British Institution have done more (I believe) to promote Haydon's studies, than the body collectively. How has this happened, Sir Thomas?

Sir T. B. I cannot tell. We would willingly encourage historical painting, if we knew how.

O. Was the *Parmegiano* lately purchased in order to prove this ignorance? Or did you not rather give 3,050 guineas for his *Dream of St. Jerome*, at the very time you were suffering the chief miracle of Christ and of modern painting, to sell for as many hundreds, with a view to prove the contrary? Do you imagine that if Haydon had been contemporary with *Parmegiano*, or if the two pictures were now fresh from the easel, that Haydon's would not have been greatly preferred by the truly learned, and unprejudiced?

Sir T. B. I must candidly confess myself too uninformed on the subject, to answer these questions.

O. The ghost talks like what he is, the ghost of a *modern* artist. It is however not necessary to answer his questions, in order to show that a liberal wisdom was wanting on the occasion to which he alludes. But your argument, Sir Thomas,—your profession of ignorance as to the means of promoting historical art, has been so long pleaded, and so tamely listened to, that I should not be surprised if it at length found advocacy and hearing in a certain honourable assembly. I deny it however, *in toto*. I look at it as a mere dull mephitic vapour, exhaled from the corruptions of the times; as a pernicious instance of that despotism of conduct, that vile *Orange-bowen* system, which throughout Europe, would put down *principles*, for no other reason than because certain *persons*, who are too undiscerning to perceive them, are set up. Let but an opinion be broached by certain of these persons, no matter how absurd and deleterious, all must fall down and worship, though its feet be of clay; principle must fade before it and be forgotten, and truth's firm basis be as stubble.

Sir T. B. And where is the sun which has power to dispel this dull vapour? Shall we make interest with Minos and with Charon, and get them to retransport you Opie, as they did the miser of old? You were certainly cut off in your prime, and before your summer heat had abated.

O. This is no time for indulging vanity or sarcasm, Sir Thomas, and no joke is before us. We converse here with earnest sincerity, and far removed from the turmoil of the sublunary world. As Moore, on my *Amelia*, has written,

"Passion all quiet, and error forgiven,
Our souls have begun to be purely their own."

But we talk not the less sincerely and intensely for being serene; and in this spirit, I cannot admit your professions of ignorance,—your ignorant professions perhaps I should have said, as far as respects yourself; but dishonest, as well as dishonourable, professions of ignorance, as they concern the Institution of which you were a member. They do know how to encourage historical painting. To deny it is mere pretext. The Bank of England might all say that its governors don't know how to make better b
t continues to

issue. Not know how! why, sir, it is one of the few obvious things about which one should suppose that no mistake could be made; and none can be made but by those who suppress their bitter reflections on the subject, or who would seek in dissection for that vital principle which is alone manifested by the bloom and activity of health.

Sir T. B. You will excuse me, Opie; but unless you quit metaphor and descend to particulars, this has but too much of the effect of declamation. What are these means which you pronounce to be so obvious? Pray undraw the curtain, and let us see your pictures.

O. I could almost say with Parrhasius of old, that the curtain is the picture; for I only want you to look intently at what is before you, and not to long to look at something which you imagine is beyond it. In cultivating, or (since you bid me renounce metaphor) in encouraging the arts and sciences, there is but the single way of rewarding handsomely, or remunerating adequately, at least, *the best exertions of the best living professors*. This is what I took the freedom to pronounce to be an obvious truth.

R. Sir, it is not so obvious but that it is sometimes overlooked, and sometimes seen double, as Pope has said of the means of happiness.

O. That it has been so in the case of painting must be granted: my complaint is, that this art forms an exception to a general rule. In the case of other arts, the principle is so readily recognized, that all other patronage appears but mere semblance and sophistication. Reflect, for examples, on the histrionic art, and on that of music; you do not waste your time and means in discussing whether second and third rate actors and singers (the Hoffands and Hayters of their art) shall have premiums lavished on them, but you reward first-rate talent. When you possess a Siddons, a Kean, or a Catalani, you do not set about *flattering yourselves*—aye, there's the rub, I fear; you don't set about flattering yourselves, by fostering that youthful talent which you fancy you have discovered, in the hope of producing future Keans and Catalanis; but you simply remunerate the Keans and Catalanis that you have. Mr. Shepster, who instituted the Adelphi Society of Arts, knew or reasoned better than his successors. At the time of the first plantation of art in a country, numerous petty rewards are fit and proper, because you want a great number to be planted, of slips, seedlings and saplings, in order to multiply the chances for future vigorous growth, sound timber being the ultimatum: but when art has obtained firm rootage, this is no longer the case. The woodman then clears away the under-wood from around the trees of nobler growth, that the oaks may fling forth their lateral branches, and the forest monarch lift his head and flourish. And that is now the state of art in England, or was, when I left it. You want, not to encrease the number of its productions or its professors, but, that those of most talent should have the best possible opportunities of carrying their exertions as far as they can go. Instead of which the text of Isaiah (when modified) is but too applicable Sir Thomas, both to the operations of your Institution and that of Mr. Shepster, as they are at present administered:—"You have multiplied the artists, but not encreased their joy." Neither have you encreased the joy of the public, in so far as art might be rendered

instrumental to it; for, one fine picture may as easily be the delight of millions, as of any inferior number.

B. By St. Patrick! but you're quite right Opie. I only wish you had found it out a little before you were born. I told 'em some of the same things when I set about my Orpheus; but the devil a brute would listen to me.

O. In this world we are better off, my friend. But, what think you, gentle ghosts, would be the effect if the royal patrons of both these institutions would, as far as respects themselves, rely upon *principle*, and not upon *personal reciprocities*? Suppose they were to assume the virtue of saying or writing to their ostensible managers, our purpose, which is that of the public, has hitherto been but partially fulfilled. Let there be "a new era." In future take all the care you can; devote your own critical knowledge, and possess yourselves of all the extraneous taste and information upon the subject of art that may be within your reach, and employ it all in graduating honestly your scale of merit and preference. More especially take care that the noblest species of painting, in its highest manifestations, is amply compensated. It would surely be better for art and for England, to *patronise* a few professors of the highest capabilities, urging their talents to the utmost, than to expend the same means in *tantalising* a greater number of inferior merit. Italy justly continues to boast of her Raphael, but what have the nameless thousands who were his contemporaries, contributed to her fame, or to their own? Regard fine art then, as the garden of mental attainments, and let your streams of irrigation flow forth impartially; not shrinking from the labour of raising these waters to the higher grounds. I aver, that under such a dispensation, that cultivation of British art which Sir Thomas professes to desire to promote, if he knew how, could not fail to be accomplished. Talent would be kept on the stretch from its lowest to its highest reach; as it is in the histrionic and musical instances: that is the great point; and I have described the only wholesome state of art and patronage in their mutual relations, that I know of; "the rest is all but leather and prunella." Returning to a former part of our argument, it would be in vain to deny, Sir Thomas, that you know it also further than the cajoleries of personal favouritism, and your radical deficiency of pictorial judgment (which however does not extend to all your coadjutors) have blinded you. It is but removing the hoodwink and its tassels, and the keen-eyed falcon of patronage might soar aloft.

R. The *falcon* of patronage! Your metaphor is not very happy. Patronage is no bird of prey.

O. But it is, or should be, a thing of keen discernment, and of noble flight: and—though I would not make *game* of painting, does it not possess itself of what it sees and desires?

AUTOGRAPHS.

There is a very clever and amusing paper on the subject of *hand-writings* in Mr. D'Israeli's New Series of "Curiosities of Literature," in which he illustrates what he calls the *physiognomy of writing*, or the art of judging of character from it. He cites the autographs of various English Sovereigns, which are remarkably characteristic. He is no bigot however to a favourite theory, but very candidly excepts from the illustrative sorts of hand-writing all those formed by masters or systems; and has some humorous remarks on the alarming progress of mechanical penmanship, which threatens to make the writing of the rising generation a thing of classes, not individuals. Mr. D'Israeli's own knowledge of his contemporaries includes both the general rule and the exceptions:—"I am intimately acquainted with the hand-writings of five of our great poets. The first in early life acquired among Scottish advocates a hand-writing which cannot be distinguished from that of his ordinary brothers: the second, educated in public schools, where writing is shamefully neglected, composes his sublime or sportive verses in a schoolboy's ragged scrawl, as if he had never finished his tasks with the writing-master: the third writes his highly-wrought poetry in the common hand of a merchant's clerk, from early commercial avocations: the fourth has all that finished neatness which polishes his verses; while the fifth is a specimen of a full mind, not in the habit of correction or alteration, so that he appears to be printing his thoughts, without a solitary erasure." The first of the poets alluded to is, we believe, Sir Walter Scott; the second, Lord Byron; the third, Samuel Rogers; the fourth, Thomas Campbell; and the fifth, Robert Southey. "The hand-writing of the first and third poets," continues our author, "not indicative of their character, we have accounted for: the others are admirable specimens of characteristic autographs." This remark is quite true, we believe; but in regard to the "ragged scrawl" of Lord Byron, Mr. D'Israeli assigns no other cause for it than the Noble Poet's education in a public school, where writing is neglected; which is by no means a reason why the autograph should be bad or even careless. I happen to know the hand-writing of three gentlemen educated in Christ's Hospital; where formerly no instruction whatever was given in penmanship, though the omission is now supplied. One of them writes a remarkably neat, original, and (so to speak) *vivacious* hand, pointed and fluent as his conversation: another writes a large, open, plain, and steady hand,—indicative of his cool head and distinct mode of expression: the writing of the other gentleman, owing to a habit of extreme haste, is too rapid to be good, and partakes of his idle and impatient temper, with some signs of the ease and liveliness of his composition. All three are alike distinguished however by *great freedom and rapidity*; and when we observe the cramped, unequal, and disfigured autographs of the majority of those who are drilled by masters, we almost incline to think, that less done by art, and more left to nature, would produce a greater portion both of the useful and ornamental in penmanship.

THE
LITERARY EXAMINER.

No. IV.—SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1823.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

The Liberal, No. IV.

THE fourth number of *The Liberal* is about to appear, and being very pleasantly miscellaneous, we cannot possibly do any thing which falls in more with the plan and spirit of this publication, than to accompany a slight account of it with a few brief specimens of its contents.

The present number opens with a translation of the first canto of the "Morgante Maggiore" of Pulci, by Lord Byron. In a brief advertisement his Lordship observes, that this work divides with the "Orlando Innamorato," the honour of having formed the style and story of Ariosto; that great poet having attempered the too great gravity and chivalric stateliness of Boiardo, by an attractive admixture of the lightness and gaiety of Pulci. The latter has also the honour of having suggested the recent eccentric English poem of Whistlecraft, which in regard both to incident and expression has evidently been modelled on the "Morgante Maggiore." Adverting to the extraordinary blending of licence with devotion which has uniformly prevailed in Italy, Lord Byron remarks that it has always been a question whether Pulci intended his work for a satire upon religion or not; and is of opinion that its reception among the classics of Italy proves to the contrary. "That he intended to ridicule the monastic life, and suffered his imagination to play with the simple dulness of his converted giant, seems evident enough," continues his Lordship, "but surely it were as unjust to accuse him of irreligion on this account, as to denounce Fielding for his Parson Adams, Barnabas, Thwackum, Supple, and the Ordinary in Jonathan Wild; or Scott, for the exquisite use of his Covenanters in the Tales of my Landlord."

In the execution of this, the first translation of this singular production, Lord Byron has retained the stanza and versification of the original, the text of which is given along with it. This he hints was no very easy task, but let him once more speak for himself:—

The reader, on comparing it with the annexed original, is requested to remember that the antiquated language of Pulci, however pure, is not easy to the generality of Italians themselves, from its great mixture of Tuscan proverbs; and he may therefore be more indulgent to the present attempt. How far the translator has succeeded, and whether or no he shall continue the work, are questions which the public will decide. He was induced to make the experiment partly by his love for, and partial intercourse with, the Italian language, of which it is so easy to acquire a slight knowledge, and with which it is so nearly impossible for a foreigner to become accurately conversant. The Italian language is like a capricious beauty, who accords her smiles to all, her favours to few, and sometimes least to those who

have courted her longest. The translator wished also to present in an English dress a part at least of a poem never yet rendered into a northern language; at the same time that it has been the original of some of the most celebrated productions on this side of the Alps, as well as of those recent experiments in poetry in England, which have been already mentioned.

Pulci commences his poem in the following very characteristic manner:—

In the beginning was the Word next God;
 God was the Word, the Word no less was he:
 This was in the beginning, to my mode
 Of thinking, and without him nought could be:
 Therefore, just Lord! from out thy high abode,
 Benign and pious, bid an Angel flee,
 One only, to be my companion, who
 Shall help my famous, worthy, old song through.
 And thou, oh Virgin! daughter, mother, bride,
 Of the same Lord, who gave to you each key
 Of heaven, and hell, and every thing beside,
 The day thy Gabriel said, "All hail!" to thee,
 Since to thy servants pity's ne'er denied,
 With flowing rhymes, a pleasant style and free,
 Be to my verses then benignly kind,
 And to the end illuminate my mind.

After some further prefatory matter, we are suddenly introduced to the court of Charlemagne on Christmas-day, at which period of festivity, the treacherous Ganellone contrives to work the disgrace of the Paladin Orlando, who retires from court in disgust, and wanders like a true Knight-errant, until he lights on an abbey situated midst "glens obscure," in a distant land which "formed the Christian and the Pagans' bound." This holy receptacle, the pious abbot informs him, is much annoyed by three paynim brothers of giant brood, Passamont, Alabaster, and Morgante, who had taken up their abode in the neighbourhood, and who annoy the godly fraternity with the most unheard-of pranks. We supply a specimen of the humour: it is the worthy father abbot who speaks:—

"Our ancient fathers living the desert in,
 "For just and holy works were duly fed;
 "Think not they lived on locusts sole, 'tis certain
 "That manna was rain'd down from heaven instead;
 "But here 'tis fit we keep on the alert in
 "Our bounds, or taste the stones shower'd down for bread,
 "From off yon mountain, daily raining faster,
 "And flung by Passamont and Alabaster.
 "The third, Morgante, 's savagest by far; he
 "Plucks up pines, beeches, poplar-trees, and oaks,
 "And flings them, our community to bury,
 "And all that I can do but more provokes."
 While thus they parley in the cemetery,
 A stone from one of their gigantic strokes,
 Which nearly crushed Rondell,* came tumbling over,
 So that he took a long leap under cover.
 "For God's sake, cavalier, come in with speed,
 "The manna's falling now," the abbot cried:
 "This fellow does not wish my horse should feed,
 "Dear abbot," Roland unto him replied;
 "Of restiveness he'd cure him had he need;
 "That stone seems with good will and aim applied."
 The holy father said, "I don't deceive;
 "They'll one day fling the mountain, I believe."

* Orlando's horse.

The heroic Orlando immediately volunteers his services against the rabberly brethren, two of whom he slays very speedily, but strange to say, the third, Morgante, prevents a battle by declaring himself with more simplicity than eloquence, a convert to Christianity; and after having been favoured by the Paladin upon the proper bounds of Christian sympathy, the docile giant assures Orlando that the fact of his two slain brothers being in hell, which as in duty bound he now piously believes, does not abate his satisfaction in the least. Nay, in the genuine renegado spirit, our convert acts as like Mr. Southey as possible, for he gratuitously offers to cut off the hands of his dead brothers and associates, and to bear them as trophies to the monks, in proof of his pious sincerity:—

“A word unto the wise,” Morgante said,
 “Is wont to be enough, and you shall see
 “How much I grieve about my brethren dead;
 “And if the will of God seem good to me,
 “Just, as you tell me, ‘tis in heav’n obey’d—
 “Ashes to ashes,—merry let us be!
 “I will cut off the hands from both their trunks,
 “And carry them unto the holy monks.”

This religious duty is performed, without a pun,—*off hand*; and after such an undeniable evidence of a Christian spirit, the giant is received very graciously by the holy brotherhood, and immediately (the Laureate again) employed in the dirty work of the convent. Morgante, in truth (and here the comparison fails) is a very stupid soul of the Jack-the-Giant-Killer’s breed, with scarcely wit to keep out of a well, or to save his nose from a post; but good-humoured in his way, and as frolicsome as a rhinoceros. We quote the following passage for the amusement and information of *The Fancy* who will doubtless be pleased at the explanation in the note. Morgante, be it understood, volunteers an expedition, with an enormous tub on his shoulder, to fetch water for the abbey from a neighbouring fountain; and in his progress encounters a monstrous herd of swine:—

Morgante at a venture shot an arrow,
 Which pierced a pig precisely in the ear,
 And passed unto the other side quite thorough,
 So that the boar, defunct, lay tripped up near.
 Another, to revenge his fellow farrow,
 Against the giant rush’d in fierce career,
 And reach’d the passage with so swift a fact,
 Morgante was not now in time to shoot.
 Perceiving that the pig was on him close,
 He gave him such a punch upon the head *.
 As floor’d him, so that he no more arose—
 Smashing the very bone; and he fell dead
 Next to the other. Having seen such blows,
 The other pigs along the valley fled:
 Morgante on his neck the bucket took,
 Full from the spring, which neither swerved nor shook.

This swinish victory made the convent for some time resemble the vast empire of China, after the discovery of “roast pig,” as related by

* “‘Gli dette in sulla testa un gran punzone.’ It is strange that Pulci should have literally anticipated the technical terms of my old friend and master Jackson, and the art which he has carried to its highest pitch. ‘A punch on the head,’ or ‘a punch in the head,’—*un punzone in sulla testa*,—is the exact and frequent phrase of our best pugilists, who little dream that they are talking the purest Tuscan.”

the ingenious Elia. Sufficient, however, in the way of sample; we shall therefore conclude with observing, that the present canto terminates with preparations on the part of Orlando and the giant, to quit the monastery together in pursuit of the Knight-errant vocation; and whether the English reader will know any more of them, we have already shown that it will be for the public to decide. We have little doubt of the nature of the decision.

The succeeding article to Morgante Maggiore is No. IV of "Letters from Abroad." It relates principally to Genoa, in respect to which, it conveys a variety of information that can be acquired by organs of a refined and peculiar construction alone. Descriptive epistles of this class, close up the rear of matter-of-fact travellers with the happiest effect—a liqueur after dinner. Our meaning however will be best illustrated by extract, and the following will go near to convey it:—

All the insect tribes, good and bad, acquire vigour and size as they get southwards. I have seen however but one scorpion yet, and the rascal was young: we were looking upon him with much interest, and speculating upon his turn of mind, when a female servant quickly took out her scissors and cut him in two. Her bile, with eating oil and minestra, was as much exalted as his. Is it true that all poison is nothing but an essential acid, exalted in proportion to its venom? The discovery of the Prussic Acid, which kills instantly, looks like it.—Our antipathies are set up every now and then, by the sight of some new and hideous-looking insect; but we have not seen a twentieth part of what we expected. The flies bite so, that the *sanzaliere* (the bed-net against the gnats) seems quite as necessary against them as the enemy from whom it is named. The gnats have hardly come, yet we have been obliged to take to it. We have not yet seen the *mantis*, which I am told will turn its head round at music, and seem to listen. Of the silk-worms, notice has just been given us in the neighbourhood by a general stripping of the leaves off the mulberry trees. The beauty of the bees and butterflies you may imagine. But there is one insect, of so fairy-like a nature and lustre, that it would be almost worth coming in the south to look at, if there were no other attraction. I have already alluded to it,—the *fire-fly*. Imagine thousands of flashing diamonds every night powdering the ground, the trees, and the air; especially in the darkest places, and the corn-fields. They give at once a delicacy and brilliance to Italian darkness, inconceivable. It is the glow-worm, winged, and flying in crowds. In England, you know, the female alone gives light: at least, that of the male, who is the exclusive possessor of the wings, is hardly perceptible. Worm is a wrong word, the creature being a real insect. The Italian name is *Lucciola*, Little-light,—in Genoa, *Cœe-belle* (*Chiare belle*)—Clear and fine. Its aspect, when held in the hand, is that of a dark-coloured beetle, but without the hardness or sluggish look. The light is contained in the under part of the extremity of the abdomen, exhibiting a dull golden-coloured partition by day, and flashing occasionally by day-light, especially when the hand is shaken. At night, the flashing is that of the purest and most lucid fire, spangling the vineyards and olive-trees, and their dark avenues, with innumerable stars. Its use is not known: in England, and I believe here, the supposition is, that it is a signal of love. It affords no perceptible heat, but is supposed to be phosphoric. In a dark room, a single one is sufficient to flash a light against the wall. I have read of a lady in the West Indies, who could see to read by the help of three under a glass as long as they chose to accommodate her. A few of them are generally in our rooms all night, going about like little sparkling elves. It is impossible not to think of something spiritual, in seeing the progress of one of them through a dark room. You only know it by the flashing of its lamp, which takes place every three or four inches apart, sometimes oftener, thus marking its track in and out the apartment, or about it. It is like a little fairy taking its rounds. These insects remind us of the lines in Herrick, inviting his mistress to come to him at night-time; and they suit them still better than his English ones:—

Their lights the glow-worms lend thee;

The shooting stars attend thee;

And the elves also,

Whose little eyes glow

Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee;

To me, who pass more of my time even than usual, in the ideal world, these spiritual-looking little creatures are more than commonly interesting.

The next article in sequence is a poem entitled *The Choice*, which will be immediately and appropriately assigned to the author of "Letters from Abroad." The thought originated in a perusal of the same, but once popular production under the same title, by Pomfret, to whom it proved of very fatal consequence. Owing to a not very well weighed expression, that he would have a housekeeper, but not a wife, he was misrepresented to the Bishop of London, by some of the slanderous religious Botherbys of the day, and coming up to London to clear himself, he caught the small pox, and died at the age of thirty-six:—another example of the endless bitter consequences of rancour and bigotry. This, by the way, and because it avowedly led to the article under consideration, otherwise, we believe there never was a man of a respectable portion of imaginative power, yet, who did not speculate in the formation of a beau ideal—"some bright isle of rest," as T. Moore observes, which is to include all the humanities and felicities of life, with the least possible alloy of worldly anxiety. "Wishing," says Dr. Young, "is the constant hectic of a fool." We do not agree with him, unless it seduces from virtuous and necessary action, for in most other respects it affords a secret solace to the mind, and produces much of the complacency of reality. Often, indeed, more than reality will produce, for without altogether embracing the stately but uncomfortable moral of Dr. Johnson in his *Rasselas*, we apprehend there is no human elysium that is not haunted with the ghost of some "cruel something unpossess'd." But let us not be Johnsonian, for certainly our author is not; but dropping all "cogiabundity," hasten to supply a specimen of the poetry, in a description of the imaginary residence of the poet:—

First, on a green I'd have a low, broad house,
Just seen by travellers through the garden boughs;
And that my luck might not seem ill-bestowed,
A bench and spring should greet them on the road.
My grounds should not be large; I like to go
To Nature for a range, and prospect too,
And cannot fancy she'll comprise for me,
Even in a park, her all-sufficiency.
Besides, my thoughts fly far; and when at rest,
Love, not a watch-tower, but a lulling nest.
But all the ground I had should keep a look
Of Nature still, have birds'-nests and a brook;
One spot for flowers, the rest all turf and trees;
For I'd not grow my own bad lettuces.
And above all, no house should be so near,
That strangers should discern me here and there;
Much less when some fair friend was at my side,
And swear I thought her charming,—which I did.
I am not sure I'd have a rookery;
But sure I am I'd not live near the sea,
To view its great flat face, and have my sleeps
Filled full of shrieking dreams and foundering ships;
Or hear the drunkard, when his slaughter's o'er,
Like Sinbad's monster scratching on the shore.
I'd live far inland, in a world of glades,
Yet not so desert as to fright the maids:
A batch of cottages should smoke beside;
And there should be a town within a morning's ride.

My house of brick should not be great or mean,
Much less built formally, outside or in.
I hate the trouble of a mighty house,

That worst of mountains labouring with a mouse;
 And should dislike as much to fill a niche in
 A Grecian temple opening to a kitchen.
 The frogs in Homer should have had such boxes,
 Or *Æop's* frog, whose heart was like the ox's,
 Such puff about high-roads, so grand, so small,
 With wings and what not, portico and all,
 And poor drench'd pillars, which it seems a sin
 Not to mat up at night-time, or take in.
 I'd live in none of these. Nor would I have
 Veranda'd windows to forestall my grave;
 Veranda'd truly, from the Northern heat!
 And out down to the floor to comfort one's cold feet!
 I like a thing to please the traveller's eye,
 But more a house to live in, not to die.
 Older than new I'd have it; dressed with blooms
 Of honied green, and quaint with straggling rooms,
 A few of which, white-bedded and well swept,
 Should bear the name of friends for whom they're kept.
 And yet to shew I had a taste withal,
 I'd have some casts of statues in the hall,
 Or rather entrance, whose sweet steady eyes
 Should touch the comers with a mild surprise,
 And so conduct them, hushing to my door,
 Where, if a friend, the house should hear a roar.
 The grateful beggar should look in at these,
 And wonder what I did with Popish images.

In general terms, the aspirant sighs for a life of literary leisure in the country, enlivened by a due portion of that sort of "*Allegro*," which in advertence to the beautiful production of Milton, has been called "the mirth of a melancholy man." We were much pleased with the inclusion of a bowling green in the varieties of exercise selected, the decline of which venerable and gossiping pastime in this age of over-excitement is a great barbarity:—

And this reminds me, that behind some screen
 About my grounds, I'd have a bowling-green;
 Such as in wits' and merry women's days
 Suckling preferred before his walk of bays.
 You may still see them, dead as haunts of fairies,
 By the old seats of Killigrew and Carews,
 Where all, alas! is vanished from the ring,
 Wits and black eyes, the skittles and the king!*

It is not for us to dwell upon certain peculiar tastes and predilections of the author, for that would be to extract too much, suffice it to say, that for every *wherefore* there is a *why*. We cannot however forbear giving the following beautifully expressed notion of a chamber of worthies:—

* "Bowls are now thought vulgar: that is to say, a certain number of fine vulgar people agree to call them so. The fashion was once otherwise. Suckling prefers

A pair of black eyes, or a lucky hit
 At bowls, above all the trophies of wit.

"Piccadilly, in Clarendon's time, was a fair house of entertainment and gaming, with handsome gravel walks for shade, and where were an upper and a lower bowling-green, whither very many of the nobility and gentry of the best quality resorted, both for exercise and conversation."—*History of the Rebellion, Vol. 2.*—It seems to have been to the members of Parliament what Brooks's is now, and was a much better place for them to refresh their faculties in. The robust intellects of the Commonwealth grew there, and the airy wits that succeeded them. The modern gambling-houses are fit to produce nothing better than their name bespeaks. There grow our sottish financiers and timid intriguers. It is the same with the difference of the hours they keep."

Next there, and looking out on either side,
 I'd have "a little chapel edified,"
 Informed with heads of those who, heavenly wise,
 Through patient thought or many sympathies,
 Lived betwixt heaven and earth, and bore for us
 Dire thirsty deaths, or drank the deadly juices.
 Greek beauty should be there, and Gothic shade;
 And brave as anger, gentle as a maid,
 The name on whose dear heart my hope's worn cheek was laid.
 Here, with a more immediate consciousness,
 Would we feel all that blesses us, and bless;
 And lean on one another's heart, and make
 Sweet resolutions, ever, for love's sake;
 And recognise the eternal Good and Fair,
 Atoms of whose vast active spirit we are;
 And try by what great yearnings we could force
 The globe on which we live to take a more harmonious course.

The conclusion is also impressively elegant:—

And when I died, 'twould please me to be laid
 In my own ground's most solitary shade;
 Not for the gloom, much less to be alone,
 But solely as a room that still might seem my own.
 There should my friends come still, as to a place
 That held me yet, and bring me a kind face:
 There should they bring me still their griefs and joys,
 And hear in the swell'd breeze a little answering noise.
 Had I renown enough, I'd choose to lie,
 As Hafiz did, bright in the public eye,
 With marble grace enclosed, and a green shade,
 And young and old should read me, and be glad.
 This for mankind, and one who loves them all:
 But should my own pure pleasure guide the pall,
 Then to the bed of my affections, where
 My best friends lay, should its calm steps repair;
 And two such vistas to my travail's end
 Before me now with gathering looks attend:
 One, in a gentle village, my old home;
 The other, by the softened walls of Rome.

We are next presented with a description of the character and writings of the antique Italian rambler, Giovanni Villani, author of the *Chroniche Fiorentine*, and a contemporary of Dante, with the persons of whose spirits he makes us familiar—"who," to use the better language of the author of the article, "guides us through the unfinished streets and growing edifices of Firenze la bella, and transports us back to the superstitions, party spirit and companionship, and wars of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries." This is an entertaining and characteristic article, but in respect to subject not so readily extractable in a moderate compass. We are unwilling however to omit an introductory passage to the mention of Villani, which is elicited by the fact of the old chronicler partaking in no small degree of the modern prevalent failing of egotism. It is one of the best apologetical pleas we ever heard. After speaking of glaring offences of self intrusion, the writer observes, that when well managed, it often forms one of the main sources of interest, and chief causes of felicitous composition:—

To sit down for the purpose of talking of oneself, will sometimes freeze the warmth of inspiration; but, when elevated and carried away by the subject in hand, some similitude or contrast may awaken a chord which else had slept, and the whole mind will pour itself into the sound; and he must be a critic such as Sterne describes, his stop-watch in his hand, who would arrest the lengthened echo of the deepest music of the soul. Let each man lay his hand on his heart and say, if Milton's reference to his own blindness and personal circumstances does not throw an in-

terest over *Paradise Lost*, which they would not lose to render the work as much no man's or any man's production as the *Æneid*—supposing *Ille ego* to be an interpolation, which I fondly trust it is not.

This habit of self-analysis and display has also caused many men of genius to undertake works where the individual feeling of the author embues the whole subject with a peculiar hue. I have frequently remarked, that these books are often the peculiar favourites among men of imagination and sensibility. Such persons turn to the human heart as the undiscovered country. They visit and revisit their own; endeavour to understand its workings, to fathom its depths, and to leave no lurking thought or disguised feeling in the hiding places where so many thoughts and feelings, for fear of shocking the tender consciences of those inexperienced in the task of self-examination, delight to seclude themselves. As a help to the science of self-knowledge, and also as a continuance of it, they wish to study the minds of others, and particularly of those of the greatest merit. The sight of land was not more welcome to Columbus, than are these traces of individual feeling, chequering their more formal works of art, to the voyagers in the noblest of *terræ incognitæ*, the soul of man. Sometimes, despairing to attain to a knowledge of the secrets of the best and wisest, they are pleased to trace human feeling wherever it is artlessly and truly portrayed. No book perhaps has been oftener the vade-mecum of men of wit and sensibility than Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*; the zest with which it is read being heightened by the proof the author gave in his death of his entire initiation into the arcana of his science. The essential attributes of such a book must be truth; for else the fiction is more tame than any other; and thus Sterne may become this friend to the reading man, but his imitators never can; for affectation is easily detected and deservedly despised. Montaigne is another great favourite; his pages are referred to as his conversation would be, if indeed his conversation was half so instructive, half so amusing, or contained half so vivid a picture of his internal spirit as his essays. Rousseau's *Confessions*, written in a more liberal and even prodigal spirit of intellectual candour, is to be ranked as an inestimable acquisition to this class of production. Boswell's *Life of Johnson* has the merit of carrying light into the recesses not of his own, but another's peculiar mind. Spence's *Anecdotes* is a book of the same nature, but less perfect in its kind. Half the beauty of Lady Mary Montague's *Letters* consists in the *I* that adorns them; and this *I*, this sensitive, imaginative, suffering, enthusiastic pronoun, spreads an inexpressible charm over Mary Wollstonecraft's *Letters from Norway*.

An historian is perhaps to be held least excusable, if he intrude personally on his readers. Yet they might well follow the example of Gibbon, who, while he left the pages of his *Decline and Fall* unstained by any thing that is not applicable to the times of which he treated, has yet, through the medium of his *Life and Letters*, given a double interest to his history and opinions. Yet an author of *Memoirs*, or a *History of his own Times*, must necessarily appear sometimes upon the scene. Mr. Hyde gives greater interest to Lord Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, though I have often regretted that a quiet *I* had not been inserted in its room.

A paper headed "*Pulpit Oratory*" follows, which is chiefly occupied with portraits of Dr. Chalmers and Mr. Irving, but principally the latter. The hand will be immediately recognised, by the following extract:—

"Mr. Irving is a more amiable moralist, and a more practical reasoner [than Dr. Chalmers]. He throws a glancing, pleasing light over the gloomy ground of Calvinism. There is something humane in his appeals, striking in his apostrophes; graceful in his action, soothing in the tones of his voice. He is not affected and theatrical; neither is he deeply impassioned or overpowering from the simple majesty of his subject. He is above common-place both in fancy and argument; yet he can hardly rank as a poet or philosopher. He is a modernised Covenanter, a sceptical fanatic. We do not feel exactly on sure ground with him—we scarcely know whether he preaches Christ crucified, or himself. His pulpit style has a resemblance to the *florid Gothic*. We are a little *mystified* when a man with one hand brings us all the nice distinctions and air-drawn speculations of modern unbelievers, and arms the other with "fire hot from hell,"—when St. Paul and Jeremy Bentham, the Evangelists and the Sorrows of Werter, Seneca, Shakespear, the author of *Caleb Williams* and the Political Justice, are mingled together in the same passage, and quoted in the same breath, however eloquent that breath may be. We see Mr. Irving smile with decent scorn at this remark, and launch one more thunderbolt at the critics. He is quite welcome, and we should be proud of his notice. In the discourses he has lately delivered, and which have drawn crowds to admire them, he

has laboured to describe the Sensual Man, the Intellectual Man, the Moral Man, and the Spiritual Man; and has sacrificed the three first at the shrine of the last.—He gave certainly a terrific picture of the death-bed of the Sensual Man—a scene where few shine—but it is a good subject for oratory, and he made the most of it. He described the Poet well, walking by the mountain side, in the eye of nature—yet oppressed, panting rather than satisfied, with beauty and sublimity. Neither Fame nor Genius, it is most true, are all-sufficient to the mind of man! He made a fair hit at the Philosophers; first, at the Political Economist, who draws a circle round man, gives him so many feet of earth to stand upon, and there leaves him to starve in all his nobler parts and faculties: next, at the great Jurisconsult, who carves out a mosaic work of motives for him, cold, hard, and dry, and expects him to move mechanically in right lines, squares, and parallelograms, drills him into perfection, and screws him into utility. He then fell foul of the Moralist and Sentimentalist, weighed him in the balance, and found him wanting—deficient in clearness of sight to discern good, in strength of hand and purpose to seize upon it when discerned. But Religion comes at last to the aid of the Spiritual Man, couches the blind sight, and braces the paralytic limb; the Lord of Hosts is in the field, and the battle is won; his countenance pours light into our souls, and his hand stretched out imparts strength to us, by which we tower to our native skies! In treating of this subject, Mr. Irving introduced several powerful images and reflections, to show how feeble moral and intellectual motives are to contend with the allurements of sense and the example of the world. Reason alone, he said, was no more able to stem the tide of prejudice and fashion, than the swimmer with his single arm (here he used an appropriate and spirited gesture, which reminded us of the description of the heroic action of the swimmer in Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*) is able to oppose the raging torrent, as the voice of conscience was only heard in the tumultuous scenes of life, like the faint cry of the sea-bird in the wide world of waters. He drew an animated but mortifying sketch of the progress of the Patriot and Politician, weaned by degrees from his attachment to young Liberty to hug old Corruption; and showed (strikingly enough) that this change from youthful ardour to a hoary heartless old age of selfishness and ridicule (there were several Members of the Honourable House present) was not owing to increased wisdom or strength of sight, but to faltering resolution and weakness of hand, that could no longer hold out against the bribes, the enares, and gilded chains prepared for it. The romantic Tyro was right and free, the callous Courtier was a slave and self-conceited. All this was true; it was honest, downright, and well put. There was no cant in it, as far as regards the unequal odds and the hard battle that reason has to fight with pleasure, or ambition, or interest, or other antagonist motives. But does the objection apply to morality solely, or has not religion its share in it? Man is not what he ought to be—Granted; but is he not different from this ideal standard, in spite of religion as well as of morality? Is not the religious man often a slave to power, the victim of pleasure, the thrall of avarice, hard of heart, a sensual hypocrite, cunning, mercenary, miserable? If it be said that the really religious man is none of these, neither is the truly moral man. Real morality, as well as vital Christianity, implies right conduct and consistent principle. But the question simply at issue is, whether the profession or the belief of sound moral opinions implies these; and it certainly does it no more than the profession or belief of orthodox religious opinions does. The conviction of the good or ill consequences of our actions in this life does not absolutely conform the will or the desires to good; neither does the apprehension of future rewards or punishments produce this effect completely or necessarily. The candidate for heaven is a backslider; the dread of eternal torments makes but a temporary impression on the mind. This is not a reason, in our judgment, for neglecting or giving up in despair the motives of religion or morality, but for strengthening and cultivating both. With Mr. Irving, it is a triumphant and unanswerable ground for discarding and denouncing morality, and for exalting religion, as the sovereign cure for all wounds, as the *thaumaturgos*, or wonder-worker, in the reform of mankind! We are at a loss to understand how this exclusive and somewhat intolerant view of the subject is reconcileable with sound reason or with history.

We cannot allow the following note in this article to pass, it is so preciously characteristic:—

Some years ago, a periodical paper was published in London, under the title of the *Pic-Nic*. It was got up under the auspices of a Mr. Fulke Greville, and several writers of that day contributed to it, among whom were Mr. Horace Smith, Mr. Dubois, Mr. Prince Hoare, Mr. Cumberland, and others. On some dispute arising between the proprietor and the gentlemen-contributors on the subject of an advance

in the remuneration for articles, Mr. Fulke Greville grew heroic, and said, "I have got a young fellow just come from Ireland, who will undertake to do the whole, verse and prose, politics and scandal, for two guineas a week; and if you will come and sup with me to-morrow night, you shall see him, and judge whether I am not right in closing with him." Accordingly, they met the next evening, and the ~~writer~~ ^{writer} ~~of all words~~ was introduced. He began to make a display of his native ignorance and impudence on all subjects immediately, and no one else had occasion to say any thing. When he was gone, Mr. Cumberland exclaimed, "A talking potato, by God!" The talking potato was Mr. Croker of the Admiralty. Our adventurer shortly, however, returned to his own country, and passing accidentally through a town where they were in want of a ministerial candidate at an election, the gentleman of modest assurance offered himself, and succeeded. "They wanted a Jack-pudding," said the father of the hopeful youth, "and so they chose my son." The case of the Duke of York and Mrs. Clarke soon after came on, and Mr. Croker, who is a dabbler in dirt, and an adept in love-letters, rose from the affair Secretary to the Admiralty, and the very "rose and expectancy of the fair State."

We have not time to dwell upon a version or rather paraphrase of the Squire's Tale, from Chaucer, the author of which seems disposed to personify the spirit

Of him who left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold.

It appears to us to be executed with a fine feeling of the old genuine Chaucerian manner of story telling, in which the narrator seems imbued with the simplicity of the ancient faith in the wonderful of his own tale. No sequel however is given in this number, nor is it *absolutely* promised; but we somehow guess that it will be forthcoming. Our space will not allow of adequate extracts.

A powerfully eloquent article, entitled "Arguing in a Circle," gives some pointed remarks on the character of Burke, and upon the consequences of an abandonment of early connexion and principles after reaching a mature period of life.

We have neither time nor space to allude to the miscellanea, which as usual closes the number,—a number that, for originality and variety, possesses considerable claims to general favour.

*Ancient Spanish Ballads, Historical and Romantic, translated by
J. G. Lockart, LL. B.*

Mr. Lockart, it seems, smatters a little in rhyme as well as reason. We can have no objection to this, provided his friends have none:—it will enable us to decide, much more fairly than any anonymous publications can do, upon his positive claims on the public attention. Before we open the "Ancient Spanish Ballads," however, it may be as well to premise, that we shall say little or nothing upon them *as translations*, that question having been already discussed in the last number of the "London Magazine," by a gentleman well qualified to speak on the subject. He says that *all Mr. Lockart's opinions* on Spanish literature *are incorrect*; that his *translations* are *not* like the originals; and that his reasoning upon the language shows him to be utterly unacquainted with what he, very flippantly, presumes to decide upon. For ourselves, we have a few words to say also; but as Mr. L. has been condemned already as a translator, we will give him another chance, and try him only as an English poet.*

* It may be as well to say, that we have turned over most of the leaves of "Dep-
ping's Collection," from which Lockart says that he has taken the ballads; but we
really are unable to pitch upon the particular ballads which he affects to have
translated, once or twice we thought that we had hit upon the right one, but we

"J. G. Lockart, LL. B." has hitherto enjoyed a considerable anonymous reputation. He has put his name to nothing, indeed, but to these ballads; yet his tory friends at Edinburgh and elsewhere have been busy enough puffing off the small matters that are attributed to him. He is said to have written the ——— article; to have had a hand in ———; and actually to have written the *preface* to ———. Now this is all very poor proceeding, as it seems to us. If Mr. Lockart has scribbled any thing that is worth attention, why does he not put his name to it? Is he ashamed of his books? or has he abused all or any part of the literary public? Is he afraid of being measured by the side of writers whom he has contemned? or does he (like his friend of the north) hope to *mystify* himself into popularity? We can scarcely help laughing at this last question, seeing how hopeless would be such a notion on the part of so small a person as our author.

Mr. Lockart, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Galt, we believe, undertake, one and all, to set at rest the questionable merits of our different aspirants to poetic renown. Now we think that this excellent triumvirate should, as a preliminary, show their qualifications for doing this. We do not mean to insist that critics on poetry should always be poets; but we mean to say that they should not be mere scribblers of doggerel rhyme or vulgar dialogue, nor weak and washy imitators of cotemporary poets. If they *are* these and nothing more, they can have no pretensions, we think, to speak upon this delicate subject. Of these three persons, all of whom have attempted verse, we shall have something, perhaps, to say in future numbers. At present, it is sufficient to observe, that we like Mr. Wilson's pastoral whistle, on the whole, better than the jew's-harp of Mr. Lockart, or the gabble of Galt.

To return to Mr. L. and his ballads—we observe that several of them were first published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, at a time when Mr. L. was pretty universally believed to have been co-editor of that precious work. The first specimen which the author gave was ingenious enough: it contained the only tolerable ballads in the collection. A few months afterwards, however, he sent others,—not quite so good; and to these a preface was written (*by whom?*) saying, among other things, "*We have no doubt [but that] our readers will thank us for inserting the following, &c.*" and "*to say nothing of the merits of the translations themselves,*" &c. with other matter equally important. Then came the ballads themselves; and in order that we may not be accused of treating this Scotch writer unfairly, we will look at one or two of these very ballads, which the author has selected out of the mass. They seem to us remarkable for nothing but an extreme prosiness, a continual repetition of the same word or idea (to fill the line) and for those common-place inversions of language which must be classed among the very poorest artifices of our inferior rhymers.

Our first is called "Song for the Morning of the Day of Saint John the Baptist," in the preface to which Mr. L. says that there "are many" on this subject; but he forbears to tell us, on this as well as on almost all other occasions, *which is the particular ballad* that he professes to render into English. The song begins as follows:—

were speedily convinced that we must have been mistaken. Surely "*The Bride of Andalus*" can never be intended as a translation of "*Pois à la reine espagnole*;" (Depp. p. 371.)

- v. 1. "*Come forth, come forth, my maidens, 'tis the day of good Saint John,
It is the Baptist's morning that breaks the hills upon.*"
- v. 2. "*Come forth, come forth, my maidens, the woodlands all are green,
And the little birds are singing the opening leaves between.*"
- v. 3. "*Come forth, come forth, my maidens, and slumber not away,
The blessed blessed morning of John the Baptist's day.*"
- v. 4. "*Come forth, come forth, my maidens, the air is calm and cool,
And the violet blue far down (q. where?) ye'll view reflected in the pool,
The violets and the" &c.*"

Now, we have here given half, or two out of four lines from the first four stanzas of this song; and it contains only six. Is it extravagant to say that any school boy, who has topped his tenth year, could go on rhyming in this small fashion for a week?—we think not.

The next ballad which we shall take will be one which Mr. Lockart also selected to ornament his brother Blackwood's pages. It stands p. 113, in the published book, is called "The Death of Don Alonzo of Aquilar," and begins with something about "Fernando king of Arragon," and "dukes and barons many a one," and "champions of emprise," and such phrases, which the industrious manufacturer of verse may very easily acquire, provided he has some of the old (or new) ballads, and a pair of scissors in his possession. But take a stave:

"Then spake Fernando, Hear grandees, which of ye all will go
And give my banner in the breeze of Alpuxar to flow,
Those heights along, the moors are strong, now, who by dawn of day
Will plant the cross their cliffs among, and drive the dogs away?"

This is really very tiresome—but, allons!—"Up starts," according to usage, one of Mr. Lockart's "champions of emprise," called Alonzo, who offers to go against the Moors; whereat—

"Much joyed the king *these words to hear*—he bids Alonzo speed,
And long before the revel's o'er the knight is on *his steed*,
Alonzo's on *his milk-white steed*, with *horsemen* and his train—
A thousand *horse*, a chosen *band*, ere dawn *the hills to gain*."

The reader will not fail to observe here the cheapest possible method of making prose into verse. We would rather have one stanza with the bloom of inspiration upon it, than all this withered, grotesque, and tasteless imitation-fruit. But let us go on a little further in the same ballad—

"Then nought avails the *eagle-eye*, the guardian of Castile,
The *eye of wisdom*," &c.
"And there *upon the village green* they laid him out to view,
Upon the village green he lay," &c.

To which place a Christian dame, it seems, came,—or, in Mr. Lockart's words, "across the woods *came she*"—(Can he do *nothing* straight-forward?)—

"*To look upon* the Christian corpse, and wash it decently.
She looked upon him," &c.

But we must really stop, for the sake of our readers. This ballad-mongering is surely sad trash, unless it be very different from that which we have been wading through.

The time is gone by, we apprehend, when "young gentlemen," even of Scotland, could add a cubit to their statures or a tittle to their names, by copying the metre of our old ballad-writers. Some of those writers were assuredly good (though the greater part were indifferent enough): they had naiveté, pathos, &c. and sometimes a strain of wild sad music ran through their compositions which was delightful. Had Mr. Lockart written ballads a few centuries ago, he must unquestion-

ably have taken his rank among the *οἱ πολλοί*, and been duly forgotten; and, unless there be some better reason than we are at present aware of, he must perforce take his station there even now. When we speak of the *ancient* ballads, we do not mean to insist that Mr. L. has actually composed laborious imitations of those artless poems. On the contrary, he seems to have studied them in the mirror of his father-in-law, Sir Walter Scott; and—like a Lazarus at the table of Dives—to have picked up some of the crumbs of verse which have been flung from the table of his wealthier friend. Mr. L. is the son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, and may perhaps entertain a superstition that the mantle of the Baronet must necessarily descend upon himself. If so, we must beg him to dismiss so wild a notion. In the first place, he is not in the strict line of inheritance—and, what is much more to the purpose, he has prodigiously small personal pretensions to *any* laurel, even of Scottish growth. He appears to know little or nothing of poetical diction; to have a bad ear and a meagre fancy; and he is certainly utterly without imagination. We say this, not in the spirit of hostility to Mr. Lockart—but in mournful sincerity; for we are vexed to see the Spanish Ballads, which afford such ample materials, wasted and done into measured prose by such a trifler.

To conclude—We have not strained our bow at Mr. Lockart, because we would not be thought to act unfairly, and also, to say the truth, because his importance does not require it. We leave therefore his many untold sins to the certain oblivion which awaits them. With respect to the better part of Mr. Lockart's book—there is an agreeable feeling in "The Bridal of Andalla;" there is something pretty in "the Ear-rings;" and something which approximates to spirit in "The Bull-Fight"—but it is the spirit of *prose*, and not of poetry; and, generally speaking, whatever is good in the *translations* (since they are to be called so) may, we believe, be found in the *Spanish* language.—We understand that Mr. Lockart is a lawyer: we will therefore, at parting, give him one piece of counsel. Let him give up poetry. He has, he may be assured, *no* qualifications whatever for the art. He has none of the faults of a young writer, and none of the excellencies of an experienced one; and we cannot, in our sincerity, give him the least hopes of success. He had much better stick to the law. We may, in that case, be tempted to give him a brief some day or other. We should like to see how well he could maintain the cause of the *Plaintiff* in a case of low and impudent libel.

KING RICHARD I., A TROUBADOUR.

WE have some repugnance to believe that a tyrant like Richard could be a poet, because it seems an anomaly in nature to unite the most delicate sense of beauty, with a rugged regardlessness of the sufferings of others. Yet in this man they were united. But we must consider Richard as the poet of circumstance, as the offspring of secondary inspiration, rather than as one who, in any situation, and under any conjuncture, would have possessed the elements of verse. Being made Count of Poitou in 1174, he passed some time in Provence, amid the inspiration of its bards and minstrels. His mind was vigorous, and susceptible of the romance of the period; he became the protector of the Troubadours, and cultivated with success their somewhat licen-

tious muse. But his fierce genius was incapable of handling the erotic lyre; for it appears, from what remains of his verses, that anger and a rooted thirst of vengeance made him employ his pen in the composition of *Sirvantes*, or satires against his enemies; and when he does seem desirous of turning aside to fondle for a moment with the little loves, who skip on each side of his path, it is with an awkwardness of gait and heavy sportiveness, which make him look like Polypheme at play with a butterfly.

The *Sirvante* which he wrote in his German prison, as might be expected, is the most interesting; as it represents him pensive and complaining, and communicating his thoughts to his brother Troubadours, as to equals and friends. In the first stanza he endeavours to prove, that a captive may bemoan his fate without effeminacy, and give vent to his spleen with justice—"for no one," says he, "speaks well of the place of his captivity." He then goes on to reproach his barons for suffering him to wear away the heavy days in confinement; lashes his enemies in a very heroic and kingly strain; and concludes with a compliment to his mistress. There remains another piece of his against the Dauphin of Auvergne, and the Count Guy his cousin. It is curious as a picture of the manners of the times: but the poetry, we must own, is rather monarchical; that is to say, bad. However, Richard does not lose ground in our minds by being viewed as a Troubadour; for the *gai saber*, (gay science) as poetry was then styled, tends to mellow a little the acidity of his heroism, and to show him something better than a mere myrmidon, moving about with javelin and twisted mail.

Whatever we may think of the poetry of the Troubadours in other respects, there was in it a gracefulness, a fine sequence and connexion of ideas observable throughout, which we might in vain seek to equal in the production of a much later period. It is generally believed, with reason, that when the elements of society are gathering together into one place, and freeing themselves from the entangling recollections of the savage state, that then also the nobler creations of poetry spring up; for the mind, in so curious a position, must be drenched by the overflow of new associations, and continually looking forth with a credulous enthusiasm, for the wonderful and the grand. But it would seem likewise, that continuity of feeling and sustained energy would be wanting, from the known fickleness of half-cultivated minds; yet this is not the case with even the earlier Troubadours. Their feelings, such as they were, were supported and carried on with wonderful art; and one of the most singular events of time is the sudden extinction of this highly-gifted race. For it might have been expected that so wide and powerful a stream would have flowed on over fen and waste, increasing and widening as it went; and though we see the event, there do not appear any predisposing causes at all adequate to the effect. One thing may have considerably assisted:—the art was principally in the hands of princes and great lords, who naturally relinquished it for the more exquisite gratifications of luxury and power. Hence its disrepute—hence, possibly, its fall.

But we cannot help pursuing Richard one step farther—to the throne; and imagining what he might have been, could poetry have shared the tyranny with his passions. His whole life was nothing else than a quick succession of romantic scenes: the play of the passions; the *rapid movements* of war; the splendour of new situations, never held

long enough to be soiled by familiarity; the whole chain of every diversity of character unrolling itself before him; and, added to this, the sight of places enriched with all the beauties of nature, and all the enthusiasm of superstitious associations. Who could have written *Sirvantes* after passing through changes such as these? Is the imagination a dumb attribute, without knowledge? Is it a cloud driven about by the wind till the warmth of knowledge convert it into a fertilising rain? It would seem that uncultivated minds have much fancy, which is a primary quality, but in reality very little imagination; though the latter be constantly mistaken for the former. Imagination is mature fancy, collected into form and power by the operation of knowledge. This is the portion of only the first order of minds, borne upwards by the number and force of their ideas, and grasping a proportion of the universe too extensive for the eye of fancy. 'Tis for this reason that ages of ignorance never produced a great poem. Poetry stands upon the isthmus which separates barbarism from effeminate civilization: her nerves are braced by the rough breezes of the one, her face is brightened by the brilliancy reflected by the other. The Troubadours merely caught a far-off glimpse of her countenance, before their ship foundered, as mariners out at sea perceive morning growing upon some distant peak, as they are falling into the clutches of the hurricane.

CHARACTERISTICS.

We have always regarded the *Percy Anecdotes* as a very pretty book, not over-abounding in novelty, certainly,—their Reverences Reuben and Sholto Percy seem to entertain a very marked regard for antiquity,—but then the graphic decoration is neat, and the *idea*, as the publisher might say, as original as the execution is otherwise. Moreover, it has inspired us with a notion that we may now and then entertain by a similar arrangement in reference to social portrait-painting; or in other words, to the illustration of those more striking outlines of character by which men are broadly distinguished from one another. In the pursuance of this plan, we shall proceed with very little ceremony, and, in the easy spirit of this miscellany, take up our subjects as they accidentally occur to us. It is indeed precisely in consequence of accident that we commence with APOSTACY as a text; and chuse to exhibit its characteristic features by an advertence to the lines, or rather, as was said of old Macklin, the *cordage* of the intellectual countenance of Sprat, Bishop of Rochester—a prelatical worthy who bears an amazing resemblance to a tribe of animals who are at this time exceedingly brisk in a neighbouring nation, and not altogether quiescent in our own.

“What is there in a change of opinion,” says a certain writer, “beyond an admission that we are wiser to-day than we were yesterday?” This is plausible, and smacks of *impudent* candour; but as far as it is a genuine, and not a mere constitutional change of mind, will it prompt to moderation and a tolerance of opposing opinion in other people? and when thus exhibited, the phrase Apostate is undoubtedly inapplicable. It is obvious, however, to all who attend the career of the unequivocal apostate, that he is the most rancorous and intolerant of all men—at once the most furious and the most servile, and worse and worse in every succeeding transmutation, as witness the aforesaid Dr. Sprat.

Sprat began authorship precisely as the writer of Wat Tyler or M. Chateaubriand might have done—with a flaming eulogy on Oliver Cromwell, for which he apologizes to that extraordinary man, as unequal to the renown “of the *Prince*” on whom it was written, “such great actions and lives deserving to be the subject of the noblest pens and most divine phantasies.” After the Restoration, the hopeful poet took orders, and became chaplain to that “most puissant” and pious personage, the second George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. Under such godly patronage and influence, it was impossible not to rise; and at the expiration of some years the panegyrist of Cromwell became Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster. In the latter capacity—how inseparable is apostacy and rancour—he refused to admit of a line in an epitaph on Phillips, because he was praised as second only to Milton, and the name of Milton must not disgrace the abbey walls! This glorious fact is mentioned by Dr. Johnson with seeming approbation, nor can he even find in his heart to censure the most flaming, nay profane adulation, from the same exalted purity and disinterestedness, of the manifold virtues of that quintessence of royal profligacy, King Charles II. “In consequence of his preferment,” says the Doctor in the sincerity of his Toryism, “the court having a *claim* upon his *diligence*, he was required to write the history of the Rye-house Plot, which he did with such an utter neglect of honour and veracity—[bravo, Bishop!]
—that in the succeeding reign he found it *convenient* to extenuate and excuse it.” This was precisely the man for that miserable and stupid designer, James II.; so that the protégé of Buckingham, the lauder of Cromwell, the abhorrer of Milton, and the eulogist of Charles II. became a member of the famous, or rather infamous, ecclesiastical commission, which office he held until the storm whistled about his ears, when he found it *convenient* a second time to beg pardon of the nation, that is to say, *after* the Revolution. Lastly, he was one of those who did not think the crown vacated by James, and yet he *complied* with the then order of things, and died Bishop of Rochester.

Such was the man who was inspired with a transport of indignation at the name of Milton, and such has ever been Apostacy. Change in these men is not conviction, but temper; not folly, but baseness. To atone for foolish writing on the side they abandon, nothing more is necessary, in their opinion, than to write warmly and abusively in favour of that which they espouse. It would be absurd to say that men never change their opinions from sound causes; but we certainly utterly distrust those who do so vehemently and rapidly. Principles are never thus speedily obliterated, but are worn away, as the rock is hollowed out by the ceaseless waves of the ocean. Even when satisfied of the superiority of the new opinions to the old, when thus hastily adopted with power or emolument in sight—a not unfrequent Parliamentary spectacle—we are involuntarily tempted, in allusion to the very despicable subject of this article, to exclaim—a Sprat—a Sprat!

Q.

[To be continued occasionally.]

THE
LITERARY EXAMINER.

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REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Don Juan. Cantos IX. X. XI.

WE observed in a note to our account of the three preceding Cantos of *Don Juan*, that several additional volumes would soon follow. We shall endeavour in our present and succeeding numbers to convey some notion of the first of them, consisting of the Cantos enumerated in our heading. The task is difficult, for in no previous portion of this indescribable production is the sarcasm more caustic, the wit more pungent and volatile, or the general taxing more uncircumscribed. In the course of these Cantos, too, the all-conquering Juan is brought to our own best of all possible countries, and introduced to the *haut ton* and *Blues* of London—a field altogether uncultivated by the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and therefore peculiarly demanding the attention of an inflexible and *impartial* moralist like the author of *Don Juan*. Moreover, if the physician be able, the benefit is always in proportion to the docility of the patient in respect to the prescription; and notwithstanding the doubts of the Chancellor, and the pious deprecation of various less eminent personages, there is much reason to fear, that people of quality swallow doses of *Don Juan* with more avidity than religious tracts, or even Mr. Irving's sermons.

All the world knows by this time* that the termination of Canto VIII. left *Don Juan* in his way to St. Petersburg, with the dispatches of Suwarrow, announcing the storm and capture of Ismail. As every

* This is a great grievance, considering the variety of disinterested and candid criticism which is elicited by every succeeding publication. One Aristarchus discovers, that "all the attic fire is fled," owing doubtless to the predilection of his Lordship (the *Lord* cannot be altogether got over) for low company! A second laments so injurious an application of fine powers; and recommends the poet, in respect to sentiment and subject, to follow the lead of Mrs. Hemans! A third is shocked by a singular sort of compound rhymes, never having discovered any thing of the kind in *Hudibras*!—and ALL protesting against so much licence, and, in a kind of chorus, *Mother Cole*-ing on the subject, with uplifted hands and eyes, supply copious extracts! Is it not in the *Siege of Belgrade*, that an old hypocritical Turkish Cadi thus soliloquises over a supper table, to which he had found his way uninvited?—

Useph. Oh, the Christian dogs!—eat pork!
(Dangling a slice of ham on a fork and swallowing it)
And drink wine too!
(Holding up the bottle, and tipping off a bumper.)

That son of drollery, Suett, used to represent this Turkish vice-suppressor with infinite humour, but after all with less *onction* and gravity than the devout and critical scribes, to whom we have been especially alluding.

terest over *Paradise Lost*, which they would not lose to render the work as much no man's or any man's production as the *Æneid*—supposing *Ille ego* to be an interpolation, which I fondly trust it is not.

This habit of self-analysis and display has also caused many men of genius to undertake works where the individual feeling of the author embues the whole subject with a peculiar hue. I have frequently remarked, that these books are often the peculiar favourites among men of imagination and sensibility. Such persons turn to the human heart as the undiscovered country. They visit and revisit their own; endeavour to understand its workings, to fathom its depths, and to leave no lurking thought or disguised feeling in the hiding places where so many thoughts and feelings, for fear of shocking the tender consciences of those inexperienced in the task of self-examination, delight to seclude themselves. As a help to the science of self-knowledge, and also as a continuance of it, they wish to study the minds of others, and particularly of those of the greatest merit. The sight of land was not more welcome to Columbus, than are these traces of individual feeling, chequering their more formal works of art, to the voyagers in the noblest of terræ incognite, the soul of man. Sometimes, despairing to attain to a knowledge of the secrets of the best and wisest, they are pleased to trace human feeling wherever it is artlessly and truly portrayed. No book perhaps has been oftener the vade-mecum of men of wit and sensibility than Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*; the zest with which it is read being heightened by the proof the author gave in his death of his entire initiation into the arcana of his science. The essential attributes of such a book must be truth; for else the fiction is more tame than any other; and thus Sterne may become this friend to the reading man, but his imitators never can; for affectation is easily detected and deservedly despised. Montaigne is another great favourite; his pages are referred to as his conversation would be, if indeed his conversation was half so instructive, half so amusing, or contained half so vivid a picture of his internal spirit as his essays. Rousseau's *Confessions*, written in a more liberal and even prodigal spirit of intellectual candour, is to be ranked as an inestimable acquisition to this class of production. Boswell's *Life of Johnson* has the merit of carrying light into the recesses not of his own, but another's peculiar mind. Spence's *Anecdotes* is a book of the same nature, but less perfect in its kind. Half the beauty of Lady Mary Montague's *Letters* consists in the *I* that adorns them; and this *I*, this sensitive, imaginative, suffering, enthusiastic pronoun, spreads an inexpressible charm over Mary Wollstonecraft's *Letters from Norway*.

An historian is perhaps to be held least excusable, if he intrude personally on his readers. Yet they might well follow the example of Gibbon, who, while he left the pages of his *Decline and Fall* unstained by any thing that is not applicable to the times of which he treated, has yet, through the medium of his *Life and Letters*, given a double interest to his history and opinions. Yet an author of *Memoirs*, or a *History of his own Times*, must necessarily appear sometimes upon the scene. Mr. Hyde gives greater interest to Lord Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, though I have often regretted that a quiet *I* had not been inserted in its room.

A paper headed "*Pulpit Oratory*" follows, which is chiefly occupied with portraits of Dr. Chalmers and Mr. Irving, but principally the latter. The hand will be immediately recognised, by the following extract:—

"Mr. Irving is a more amiable moralist, and a more practical reasoner [than Dr. Chalmers]. He throws a glancing, pleasing light over the gloomy ground of Calvinism. There is something humane in his appeals, striking in his apostrophes, graceful in his action, soothing in the tones of his voice. He is not affected and theatrical; neither is he deeply impassioned or overpowering from the simple majesty of his subject. He is above common-place both in fancy and argument; yet he can hardly rank as a poet or philosopher. He is a modernised Covenanter, a sceptical fanatic. We do not feel exactly on sure ground with him—we scarcely know whether he preaches Christ crucified, or himself. His pulpit style has a resemblance to the *florid Gothic*. We are a little *mystified* when a man with one hand brings us all the nice distinctions and air-drawn speculations of modern unbelievers, and arms the other with "fire hot from hell,"—when St. Paul and Jeremy Bentham, the Evangelists and the Sorrows of Werter, Seneca, Shakespear, the author of Caleb Williams and the Political Justice, are mingled together in the same passage, and quoted in the same breath, however eloquent that breath may be. We see Mr. Irving smile with decent scorn at this remark, and launch one more thunderbolt at the critics. He is quite welcome, and we should be proud of his notice. In the *discourses* he has lately delivered, and which have drawn crowds to admire them, he

has laboured to describe the Sensual Man, the Intellectual Man, the Moral Man, and the Spiritual Man; and has sacrificed the three first at the shrine of the last.—He gave certainly a terrific picture of the death-bed of the Sensual Man—a scene where few shine—but it is a good subject for oratory, and he made the most of it. He described the Poet well, walking by the mountain side, in the eye of nature—yet oppressed, panting rather than satisfied, with beauty and sublimity. Neither Fame nor Genius, it is most true, are all-sufficient to the mind of man! He made a fair hit at the Philosophers; first, at the Political Economist, who draws a circle round man, gives him so many feet of earth to stand upon, and there leaves him to starve in all his nobler parts and faculties: next, at the great Jurisconsult, who carves out a mosaic work of motives for him, cold, hard, and dry, and expects him to move mechanically in right lines, squares, and parallelograms, drills him into perfection, and screws him into utility. He then fell foul of the Moralist and Sentimentalist, weighed him in the balance, and found him wanting—deficient in clearness of sight to discern good, in strength of hand and purpose to seize upon it when discerned. But Religion comes at last to the aid of the Spiritual Man, couches the blind sight, and braces the paralytic limb; the Lord of Hosts is in the field, and the battle is won; his countenance pours light into our souls, and his hand stretched out imparts strength to us, by which we tower to our native skies! In treating of this subject, Mr. Irving introduced several powerful images and reflections, to show how feeble moral and intellectual motives are to contend with the allurements of sense and the example of the world. Reason alone, he said, was no more able to stem the tide of prejudice and fashion, than the swimmer with his single arm (here he used an appropriate and spirited gesture, which reminded us of the description of the heroic action of the swimmer in Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*) is able to oppose the raging torrent, as the voice of conscience was only heard in the tumultuous scenes of life, like the faint cry of the sea-bird in the wide world of waters. He drew an animated but mortifying sketch of the progress of the Patriot and Politician, weakened by degrees from his attachment to young Liberty to hug old Corruption; and showed (strikingly enough) that this change from youthful ardour to a hoary heartless old age of selfishness and ridicule (there were several Members of the Honourable House present) was not owing to increased wisdom or strength of sight, but to faltering resolution and weakness of hand, that could no longer hold out against the bribes, the snares, and gilded chains prepared for it. The romantic Tyro was right and free, the callous Courtier was a slave and self-conceited. All this was true; it was honest, downright, and well put. There was no cant in it, as far as regards the unequal odds and the hard battle that reason has to fight with pleasure, or ambition, or interest, or other antagonist motives. But does the objection apply to morality solely, or has not religion its share in it? Man is not what he ought to be—Granted; but is he not different from this ideal standard, in spite of religion as well as of morality? Is not the religious man often a slave to power, the victim of pleasure, the thrall of avarice, hard of heart, a sensual hypocrite, cunning, mercenary, miserable? If it be said that the really religious man is none of these, neither is the truly moral man. Real morality, as well as vital Christianity, implies right conduct and consistent principle. But the question simply at issue is, whether the profession or the belief of sound moral opinions implies these; and it certainly does it no more than the profession or belief of orthodox religious opinions does. The conviction of the good or ill consequences of our actions in this life does not absolutely conform the will or the desires to good; neither does the apprehension of future rewards or punishments produce this effect completely or necessarily. The candidate for heaven is a backslider; the dread of eternal torments makes but a temporary impression on the mind. This is not a reason, in our judgment, for neglecting or giving up in despair the motives of religion or morality, but for strengthening and cultivating both. With Mr. Irving, it is a triumphant and unanswerable ground for discarding and denouncing morality, and for exalting religion, as the sovereign cure for all wounds, as the *thaumaturgos*, or wonder-worker, in the reform of mankind! We are at a loss to understand how this exclusive and somewhat intolerant view of the subject is reconcilable with sound reason or with history.

We cannot allow the following note in this article to pass, it is so preciously characteristic:—

Some years ago, a periodical paper was published in London, under the title of the *Pic-Nic*. It was got up under the auspices of a Mr. Fulke Greville, and several writers of that day contributed to it, among whom were Mr. Horace Smith, Mr. Dubois, Mr. Prince Hoare, Mr. Cumberland, and others. On some dispute arising between the proprietor and the gentlemen-contributors on the subject of an advance

in the remuneration for articles, Mr. Fulke Greville grew heroic, and said, "I have got a young fellow just come from Ireland, who will undertake to do the whole, verse and prose, politics and scandal, for two guineas a week; and if you will come and sup with me to-morrow night, you shall see him, and judge whether I am not right in closing with him." Accordingly, they met the next evening, and the WRITER OF ALL WORK was introduced. He began to make a display of his native ignorance and impudence on all subjects immediately, and no one else had occasion to say any thing. When he was gone, Mr. Cumberland exclaimed, "A talking potato, by God!" The talking potato was Mr. Croker of the Admiralty. Our adventurer shortly, however, returned to his own country, and passing accidentally through a town where they were in want of a ministerial candidate at an election, the gentleman of modest assurance offered himself, and succeeded. "They wanted a Jack-pudding," said the father of the hopeful youth, "and so they chose my son." The case of the Duke of York and Mrs. Clarke soon after came on, and Mr. Croker, who is a dabbler in dirt, and an adept in love-letters, rose from the affair Secretary to the Admiralty, and the very "rose and expectancy of the fair State."

We have not time to dwell upon a version or rather paraphrase of the Squire's Tale, from Chaucer, the author of which seems disposed to personify the spirit

Of him who left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold.

It appears to us to be executed with a fine feeling of the old genuine Chaucerian manner of story telling, in which the narrator seem embued with the simplicity of the ancient faith in the wonderful of his own tale. No sequel however is given in this number, nor is it *absolutely* promised; but we somehow guess that it will be forthcoming. Our space will not allow of adequate extracts.

A powerfully eloquent article, entitled "Arguing in a Circle," gives some pointed remarks on the character of Burke, and upon the consequences of an abandonment of early connexion and principles after reaching a mature period of life.

We have neither time nor space to allude to the miscellanea, which as usual closes the number,—a number that, for originality and variety, possesses considerable claims to general favour.

*Ancient Spanish Ballads, Historical and Romantic, translated by
J. G. Lockart, LL. B.*

Mr. Lockart, it seems, smatters a little in rhyme as well as reason. We can have no objection to this, provided his friends have none:—it will enable us to decide, much more fairly than any anonymous publications can do, upon his positive claims on the public attention. Before we open the "Ancient Spanish Ballads," however, it may be as well to premise, that we shall say little or nothing upon them *as translations*, that question having been already discussed in the last number of the "London Magazine," by a gentleman well qualified to speak on the subject. He says that *all Mr. Lockart's opinions* on Spanish literature *are incorrect*; that his *translations* are *not* like the originals; and that his reasoning upon the language shows him to be utterly unacquainted with what he, very flippantly, presumes to decide upon. For ourselves, we have a few words to say also; but as Mr. L. has been condemned already as a translator, we will give him another chance, and try him only as an English poet.*

* It may be as well to say, that we have turned over most of the leaves of "Deping's Collection," from which Lockart says that he has taken the ballads; but we *really* are unable to pitch upon the particular ballads which he affects to have *translated*, once or twice we thought that we had hit upon the right one, but we

"J. G. Lockart, LL. B." has hitherto enjoyed a considerable anonymous reputation. He has put his name to nothing, indeed, but to these ballads; yet his tory friends at Edinburgh and elsewhere have been busy enough puffing off the small matters that are attributed to him. He is said to have written the ——— article; to have had a hand in ———; and actually to have written the *preface* to ———. Now, this is all very poor proceeding, as it seems to us. If Mr. Lockart has scribbled any thing that is worth attention, why does he not put his name to it? Is he ashamed of his books? or has he abused all or any part of the literary public? Is he afraid of being measured by the side of writers whom he has contemned? or does he (like his friend of the north) hope to *mystify* himself into popularity? We can scarcely help laughing at this last question, seeing how hopeless would be such a notion on the part of so small a person as our author.

Mr. Lockart, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Galt, we believe, undertake, one and all, to set at rest the questionable merits of our different aspirants to poetic renown. Now we think that this excellent triumvirate should, as a preliminary, show their qualifications for doing this. We do not mean to insist that critics on poetry should always be poets; but we mean to say that they should not be mere scribblers of doggerel rhyme or vulgar dialogue, nor weak and washy imitators of cotemporary poets. If they *are* these and nothing more, they can have no pretensions, we think, to speak upon this delicate subject. Of these three persons, all of whom have attempted verse, we shall have something, perhaps, to say in future numbers. At present, it is sufficient to observe, that we like Mr. Wilson's pastoral whistle, on the whole, better than the jew's-harp of Mr. Lockart, or the gabble of Galt.

To return to Mr. L. and his ballads—we observe that several of them were first published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, at a time when Mr. L. was pretty universally believed to have been co-editor of that precious work. The first specimen which the author gave was ingenious enough: it contained the only tolerable ballads in the collection. A few months afterwards, however, he sent others,—not quite so good; and to these a preface was written (*by whom?*) saying, among other things, "*We have no doubt [but that] our readers will thank us for inserting the following, &c.*" and "*to say nothing of the merits of the translations themselves,*" &c. with other matter equally important. Then came the ballads themselves; and in order that we may not be accused of treating this Scotch writer unfairly, we will look at one or two of these very ballads, which the author has selected out of the mass. They seem to us remarkable for nothing but an extreme prosiness, a continual repetition of the same word or idea (to fill the line) and for those common-place inversions of language which must be classed among the very poorest artifices of our inferior rhymers.

Our first is called "Song for the Morning of the Day of Saint John the Baptist," in the preface to which Mr. L. says that there "are many" on this subject; but he forbears to tell us, on this as well as on almost all other occasions, *which is the particular ballad* that he professes to render into English. The song begins as follows:—

were speedily convinced that we must have been mistaken. Surely "*The Bridal of Andalle*" can never be intended as a translation of "*Pon te a loto rejas andalles*;" (*Depp. p. 371.*)

- v. 1. "*Come forth, come forth*, my maidens, '*'tis the day of good Saint John,*
It is the Baptist's morning that breaks the hills upon."
- v. 2. "*Come forth, come forth*, my maidens, the woodlands all are green,
And the little birds are singing *the opening leaves between.*"
- v. 3. "*Come forth, come forth*, my maidens, and slumber not away,
The blessed blessed morning of John the Baptist's day."
- v. 4. "*Come forth, come forth*, my maidens, the air is calm and cool,
And the violet blue far down (q. where?) *ye'll view reflected in the pool,*
The violets and the" &c.

Now, we have here given half, or two out of four lines from the first four stanzas of this song; and it contains only six. Is it extravagant to say that any school boy, who has topped his tenth year, could go on rhyming in this small fashion for a week?—we think not.

The next ballad which we shall take will be one which Mr. Lockart also selected to ornament his brother Blackwood's pages. It stands p. 113, in the published book, is called "The Death of Don Alonzo of Aquilar," and begins with something about "Fernando king of Arragon," and "dukes and barons many a one," and "champions of emprise," and such phrases, which the industrious manufacturer of verse may very easily acquire, provided he has some of the old (or new) ballads, and a pair of scissors in his possession. But take a stave:

"Then spake Fernando, Hear grandees, which of ye all will go
And give my banner *in the breeze of Alpuxar to flow,*
Those *heights along*, the moors are strong, *now*, who by dawn of day
Will plant the cross their *cliffs among*, and drive the dogs away?"

This is really very tiresome—but, allons!—"Up starts," according to usage, one of Mr. Lockart's "champions of emprise," called Alonzo, who offers to go against the Moors; whereat—

"Much joyed the king *these words to hear*—he bids Alonzo speed,
And long before the revel's o'er the knight is on *his steed,*
Alonzo's on *his milk-white steed*, with *horsemen* and his train—
A thousand *horse*, a chosen *band*, ere dawn *the hills to gain.*"

The reader will not fail to observe here the cheapest possible method of making prose into verse. We would rather have one stanza with the bloom of inspiration upon it, than all this withered, grotesque, and tasteless imitation-fruit. But let us go on a little further in the same ballad—

"Then nought avails the *eagle-eye*, the guardian of Castile,
The *eye of wisdom*," &c.
"And there *upon the village green* they laid him out to view,
Upon the village green he lay," &c.

To which place a Christian dame, it seems, came,—or, in Mr. Lockart's words, "across the woods *came she*"—(Can he do *nothing* strait-forward?)—

"*To look upon* the Christian corpse, and wash it decently.
She looked upon him," &c.

But we must really stop, for the sake of our readers. This ballad-mongering is surely sad trash, unless it be very different from that which we have been wading through.

The time is gone by, we apprehend, when "young gentlemen," even of Scotland, could add a cubit to their statures or a tittle to their names, by copying the metre of our old ballad-writers. Some of those writers were assuredly good (though the greater part were indifferent enough): they had naiveté, pathos, &c. and sometimes a strain of wild sad *music ran through* their compositions which was delightful. Had Mr. Lockart written ballads a few centuries ago, he must unquestion-

ably have taken his rank among the *οἱ πολλοί*, and been duly forgotten; and, unless there be some better reason than we are at present aware of, he must perforce take his station there even now. When we speak of the *ancient* ballads, we do not mean to insist that Mr. L. has actually composed laborious imitations of those artless poems. On the contrary, he seems to have studied them in the mirror of his father-in-law, Sir Walter Scott; and—like a Lazarus at the table of Dives—to have picked up some of the crumbs of verse which have been flung from the table of his wealthier friend. Mr. L. is the son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, and may perhaps entertain a superstition that the mantle of the Baronet must necessarily descend upon himself. If so, we must beg him to dismiss so wild a notion. In the first place, he is not in the strict line of inheritance—and, what is much more to the purpose, he has prodigiously small personal pretensions to *any* laurel, even of Scottish growth. He appears to know little or nothing of poetical diction; to have a bad ear and a meagre fancy; and he is certainly utterly without imagination. We say this, not in the spirit of hostility to Mr. Lockart—but in mournful sincerity; for we are vexed to see the Spanish Ballads, which afford such ample materials, wasted and done into measured prose by such a trifler.

To conclude—We have not strained our bow at Mr. Lockart, because we would not be thought to act unfairly, and also, to say the truth, because his importance does not require it. We leave therefore his many untold sins to the certain oblivion which awaits them. With respect to the better part of Mr. Lockart's book—there is an agreeable feeling in "The Bridal of Andalla;" there is something pretty in "the Ear-rings;" and something which approximates to spirit in "The Bull-Fight"—but it is the spirit of *prose*, and not of poetry; and, generally speaking, whatever is good in the *translations* (since they are to be called so) may, we believe, be found in the *Spanish* language.—We understand that Mr. Lockart is a lawyer: we will therefore, at parting, give him one piece of counsel. Let him give up poetry. He has, he may be assured, *no* qualifications whatever for the art. He has none of the faults of a young writer, and none of the excellencies of an experienced one; and we cannot, in our sincerity, give him the least hopes of success. He had much better stick to the law. We may, in that case, be tempted to give him a brief some day or other. We should like to see how well he could maintain the cause of *the Plaintiff* in a case of low and impudent libel.

KING RICHARD I., A TROUBADOUR.

WE have some repugnance to believe that a tyrant like Richard could be a poet, because it seems an anomaly in nature to unite the most delicate sense of beauty, with a rugged regardlessness of the sufferings of others. Yet in this man they were united. But we must consider Richard as the poet of circumstance, as the offspring of secondary inspiration, rather than as one who, in any situation, and under any conjuncture, would have possessed the elements of verse. Being made Count of Poitou in 1174, he passed some time in Provence, amid the inspiration of its bards and minstrels. His mind was vigorous, and susceptible of the romance of the period; he became the protector of the Troubadours, and cultivated with success their somewhat licen-

tious muse. But his fierce genius was incapable of handling the erotic lyre; for it appears, from what remains of his verses, that anger and a rooted thirst of vengeance made him employ his pen in the composition of *Sirvantes*, or satires against his enemies; and when he does seem desirous of turning aside to fondle for a moment with the little loves, who skip on each side of his path, it is with an awkwardness of gait and heavy sportiveness, which make him look like Polypheme at play with a butterfly.

The *Sirvante* which he wrote in his German prison, as might be expected, is the most interesting; as it represents him pensive and complaining, and communicating his thoughts to his brother Troubadours, as to equals and friends. In the first stanza he endeavours to prove, that a captive may bemoan his fate without effeminacy, and give vent to his spleen with justice—"for no one," says he, "speaks well of the place of his captivity." He then goes on to reproach his barons for suffering him to wear away the heavy days in confinement; lashes his enemies in a very heroic and kingly strain; and concludes with a compliment to his mistress. There remains another piece of his against the Dauphin of Auvergne, and the Count Guy his cousin. It is curious as a picture of the manners of the times: but the poetry, we must own, is rather monarchical; that is to say, bad. However, Richard does not lose ground in our minds by being viewed as a Troubadour; for the *gai saber*, (gay science) as poetry was then styled, tends to mellow a little the acidity of his heroism, and to show him something better than a mere myrmidon, moving about with javelin and twisted mail.

Whatever we may think of the poetry of the Troubadours in other respects, there was in it a gracefulness, a fine sequence and connexion of ideas observable throughout, which we might in vain seek to equal in the production of a much later period. It is generally believed, with reason, that when the elements of society are gathering together into one place, and freeing themselves from the entangling recollections of the savage state, that then also the nobler creations of poetry spring up; for the mind, in so curious a position, must be drenched by the overflow of new associations, and continually looking forth with a credulous enthusiasm, for the wonderful and the grand. But it would seem likewise, that continuity of feeling and sustained energy would be wanting, from the known fickleness of half-cultivated minds; yet this is not the case with even the earlier Troubadours. Their feelings, such as they were, were supported and carried on with wonderful art; and one of the most singular events of time is the sudden extinction of this highly-gifted race. For it might have been expected that so wide and powerful a stream would have flowed on over fen and waste, increasing and widening as it went; and though we see the event, there do not appear any predisposing causes at all adequate to the effect. One thing may have considerably assisted:—the art was principally in the hands of princes and great lords, who naturally relinquished it for the more exquisite gratifications of luxury and power. Hence its disrepute—hence, possibly, its fall.

But we cannot help pursuing Richard one step farther—to the throne; and imagining what he might have been, could poetry have shared the tyranny with his passions. His whole life was nothing else than a quick succession of romantic scenes: the play of the passions; the rapid movements of war; the splendour of new situations, never held

long enough to be soiled by familiarity; the whole chain of every diversity of character unrolling itself before him; and, added to this, the sight of places enriched with all the beauties of nature, and all the enthusiasm of superstitious associations. Who could have written *Sirvantes* after passing through changes such as these? Is the imagination a dumb attribute, without knowledge? Is it a cloud driven about by the wind till the warmth of knowledge convert it into a fertilizing rain? It would seem that uncultivated minds have much fancy, which is a primary quality, but in reality very little imagination; though the latter be constantly mistaken for the former. Imagination is mature fancy, collected into form and power by the operation of knowledge. This is the portion of only the first order of minds, borne upwards by the number and force of their ideas, and grasping a proportion of the universe too extensive for the eye of fancy. 'Tis for this reason that ages of ignorance never produced a great poem. Poetry stands upon the isthmus which separates barbarism from effeminate civilization: her nerves are braced by the rough breezes of the one, her face is brightened by the brilliancy reflected by the other. The Troubadours merely caught a far-off glimpse of her countenance, before their ship foundered, as mariners out at sea perceive morning growing upon some distant peak, as they are falling into the clutches of the hurricane.

CHARACTERISTICS.

We have always regarded the *Percy Anecdotes* as a very pretty book, not over-abounding in novelty, certainly,—their Reverences Reuben and Sholto Percy seem to entertain a very marked regard for antiquity,—but then the graphic decoration is neat, and the *idea*, as the publisher might say, as original as the execution is otherwise. Moreover, it has inspired us with a notion that we may now and then entertain by a similar arrangement in reference to social portrait-painting; or in other words, to the illustration of those more striking outlines of character by which men are broadly distinguished from one another. In the pursuance of this plan, we shall proceed with very little ceremony, and, in the easy spirit of this miscellany, take up our subjects as they accidentally occur to us. It is indeed precisely in consequence of accident that we commence with *APOSTACY* as a text; and chuse to exhibit its characteristic features by an advertence to the lines, or rather, as was said of old Macklin, the *cordage* of the intellectual countenance of Sprat, Bishop of Rochester—a prelatical worthy who bears an amazing resemblance to a tribe of animals who are at this time exceedingly brisk in a neighbouring nation, and not altogether quiescent in our own.

“What is there in a change of opinion,” says a certain writer, “beyond an admission that we are wiser to-day than we were yesterday?” This is plausible, and smacks of *impudent* candour; but as far as it is a genuine, and not a mere constitutional change of mind, will it prompt to moderation and a tolerance of opposing opinion in other people? and when thus exhibited, the phrase *Apostate* is undoubtedly inapplicable. It is obvious, however, to all who attend the career of the unequivocal apostate, that he is the most rancorous and intolerant of all men—at once the most furious and the most servile, and worse and worse in every succeeding transmutation, as witness the aforesaid Dr. Sprat.

Sprat began authorship precisely as the writer of Wat Tyler or M. Chateaubriand might have done—with a flaming eulogy on Oliver Cromwell, for which he apologizes to that extraordinary man, as unequal to the renown “of the *Prince*” on whom it was written, “such great actions and lives deserving to be the subject of the noblest pens and most divine phantasies.” After the Restoration, the hopeful poet took orders, and became chaplain to that “most puissant” and pious personage, the second George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. Under such godly patronage and influence, it was impossible not to rise; and at the expiration of some years the panegyrist of Cromwell became Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster. In the latter capacity—how inseparable is apostacy and rancour—he refused to admit of a line in an epitaph on Phillips, because he was praised as second only to Milton, and the name of Milton must not disgrace the abbey walls! This glorious fact is mentioned by Dr. Johnson with seeming approbation, nor can he even find in his heart to censure the most flaming, nay profane adulation, from the same exalted purity and disinterestedness, of the manifold virtues of that quintessence of royal profligacy, King Charles II. “In consequence of his preferment,” says the Doctor in the sincerity of his Toryism, “the court having a *claim* upon his *diligence*, he was required to write the history of the Rye-house Plot, which he did with such an utter neglect of honour and veracity—[bravo, Bishop!]
—that in the succeeding reign he found it *convenient* to extenuate and excuse it.” This was precisely the man for that miserable and stupid designer, James II.; so that the protégé of Buckingham, the lauder of Cromwell, the abhorrer of Milton, and the eulogist of Charles II. became a member of the famous, or rather infamous, ecclesiastical commission, which office he held until the storm whistled about his ears, when he found it *convenient* a second time to beg pardon of the nation, that is to say, *after* the Revolution. Lastly, he was one of those who did not think the crown vacated by James, and yet he *complied* with the then order of things, and died Bishop of Rochester.

Such was the man who was inspired with a transport of indignation at the name of Milton, and such has ever been Apostacy. Change in these men is not conviction, but temper; not folly, but baseness. To atone for foolish writing on the side they abandon, nothing more is necessary, in their opinion, than to write warmly and abusively in favour of that which they espouse. It would be absurd to say that men never change their opinions from sound causes; but we certainly utterly distrust those who do so vehemently and rapidly. Principles are never thus speedily obliterated, but are worn away, as the rock is hollowed out by the ceaseless waves of the ocean. Even when satisfied of the superiority of the new opinions to the old, when thus hastily adopted with power or emolument in sight—a not unfrequent Parliamentary spectacle—we are involuntarily tempted, in allusion to the very despicable subject of this article, to exclaim—a Sprat—a Sprat!

Q.

[To be continued occasionally.]

THE
LITERARY EXAMINER.

No. V.—SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1823.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Don Juan. Cantos IX. X. XI.

WE observed in a note to our account of the three preceding Cantos of Don Juan, that several additional volumes would soon follow. We shall endeavour in our present and succeeding numbers to convey some notion of the first of them, consisting of the Cantos enumerated in our heading. The task is difficult, for in no previous portion of this indescribable production is the sarcasm more caustic, the wit more pungent and volatile, or the general taxing more uncircumscribed. In the course of these Cantos, too, the all-conquering Juan is brought to our own best of all possible countries, and introduced to the *haut ton* and *Blues* of London—a field altogether uncultivated by the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and therefore peculiarly demanding the attention of an inflexible and *impartial* moralist like the author of *Don Juan*. Moreover, if the physician be able, the benefit is always in proportion to the docility of the patient in respect to the prescription; and notwithstanding the doubts of the Chancellor, and the pious deprecation of various less eminent personages, there is much reason to fear, that people of quality swallow doses of Don Juan with more avidity than religious tracts, or even Mr. Irving's sermons.

All the world knows by this time* that the termination of Canto VIII. left Don Juan in his way to St. Petersburg, with the dispatches of Suwarrow, announcing the storm and capture of Ismail. As every

* This is a great grievance, considering the variety of disinterested and candid criticism which is elicited by every succeeding publication. One Aristarchus discovers, that "all the attic fire is fled," owing doubtless to the predilection of his Lordship (the *Lord* cannot be altogether got over) for low company! A second laments so injurious an application of fine powers; and recommends the poet, in respect to sentiment and subject, to follow the lead of Mrs. Hemans! A third is shocked by a singular sort of compound rhymes, never having discovered any thing of the kind in *Hudibras*!—and ALL protesting against so much licence, and, in a kind of chorus, *Mother Cole-ing* on the subject, with uplifted hands and eyes, supply copious extracts! Is it not in the *Siege of Belgrade*, that an old hypocritical Turkish Cadi thus soliloquises over a supper table, to which he had found his way uninvited?—

Useph. Oh, the Christian dogs!—eat pork!
(*Dangling a slice of ham on a fork and swallowing it*)
And drink wine too!
(*Holding up the bottle, and tipping off a bumper.*)

That son of drollery, Suett, used to represent this Turkish vice-suppressor with infinite humour, but after all with less *unction* and gravity than the devout and critical scribes, to whom we have been especially alluding.

body in this philosophical age has studied the laws which govern the association of ideas, no surprise will be experienced when we add that Canto IX. commences with an address to the Duke of Wellington. The Muse is by no means in a good humour with his Grace, who it must be confessed is in rather higher favour with the governors than the governed of every country—and with Mars (some say *Fortune*) than with Apollo. A part of the poet's opinion is expressed thus:—

Though Britain owes (and pays you too) so much,
Yet Europe doubtless owes you greatly more:
You have repaired Legitimacy's crutch,
A prop not quite so certain as before:
The Spanish, and the French, as well as Dutch,
Have seen, and felt, how strongly you restore;
And Waterloo has made the world your debtor—
(I wish your bards would sing it rather better.)

A somewhat too great an anxiety to keep a profitable Dr. and Cr. account with his country, is also mentioned:—

Great men have always scorned great recompenses:
Epaminondas saved his Thebes, and died,
Not leaving even his funeral expenses:
George Washington had thanks and nought beside,
Except the all cloudless Glory (which few men's is)
To free his country: Pitt too had his pride,
And as a high-soul'd Minister of State is
Renown'd for ruining Great Britain gratis.
Never had mortal man such opportunity,
Except Napoleon, or abused it more:
You might have freed fall'n Europe from the Unity
Of Tyrants, and been blest from shore to shore;
And now—what is your fame?

The answer is summed up in the following couplet:—

You *did* great things; but not being *great* in mind,
Have left *undone* the *greatest*—and mankind.

Nine or ten stanzas follow in the way of digression, upon Life, and Death, and Doubt, and Existence, which not being very extractable we shall pass over, with the exception of two, which bespeak their author and nobody else:—

Oh! ye immortal Gods! what is theology?
Oh! thou too mortal Man! what is philanthropy?
Oh! World, which was and is, what is Cosmogony?
Some people have accused me of Misanthropy;
And yet I know no more than the mahogany
That forms this desk, of what they mean;—*Lykanthropy*
I comprehend, for without transformation
Men become wolves on any slight occasion.
But I, the mildest, meekest of mankind,
Like Moses, or Melancthon, who have ne'er
Done any thing exceedingly unkind,—
And (though I could not now and then forbear
Following the bent of body or of mind)
Have always had a tendency to spare,—
Why do they call me misanthrope? Because
They hate me, not I them:—And here we'll pause.

We now take up Don Juan, who proceeds to St. Petersburg, certainly not by the nearest road; a fact which induces the author thus to correct himself:—

But I am apt to grow too metaphysical:
 "The time is out of joint,"—and so am I;
 I quite forget this poem's merely quizzical,
 And deviate into matters rather dry.
 I ne'er decide what I shall say, and this I call
 Much too poetical: Men should know why
 They write, and for what end; but, note or text,
 I never know the word which will come next.

Juan however finally reaches "that pleasant capital of painted
 snows," and proceeds to court:—

Suppose him in a handsome uniform;
 A scarlet coat, black facings, a long plume
 Waving, like sails new shivered in a storm,
 Over a cocked hat, in a crowded room,
 And brilliant breeches, bright as a Cairn Gorme,
 Of yellow cassimere we may presume,
 White stockings drawn uncured as new milk
 O'er limbs whose symmetry set off the silk.

His presentation at court, and the manner in which the Empress
 received the good news of which he was bearer, are in excellent
 keeping:—

Catherine, I say, was very glad to see
 The handsome herald, on whose plumage sat
 Victory; and, pausing as she saw him kneel
 With his dispatch, forgot to break the seal.
 Then recollecting the whole Empress, nor
 Forgetting quite the woman (which composed
 At least three parts of this great whole) she tore
 The letter open with an air which posed
 The Court, that watched each look her visage wore,
 Until a Royal smile at length disclosed
 Fair weather for the day. Though rather spacious,
 Her face was noble, her eyes fine, mouth gracious.
 Great joy was her's, or rather joys; the first
 Was a ta'en city—thirty thousand slain,
 Glory and triumph o'er her aspect burst,
 As an East Indian Sunrise on the main.
 These quenched a moment her Ambition's thirst—
 So Arab Deserts drink in Summer's rain:
 In vain!—As fall the dews on quenchless sands,
 Blood only serves to wash Ambition's hands!
 Her next amusement was more fanciful;
 She smiled at mad Suwarrow's rhymes, who threw
 Into a Russian couplet rather dull
 The whole gazette of thousands whom he slew.
 Her third was feminine enough to annul
 The shudder which runs naturally through
 Our veins, when things called Sovereigns think it best
 To kill, and Generals turn it into jest.

The important result of this interview is pleasantly related in the fol-
 lowing extract:—

Her Majesty looked down, the Youth looked up—
 And so they fell in love:—She with his face,
 His grace, his God-knows-what: for Cupid's cup
 With the first draught intoxicates apace,
 A quintessential laudanum or "black drop,"
 Which makes one drunk at once, without the base
 Expedient of full bumpers; for the eye
 In love drinks all life's fountains (save tears) dry.

He, on the other hand, if not in love,
 Fell into that no less imperious passion,
 Self-love—which, when some sort of Thing above
 Ourselves, a singer, dancer, much in fashion,
 Or duchess, princess, Empress, “deigns to prove”
 (“Tis Pope’s phrase) a great longing, tho’ a rash one,
 For one especial person out of many,
 Makes us believe ourselves as good as any.

* * *

The whole Court melted into one wide whisper,
 And all lips were applied unto all ears!
 The elder ladies wrinkles curled much crisper
 As they beheld; the younger cast some leers
 On one another, and each lovely lisper
 Smiled as she talked the matter o’er; but tears
 Of rivalry rose in each clouded eye
 Of all the standing army who stood by.

All this ends in the formal appointment of Don Juan to a “high official situation,” with which intimation, Canto IX. concludes.

The Orlando Furioso. Translated into English Verse, with Notes.
 By William Stewart Rose.

Italian Literature is re-assuming in Great Britain the predominance which it bore previously to the invasion of the French School, and the almost total reversal of English taste that followed the “Happy Restoration.” From Chaucer down to Milton the Italian Muses indisputably took the lead in the literary associations of Englishmen; and it is only necessary to study Spenser, and all our older dramatists, not excepting Shakespear himself, to be satisfied that we followed modern Italy even more than Greece or Rome. The long reign and truly Gallic ascendancy of Louis XIV, the Emperor Alexander of his day in respect to the monarchical principle and legitimacy, naturally made French literary ideas prevail in a country, whose kings and ministers were his pensioners. We scarcely need add, that French conquest universally implies impoverishment, whether it be over national prosperity or national intellect; and such it proved in England. We are by no means satisfied, that the prevalence of any national school is desirable; but it cannot be denied that in getting beyond the frigid pale of French criticism, and returning to our own more native culture, we seem materially to have recovered our decayed relish of the leading Italian originals. Secondary causes have no doubt assisted this result, especially the reopening of the continent after so long an interdiction; but whether it be a natural revival or the hot-bed growth of temporary circumstances, Italian classics were never more diligently cultivated than at this moment. Two obvious consequences have arisen from this; an innumerable quantity of English composition upon the model of the Italian; and an ambition to produce competent versions of Italian originals. It was not in the nature of things that Hoole should remain the English gentleman-usher of Ariosto for ever, or that with Italian quotation eternally on our lips, we should not aim at translations more worthy of the genius of the country which produced, and of the poetical character of that which adopted.

Among the great Italian originals, Ariosto has undoubtedly fared the worst in the important article of English translation; for in reference

to Tasso, Fairfax was a giant compared with Sir John Harrington, the early translator of the former. It was well observed by Mr. L. Hunt, in the introduction to his version of the episode of Cloridan and Medoro, that no apology was necessary for the attempt to translate Ariosto, for nothing which conveyed any notion of the original existed in the English language. A very similar observation is made by Mr. Stewart Rose, whose version of the six first cantos of the *Orlando Furioso* has just appeared. In a neat introduction he briefly discusses the merits of Harrington, Huggins, Hoole, &c. none of whom, with a slight exception in favour of the first, possessed the qualifications required for the translator of an original so gracefully, so variously, and so indescribably gifted. In addition to the absence of all poetry in the version of Hoole, Mr. Rose thinks that no notion can be conveyed of Ariosto, but in his own *ottava rima*, in which opinion he coincides with Lord Byron, who hints at the necessity, while he states the difficulty, in the introduction to his first Canto of the *Morgante Maggiore* of Pulci, which we noticed last week. Mr. Rose has in fact given stanza for stanza, and thus describes his motive:—

“My reasons for so religious, some may think so superstitious, an observance of my author's text have, at least, not been hastily adopted. A long consideration of the means through which he wrought, has convinced me that many strong or beautiful effects produced by him result out of an accumulation of circumstances, which, though they may appear of little value taken separately, are to be esteemed important as conducing, each in its place, to the main object of the poet. In this particularity he bears a striking resemblance to Defoe. The *Furioso* moreover often pleases as a whole, where it offends in part, and, notwithstanding many defects, is perhaps the poetical work which is oftenest re-perused with pleasure. Among the many things which have probably contributed to this, may be remarked Ariosto's frequent sacrifice of force to truth; which (to take a short instance) I should say was illustrated by Pinabel's narration of the loss of his lady, in the second canto, where some may be inclined to think that the poet overtalks himself, and many might wish to see the infusion of a spirit, which would perhaps be out of harmony with the circumstances. He is often also studious of what the artists call a repose, and upon which a translator should be most cautious never to intrude. These are some of the reasons why I have followed my leader so warily, and have never intentionally deviated from the print of his steps.

“I am, however, well aware that a very weighty objection may be made to a translation so close as that which I present to the reader. It may be said, that a simplicity of diction, which is pleasing in the Italian, is only to be endured in a less perfect language, when seasoned by the addition of some grace, congenial with the spirit of that into which it is transfused: and hence that to translate the *Furioso* faithfully into English, would be, to borrow a metaphor used somewhere by Alfieri, to transfer an air from the harp to the hurdy-gurdy.

“There is, undoubtedly, great force in this reasoning and illustration. To this, however, I will oppose, in the way of question, *another* illustration which is drawn from a sister art. Would a real lover of Raphael prefer a copy of one of his pictures, which, though well painted, did not convey a true idea of his colouring, or a print of it carefully executed, which gave, at least, a faithful idea of the design? To those who would choose the engraving I offer the following translation.

“That it is diligently executed, I may venture to assert; for, mistrusting a hasty mode of reading and a facility of composition, I have sought to guard against the faults incidental to these habits, by frequent and attentive correction. I have, with this view, submitted every sheet of my present translation to judicious English and Italian friends; have carefully, if not impartially, weighed their objections, and revised my translation more than once by a close comparison with the original.”

In the particulars for which Mr. Rose more especially claims credit, we are convinced that the severest critic will give it him, especially in that of strict faithfulness to his original. Whether this rigid fidelity in one respect may not occasionally detract from the freedom, grace, and

spirit which are equally essential to a due feeling of him altogether, may be doubted. However this may be, there is certainly no version of Ariosto at present in the English language, to which that of Mr. Rose is not decidedly superior; and unless some great original poet should undertake one, which is not likely, and if likely, would probably lead to something very good which was *not* Ariosto—we are of opinion that nothing superior is to be expected.

As a brief specimen of the stanza and execution of Mr. Rose, we select his translation of the beautiful theft of Ariosto from the epithalamium of Manlius and Julia, of Catullus:—

- “The virgin has her image in the rose
 “Sheltered in garden on its native stock,
 “Which there in solitude and safe repose,
 “Blooms unapproached by shepherd or by flock.
 “For this earth teems, and freshening water flows,
 “And breeze and dewy dawn their sweets unlock:
 “With such the wishful youth his bosom dresses,
 “With such the enamoured damsel braids her tresses.
 “But wanton hands no sooner this displace
 “From the maternal stem, where it was grown,
 “Than all is withered; whatsoever grace
 “It found with man or heaven; bloom, beauty, gone.
 “The damsel who should hold in higher place
 “Than light or life the flower which is her own,
 “Suffering the spoiler’s hand to crop the prize,
 “Forfeits her worth in every other’s eyes.”

Mr. Rose very recently translated the Orlando Innamorato of Boiardo; so that if he finish Ariosto, and Lord Byron conclude the *Morgante*, the whole tissue of Italian poetry connected with the great work of Ariosto will be rendered into English.

Flora Domestica; or the Portable Flower Garden.

We have seldom taken up a volume more happy in the conception, and more tasteful and elegant in the execution, than the present. It is one of those minor thoughts, the value of which consists in the exquisiteness of the management, just as the skill of the artist will raise the intrinsic value of his material ten thousand fold. *Flora Domestica* simply professes to give directions for the treatment of plants in pots, and to relieve the detail by a free use of poetical illustration; but in so doing, all the world will perceive that manner is every thing, and that in addition to literary precision in nomenclature, etymology, and accuracy in regard to culture and preservation, the value of such a book must consist in a strong muster of pleasing associations and reminiscences. The preface itself is a light and elegant piece of flower-painting; and from first to last we recognize in *Flora Domestica* an admirable parlour window book, especially for that sex to whom the guardianship of the flower-pot is usually entrusted. We cannot do better than supply a specimen.

HONEYSUCKLE.—*Lonicera*.

(Caprifoliæ.)

(Pentandria monogynia.)

This botanical name was given by Plumier, in honour of Adam Lonicer, a physician of Frankfort.—*French*, chevre feuille des bois (wood honeysuckle); *maire sauvage*; *pantacoste sauvage*; both signifying wild honeysuckle.—*Italian*, caprifoglio; *madreselva*; *vinci-bosco*; *lega-bosco*; *periclimeno*.—*English*, honeysuckle; *suckling*; *caprifoly*; *woodbine*, or *woodbind*.

Few flowers have been more admired or cultivated than the honeysuckle. The European languages seem to vie with each other in the number of names bestowed on this beautiful favourite; but the German has outstript all the rest in reference to this plant, as well as most others, the greatest part of them having in that language at least a dozen common names. There are many species of honeysuckle, and of most of the species several varieties; but as they are invariably beautiful, any that can be reared with success in a pot will be valuable. They will live in the open air, and in dry summer weather should be liberally watered every evening.

The common English honeysuckle is also called woodbind or woodbine:

"So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist."

"Shakspeare seems here to have distinguished the honeysuckle from the woodbine," says Mr. Martyn. Yet in *Much Ado about Nothing* he uses either name indiscriminately:

"And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripened by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter."

* * * * *

"Beatrice, who e'en now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture."

"Milton," observes Mr. Martyn, "seems to have mistaken it, when he gives it the name of eglantine, and distinguishes it from sweetbriar, since the sweetbriar is itself the eglantine:

"Through the sweetbriar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine."

Shakspeare justly distinguishes the two:

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlip and the nodding violet grows;
O'er-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine."

In *Comus*, Milton speaks of it by its proper name:

"I sat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied and interwove,
And flaunting honeysuckle."

And by the name of woodbine in his *Paradise Lost*:

"Let us divide our labours, thou where choice
Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind
The woodbine round this arbour, or direct
The clasping ivy where to climb, while I,
In yonder spring of roses, intermixed
With myrtle, find what to redress till noon."

The rambling nature of the honeysuckle is usually its chief characteristic in poetry:

"You'll find some books in the arbour, on the shelf,
Half hid by wandering honeysuckle."

* * * * *

"And there the frail, perfuming woodbine strayed,
Winding its slight arms round the cypress bough,
And, as in female trust, seemed there to grow,
Like woman's love 'midst sorrow flourishing."—BARRY CORNWALL.

Cowper evidently alludes here to the wild woodbine in our hedges, which is sometimes nearly white:

"Copious of flowers, the woodbine pale and wan,
But well compensating her sickly looks
With never-cloying odours, early and late."

Chaucer repeatedly introduces the woodbine, for arbours, garlands, &c. and in one passage makes it an emblem of fidelity, like the violet:

"And tho' that there were chapèlets on their hede
Of fresh wode-bind be such as never were
To love untrue in word, in thought, ne dede,
But ay stedfast, ne for plesaunce ne fere,
Tho' that they shudde their hertis all to tere,

Woud never flit, but evir were stedfast
Till that ther livis there assunder brast."

The Floure and the Leafe.

The honeysuckle varies in colour, not only the different species, but even different blossoms on the same tree; some are beautifully dashed with white and crimson, others are variegated with shades of purple, or yellow, or both: thus its colour is seldom described. Philips notices its colours in one of his pastorals:

"And honeysuckles of a purple dye."

—Varying as it does in colour, all the different kinds are brought at once before us by this half-line, from the *Story of Rimini*:

— "The suckle's streaky light."

Works of this kind are not exalted in their genus, but, ably executed, shew the hand of the master (or, as in this instance, we suspect, —the *mistress*) more than loftier subjects; and we are satisfied that *Flora Domestica* has been got together by a superintending mind of no common pretension.

JUDGING OF PICTURES.

PAINTERS assume that none can judge of pictures but themselves. Many do this avowedly, some by implication, and all in practice. They exclaim against any one writing about art who has not served his apprenticeship to the craft, who is not versed in the detail of its mechanism. This has often put me a little out of patience—but I will take patience, and say why.

In the first place, with regard to the productions of living artists, painters have no right to speak at all. The way in which they are devoured and consumed by envy would be ludicrous if it were not lamentable. It is folly to talk of the divisions and backbitings of authors and poets while there are such people as painters in the world. I never in the whole course of my life heard one speak in hearty praise of another. Generally they blame downrightly—but at all events their utmost applause is with a damning reservation. Authors—even poets, the *genus irritabile*—do taste and acknowledge the beauties of the productions of their competitors; but painters either cannot see them through the green spectacles of envy, or seeing, they hate and deny them the more. In conformity with this, painters are more greedy of praise than any other order of men. "They gorge the little fame they get all raw"—they are gluttonous of it in their own persons in the proportion in which they would starve others.

I once knew a very remarkable instance of this. A friend of mine had written a criticism of an exhibition. In this were mentioned in terms of the highest praise the works of two brothers—sufficiently so, indeed, to have satisfied, one would have thought, the most insatiate. I was going down into the country to the place where these brothers lived, and I was asked to be the bearer of the work in which the critique appeared. I was so, and sent a copy to each of them. Some days afterwards I called on one of them, who began to speak of the review of his pictures. He expressed some thanks for what was said of them, but complained that the writer of it had fallen into a very common error under which he had often suffered—the confounding, namely, his pictures with his brother's. "Now, my dear sir," continued he, "what is said of me is all very well, but here," turning to the high-wrought panegyric on his brother, "this is all in allusion to my style—

this is all with reference to my pictures—this is all meant for me.” I could hardly help exclaiming before the man’s face. The praise which was given to himself was such as would have called a blush to any but a painter’s face to speak of; but, not content with this, he insisted on appropriating his brother’s also: How insatiate is the pictorial man!

But to come to the more general subject—I deny *in toto* and at once the exclusive right and power of painters to judge of pictures. What is a picture meant for? To convey certain ideas to the mind of painters? that is, of one man in ten thousand?—No, but to make them apparent to the eye and mind of all. If a picture be admired by none but painters, I think it is strong presumption that the picture is bad. A painter is no more a judge, I suppose, than another man of how people feel and look under certain passions and events. Every body sees as well as him whether certain figures on the canvas are like such a man, or like a cow, a tree, a bridge, or a windmill. All that the painter can do more than the *lay* spectator, is to tell *why* and *how* the merits and defects of a picture are produced. I see that such a figure is ungraceful and out of nature—he shows me that the drawing is faulty, or the foreshortening incorrect. He then points out to me whence the blemish arises; but he is not a bit more aware of the existence of the blemish than I am. In Hogarth’s “Frontispiece” I see that the whole business is absurd, for a man on a hill two miles off could not light his pipe at a candle held out of a window close to me—he tells me that it is from a want of perspective, that is, of certain rules by which certain effects are obtained. He shows me *why* the picture is bad, but I am just as well capable of saying “The picture is bad” as he is. To take a coarse illustration, but one most exactly apposite, I can tell whether a made dish be good or bad,—whether its taste be pleasant or disagreeable.—It is dressed for the palate of uninitiated people, and not alone for the disciples of Dr. Kitchener and Mr. Ude. But it needs a cook to tell one *why* it is bad; that there is a grain too much of this, or a drop too much of t’other—that it has been boiled rather too much, or stewed rather too little—these things, the wherefores, as Squire Western would say, I require an artist to tell me,—but the point in debate—the worth or the bad quality of the painting or potage, I am as well able to decide upon as any he who ever brandished a pallet or a pan, a brush or a skimming-ladle.

To go into the higher branches of the art—the poetry of painting—I deny still more peremptorily the exclusiveness of the initiated. It might be as well said, that none but those who could write a play have any right to sit on the third row in the pit, on the first night of a new tragedy. Nay, there is more plausibility in the one than the other. No man can judge of poetry without possessing in some measure a poetical mind. It need not be of that degree necessary to create, but it must be equal to taste and to analyze. Now in painting there is a directly mechanical power required to render those imaginations, to the judging of which the mind may be perfectly competent. I may know what is a just or a beautiful representation of love, anger, madness, despair, without being able to draw a straight line—and I do not see how that faculty adds to the capability of so judging. A very great proportion of painting is mechanical. The higher kinds of painting need first a poet’s mind to conceive: Very well,—but then they need a

draughtsman's hand to execute. Now he who possesses the mind alone is fully able to judge of what is produced, even though he is by no means endowed with the mechanical power of producing it himself. I am far from saying that *any* one is capable of duly judging pictures of the higher class. It requires a mind capable of estimating the noble, or touching, or terrible, or sublime subjects which they present—but there is no sort of necessity that we should be able to put them upon the canvas ourselves.

There is one point, even, on which painters usually judge worse of pictures than the general spectator; I say usually, for there are *some* painters who are too thoroughly intellectual to run into the error of which I am about to speak. I mean that they are apt to overlook the higher and more mental parts of a picture, in their haste to criticise its mechanical properties. They forget the *expression*, in being too mindful of what is more strictly manual. They talk of such a colour being skilfully or unskillfully put in opposition to another, rather than of the moral contrast of the countenances of a group. They say that the flesh-tints are well brought out, before they speak of the face which the flesh forms. To use a French term of much condensation, they think of the *physique* before they bestow any attention on the *morale*.

I am the farthest in the world from falling into the absurdity of upholding that painters should neglect the mechanical parts of their profession; for without a mastery in them it would be impossible to body forth any imaginations, however strong or beautiful. I only wish that they should not overlook the end to which these are the means—and give them an undue preference over that end itself. Still more I object to their arrogating to the possessors of these qualities of hand and eye all power of judging that which is conveyed through the physical vision into the inward soul.

On looking over what I have written, I find that I have used some expressions with regard to painters as a body which may make it appear that I hold them in light esteem; whereas no one can admire their art, or appreciate their pursuit of it, more highly than I do. Of what I have said, however, with regard to their paltry denial of each other's merits, I cannot bate them an ace. I appeal to all those who are in the habit of associating with painters to say whether my assertion be not correct. And why should they do this?—surely the field is wide enough. Haydon and Wilkie can travel to fame together without ever jostling each other by the way. Surely there are parallel roads which may be followed, each leading to the same point—but neither crossing or trenching upon one another.

The Art of Painting is one equally delightful to the eye and to the mind. It has very nearly the reality of dramatic exhibition, and has permanence, which that is wholly without. We may gaze at a picture, and pause to think, and turn and gaze again. The art is inferior to poetry in magnitude of extent and succession of detail—but its power over any one point is far superior: it seizes it, and figures it forth in corporeal existence if not in bodily life. It gives to the eye the physical semblance of those figures which have floated in vagueness in the mind. It condenses indistinct and gauzy visions into palpable forms—as, in the story, the morning mist gathered into the embodying a spirit. But *shall* it be said that the enchanter alone can judge of the enchantment

—that none shall have an eye to see, and a heart to feel, unless he have also a hand to execute? Alas, our inherent perceptions give the lie to this. As I used to go to the Louvre, day after day, to glut myself and revel in the congregated genius of pictorial ages, would any one convince me that it was necessary to be able to paint that I might duly appreciate a picture?

EVE AND THE SERPENT.

DR. BARNET, the author of the *Theory of the Earth*, who was Chaplain in Ordinary to King William, and an intimate friend of Archbishop Tillotson, seems to have had some talent for dramatic composition, if we may judge from the following extract from his *Archæologia Philosophica*, where he examines the Mosaic account of the creation with some freedom, but with all the gravity and decorum which the subject demands:—

“It happened that Eve was sitting alone under the tree, the fruit of which God had forbidden her and her husband to taste, under pain of death, when a Serpent or Snake, which was by some means or other endowed with a singular faculty for conversation, came up, and, if we may judge from the result, addressed her in a winning way to the following effect:—

Serpent. How do you do, my dear? You are excessively pretty; what are you doing under the shade of this tree, so lonely and pensive?

Eve. I was thinking what a pretty tree it is.

Serpent. It is extremely pretty; but the fruit is the finest part of all: have you tasted it, my dear?

Eve. Oh dear! no; God has forbidden us to eat of this tree.

Serpent. What do I hear! What sort of a God must this be who grudges his creatures such innocent and natural pleasures? Nothing can be sweeter or more wholesome than this fruit. What but a ridiculous injunction prevents you from enjoying it?

Eve. I am forbidden under pain of death.

Serpent. You must certainly misunderstand the thing; there is nothing deadly in the fruit of this tree; on the contrary, the flavour is divine, and exalts us to a more than common degree of enjoyment.

Eve. I don't know how to answer you, but I'll go to my husband, and take his advice about it.

Serpent. Why should you consult him about such a trifle? Follow your own excellent judgment.

Eve. Shall I venture? Well, it is a remarkably fine apple—how sweet it smells, too; but perhaps the taste is nasty.

Serpent. Believe me, it has an exquisite flavour; an angel might make his dessert upon it. Just make the trial, and if you don't like the taste, throw it away, and never take my word again: I stake my veracity upon the result.

Eve. I declare I'll try.—(*She bites it.*)—Well, the taste is indeed delightful, and you're an honest Snake. Just reach me another, and I'll take it to my husband.

Serpent. Apropos! here's another for your husband; go, and give it to him. Farewell, my darling.—(*Aside.*) In the mean time, I'll glide away, and let her finish the rest of the business.

The annexed text will shew the fidelity of the version :—

Accidit vero Evam, sedentem sub hac arbore seorsim à viro, ut accideret Serpens vel Coluber, qui, nescio quâ facultate, his vel hujusmodi verbis, si rem ex eventu judicemus, blande compellavit fœminam.

Serp. Salve, pulcherrima; quid rerum agis sub hâc umbrâ, sola et seria?

Ev. Ego hujus arboris pulchritudinem contemplor.

Serp. Jucundum quidem spectaculum, sed multo jucundiores fructus. Gustastis, mea domina?

Ev. Minimè vero; Deus nobis interdixit esu hujus arboris.

Serp. Quid audio? Quis iste Deus qui suis invidet innocuas naturæ delicias? Nihil suavius, nihil salubrius hoc fructu. Quamobrem interdicere, nisi per legem ludicram?

Ev. Quin imo sub pœna mortis interdixit.

Serp. Rem male capis procul dubio. Nihil habet mortiferi hæc arbor, sed potius divini aliquid et supra vires communis naturæ.

Ev. Ego non habeo quod tibi respondiam, sed adibo virum, et quod illi visum fuerit, faciam.

Serp. Quid virum interpellas de re tantillâ? Utere ingenio tuo.

Ev. Utarne? Quid pulchrius hoc pomo! quam suavè redolet! Sed forsàn malè sapit.

Serp. Est esca, crede mihi, angelis non indigna; fac periculum, et si male sapit, rejicito; et me insuper habeto pro mendacissimo.

Ev. Experiar. Est quidem gratissimi saporis; non me fefellisti. Porrige huc alterum, viro afferam.

Serp. Commodum meministi, en tibi alterum; adi virum; vale, beatula. Ego intera elabar—illa curet cætera.

CHARACTER OF BURKE.

THE following is the passage from the paper called "Arguing in a Circle," in the Fourth Number of the *Liberal*, for which we had not room last week among our specimens of that work :—

"Mr. Burke was much of a theatrical man. I do not mean that his high-wrought enthusiasm or vehemence was not natural to him; but the direction that he gave to it was exceedingly capricious and arbitrary. It was for some time a doubtful question which way he should turn with respect to the French Revolution, whether for or against it. His pride took the alarm, that so much had been done with which he had nothing to do, and that a great empire had been overturned with his favourite engines, wit and eloquence, while he had been reforming the "turn-spit of the king's kitchen," in set speeches far superior to the occasion. Rousseau and the Encyclopædists had lamentably got the start of him; and he was resolved to drag them back somehow by the heels, and bring what they had effected to an untimely end,—

"Undoing all, as all had never been."

"The 'Reflections on the French Revolution' was a spiteful and dastard but too successful attempt to put a spoke in the wheels of knowledge and progressive civilization, and throw them back for a century and a half at least. In viewing the change in the prospects of society, in producing which he had only a slight and indirect hand by his efforts in the cause of American freedom, he seemed to say, with Iago in the play,—

"Though that their joy be joy,
Yet will I contrive
To throw such changes of vexations on it,
As it may lose some colour."

He went beyond his own most sanguine hopes, but did not live to witness their final accomplishment, by seeing France literally "blotted out of the map of Europe." He died in the most brilliant part of Buonaparte's victorious and captain-like campaigns in Italy. If it could have been foreseen what an "ugly customer" he was likely to prove, the way would have been to have bribed his vanity (a great deal stronger than his interest) over to the other side, by asking his opinion; and, indeed, he has thrown out pretty broad hints in the early stage of his hostility, and before the unexpected success of the French arms, and the whizzing arrows flung at him by his old friends and new antagonists had stung him to madness, that the great error of the National Assembly was in not having consulted able and experienced heads on this side the water, as to demolishing the old, and constructing the new edifice. If he had been employed to lay the first stone, or to assist, by an inaugural dissertation, at the baptism of the new French Constitution, the fabric of the Revolution would thenceforth have arisen,—

"Like an exhalation of rich distilled perfumery,"

without let or molestation from his tongue or pen. But he was overlooked. He was not called from his closet, or from his place in the House (where, it must be confessed, he was out of his place) to "ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm;" and therefore he tried, like some malicious hag, to urge the veering gale into a hurricane; to dash the labouring vessel of the state in pieces, and make shipwreck of the eternal jewel of man's happiness, which it had on board—Liberty. The stores of practical and speculative knowledge which he had been for years collecting and digesting, and for which he had no use at home, were not called into play abroad. His genius had hitherto been always too mighty for the occasion; but here his utmost grasp of intellect would hardly have been sufficient to grapple with it. What an opportunity was lost! Something, therefore, was to be done, to relieve the galling sense of disappointed ambition and mortified self-consequence. Our political *Busy-body* turned *Marplot*; and maliciously, and like a felon, strangled the babe that he was not professionally called in to swaddle, and dandle, and bring to maturity. He had his revenge: but so must others have their's on his memory.

"Burke was not an honest man. There was always a *dash* of insincerity, a sinister bias in his disposition. We see, from the Letters that passed between him and his two brothers, and Barry the painter, that there was constantly a balancing of self-interest and principle in his mind; a thanking of God that he was in no danger of yielding to temptation yet, as if it were a doubtful or ticklish point; and a patient, pensive expectation of place and emolument, till he could reconcile it with integrity and fidelity to his party; which might easily be construed into a querulous hankering after it, and an opinion that this temporary self denial implied a considerable sacrifice on his part, or that he displayed no small share of virtue in not immediately turning knave. All this, if narrowly looked into, has a very suspicious appearance. Burke, with all his capricious wildness and flighty impulses, was a self-seeker, and more constant in his enmities than in his friendships. He bore malice, and did not forgive to the last. His cold, sullen behaviour to Fox, who shed tears when they had a quarrel in the House,

and his refusal to see him afterwards, when the latter came to visit him on his death-bed, will for ever remain a stigma on his memory. He was, however, punished for his fault. In his latter writings, he complains bitterly of the solitariness of his old age, and of the absence of the friends of his youth—whom he had deserted.—This is natural justice, and the tribute due to Apostacy. A man may carry over his own conscience to the side of his vanity or interest, but he cannot expect, at the same time, to carry over along with him all those with whom he has been connected in thought and action, and whose society he will miss, sooner or later. Mr. Burke could hardly hope to find, in his casual, awkward, unaccountable intercourse with such men as Pitt or Dundas, amends for the loss of his old friends, Fox and Sheridan, to whom he was knit not only by political ties, but by old habitudes, lengthened recollections, and a variety of common studies and pursuits. Pitt was a mere politician; Dundas, a mere worldling. What would they care about him, and his “winged words”? *No more of talk* about the meetings at Sir Joshua’s—the *Noctes cænæque Deûm*; about the fine portraits of that great colourist; about Johnson or Goldsmith, or Dunning or Barré; or their early speeches; or the trying times in the beginning of the American war; or the classic taste and free-born spirit of Greece and Rome;—

“The beautiful was vanished and returned not.”

Perhaps, indeed, he would wish to forget most of these, as ungrateful topics; but when a man seeks for repose in oblivion of himself, he had better seek it where he will soonest find it,—in the grave! Whatever the talents, or the momentary coincidence of opinion of his new allies, there would be a want of precious sympathy between them. Their notions would not amalgamate, or they would not be sure that they did. Every thing would require to be explained, to be reconciled. There would be none of the freedom of habitual intimacy. Friendship, like the clothes we wear, becomes the easier from custom. New friendships do not sit well on old or middle age. Affection is a science, to which it is too late to serve an apprenticeship after a certain period of life. This is the case with all patched-up, conventional intimacies; but it is worse when they are built on inveterate hostility and desertion from an opposite party, where their naturally crude taste is embittered by jealousy and rankling wounds. We think to exchange old friends and connections for new ones, and to be received with an additional welcome for the sacrifice we have made; but we gain nothing by it but the contempt of those whom we have left, and the suspicions of those whom we have joined. By betraying a cause, and turning our backs on a principle, we forfeit the esteem of the honest, and do not inspire one particle of confidence or respect in those who may profit by and pay us for our treachery.”

SONNET.

(THE IDEA PARTLY SUGGESTED BY A PASSAGE IN SACONTALA.)

What prompts the tear, the involuntary sigh,
 The far dim dreams that float in mingling maze,
 And sweetly make us mourn we know not why
 While music breathes the balm of happy lays,
 Or spring returns, or evening paints the sky?—
 Fond memory holds the scenes of early days,—
 The heart is as the harp of harmony
 That strikes upon its cords a thousand ways:
 Yet are such feelings scarce of this,—or springing
 From earthly origin, but seem to flow
 From some dear source to which our souls are clinging
 Where we have been or whither we would go;
 Surely the babes of Paradise are flinging
 Flowers of Eternal Life that fade below.

TO THE GRASSHOPPER.

FROM THE GREEK OF ANACREON.

Blest, Oh, Grasshopper! art thou,
 Seated on the lofty bough,
 Sipping glittering drops of dew,
 Singing songs for ever new.
 Like a king thou look'st around
 O'er the finely-cultured ground:
 Whate'er the laughing seasons bear,
 As they pursue the circling year;
 The rose, the olive, and the vine—
 All, all thou ever seest is thine.
 The rough rude tiller of the earth
 Joys to hear thy harmless mirth:
 Nay, thy sweet prophetic song
 Foretelling summer-days, among
 The green leaves floating, mortals all
 Cheering, soft, delightful call.
 The very muses, and their king
 Phœbus, love to hear thee sing—
 Nay, the latter taught, they say,
 Thy merry song to wind away.
 Old age on thee, and on thy strain
 Exerts its withering power in vain,
 Thou earth-born master of the lay,
 All unlike a child of clay!
 Unsuffering, fleshless, free, thy fate
 Is like the happy gods' estate.

SONNET TO MINERVA.

Stern Maid of Heaven, protectress of the wise,
 Why didst thou e'er forsake Athena's towers?
 Why from her mart of thought, her olive bowers,
 Didst thou avert thy lore-inspiring eyes?
 Is it that fickleness usurps the skies;

THE LITERARY EXAMINER.

Or that all states have their unhappy hours ;
 Or that the Gods withdraw their sacred dowers,
 When man from virtue's narrow pathway flies ?
 Be as it may, return thee to the spot ;
 Think of no ancient wrongs, O Goddess, now.
 Be all her failings—be thy wrath forgot ;
 And what thou canst for fallen Athena show.
 Extend thy ægis o'er thy ruined fane,
 And give its ancient glory back again.

R. P.

A BLESSED SPOT.

(From the Fourth Number of the Liberal.)

FROM AN EPIGRAM OF ABULFADHEL AHMED, SURNAMED AL HAMADANI,
 RECORDED IN D'HERBELOT.

HAMADAN is my native place ;
 And I must say, in praise of it,
 It merits, for its ugly face,
 What every body says of it.

It's children equal it's old men
 In vices and avidity ;
 And they reflect the babes again
 In exquisite stupidity.

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REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Don Juan. Cantos IX. X. XI.

(Continued.)

THE poet commences Canto X. with a digression upon gravitation, which diverges as usual into a great variety of incidental handling, including a very pleasant allusion to the old fracas with the Edinburgh Review. We quote the conclusion, which is very beautiful; and will be felt to the core by every heart north of Tweed:—

And all our little feuds, at least all *mine*,
Dear Jeffery, once my most redoubted foe,
(As far as rhyme and criticism combine
To make such puppets of us things below)
Are over. Here's a health to "Auld Lang Syne!"
I do not know you, and may never know
Your face,—but you have acted on the whole
Most nobly, and I own it from my soul.
And when I use the phrase of "Auld Lang Syne!"
'Tis not addressed to you—the more's the pity
For me, for I would rather take my wine
With you, than aught (save Scott) in your proud city.
But somehow,—it may seem a schoolboy's whine,
And yet I seek not to be grand nor witty,
But I am half a Scot by birth, and bred
A whole one, and my heart flies to my head,—
As "Auld Lang Syne" brings Scotland, one and all,
Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills, and clear streams,
The Dee, the Don, Balgounie's Brig's *black wall*,*
All my boy feelings, all my gentler dreams
Of what I *then dreamt*, clothed in their own pall,
Like Banquo's offspring,—floating past me seems
My childhood in this childlessness of mine:
I care not—'tis a glimpse of "Auld Lang Syne."

* The brig of Don, near the "auld toun" of Aberdeen, with its one arch and its black deep salmon stream below, is in my memory as yesterday. I still remember, though perhaps I may misquote the awful proverb which made me pause to cross it, and yet lean over it with a childish delight, being an only son, at least by the mother's side. The saying as recollected by me was this, but I have never heard or seen it since I was nine years of age:—

"Brig of Balgounie, *black's* your wa',
"Wi' a wife's *ae* son, and a mear's *ae* foal,
"Down ye shall fa'!"—

And though, as you remember, in a fit
 Of wrath and rhyme, when juvenile and curly,
 I railed at Scots to show my wrath and wit,
 Which must be owned was sensitive and surly,
 Yet 'tis in vain such sallies to permit,
 They cannot quench young feelings fresh and early :
 I "scotched, not killed" the Scotchman in my blood,
 And love the land of "mountain and of flood."

Returning to Don Juan, we find him in great favour, and fulfilling his high destinies in the legitimately regulated establishment of Cathedrines, with infinite eclat. The following is pleasant :—

He wrote to Spain :—and all his near relations,
 Perceiving he was in a handsome way
 Of getting on himself, and finding stations
 For cousins also, answered the same day.
 Several prepared themselves for emigrations ;
 And, eating ices, were o'erheard to say,
 That with the addition of a slight pelisse,
 Madrid's and Moscow's climes were of a piece.

Donna Inez, the prudent and pious mother of Juan, eminently preserves the devout ingenuousness and decorum, which the reader will recollect are made her prominent characteristics :—

"She also recommended him to God,
 "And no less to Gbd's Son, as well as Mother ;
 "Warned him against Greek-worship, which looks odd
 "In Catholic eyes ; but told him too to smother
 "Outward dislike, which don't look well abroad :
 "Informed him that he had a little brother
 "Born in a second wedlock ; and above
 "All, praised the Empress's maternal love.
 "She could not too much give her approbation
 "Unto an Empress, who preferred young men
 "Whose age, and, what was better still, whose nation
 "And climate, stopped all scandal (now and then) :—
 "At home, it might have given her some vexation ;
 "But where thermometers sunk down to ten,
 "Or five, or one, or zero, she could never
 "Believe that virtue thawed before the river."
 Oh ! for a *forty-person power* to chaunt
 Thy praise, Hypocrisy !—

The narrative proceeds : poor Juan falls sick, and

Low were the whispers, manifold the rumours :
 Some said he had been poisoned by Potemkin ;
 Others talked learnedly of certain tumours,
 Exhaustion, or disorders of the same kin ;
 Some said 'twas a concoction of the humours,
 Which with the blood too readily will claim kin ;
 Others again were ready to maintain,
 "Twas only the fatigue of last campaign."
 But here is one prescription out of many :—
 "Sodm-Sulphat. ʒ. vi. ʒ. s. Mannæ optim.
 "Aq. fervent. F. ʒ. iij. Sij. Tinct. Sennæ
 "Haustus" (And here the surgeon came and cupped him)
 "R. Pulv. Com. gr. iij. Ipecacuanhæ"
 (With more beside if Juan had not stepped 'em)
 "Bolus Potæmæ Sulphuret sumendus,
 "Et Haustus ter in die capiendus."

This is the way physicians mend or end us,
 Secundum artem : but although we sneer

In health—when ill, we call them to attend us,
 Without the least propensity to jeer :
 While that “hiatus maxime defendus,”
 To be filled up by spade or mattock, ’s near,
 Instead of gliding graciously down Lethe,
 We tease mild Baillie, or *soft* Abernethy.

The youthful minion however gradually recovers ; but as the physicians prescribe travel in milder climates, with great consideration his imperial mistress determines to send him on a mission. Fortunately—

There was just then a kind of a discussion,
 A sort of treaty or negotiation
 Between the British cabinet and Russian,
 Maintained with all the due prevarication
 With which great states such things are apt to push on ;
 Something about the Baltic’s navigation,
 Hides, train-oil, tallow, and the rights of Thetis,
 Which Britons deem their “*uti possidetis*.”

Juan accordingly sets out for Great Britain in the high style of a Russian favourite, accompanied by the little Leila, who, we suspect, is to be something extraordinary in the sequel :—

Poor little thing ! She was as fair as docile,
 And with that gentle, serious character,
 As rare in living beings, as a fossil
 Man, ’midst thy mouldy Mammoths, “grand Cuvier !”
 Ill fitted with her ignorance to jostle
 With this o’erwhelming world, where all must err :
 But she was yet but ten years old, and therefore
 Was tranquil, though she knew not why or wherefore.

Don Juan loved her, and she loved him, as
 Nor brother, father, sister, daughter love.
 I cannot tell exactly what it was ;
 He was not yet quite old enough to prove
 Parental feelings, and the other class,
 Called brotherly affection, could not move
 His bosom,—for he never had a sister :
 Ah ! if he had, how much he would have missed her !

We shall omit the description of the journey, and suppose our traveller on his passage from Helvoetsluys, watching for the white cliffs of Albion :—

At length they rose, like a white wall along
 The blue sea’s border ; and Don Juan felt—
 What even young strangers feel a little strong
 At the first sight of Albion’s chalky belt—
 A kind of pride that he should be among
 Those haughty shop-keepers, who sternly dealt
 Their goods and edicts out from pole to pole,
 And made the very billows pay them toll.

We are of opinion, that many an English heart beats in unison with that of the indignant poet, when he alludes to the suppressed feelings of hatred and resentment, which agitate the bosom of hopelessly enslaved millions, all over the continent, when they reflect on the political part enacted by Great Britain on the fall of Napoleon. The following stanzas are powerful :—

Alas ! could She but folly, truly, know
 How her great name is now throughout abhorred ;
 How eager all the earth is for the blow
 Which shall lay bare her bosom to the sword ;

How all the nations deem her their worst foe,
 That worse than *worst of foes*, the once adored
 False friend, who held out freedom to mankind,
 And now would chain them, to the very mind;—
 Would she be proud, or boast herself the free,
 Who is but first of slaves? The nations are
 In prison,—but the jailor, what is he?
 No less a victim to the bolt and bar.
 Is the poor privilege to turn the key
 Upon the captive, freedom? He's as far
 From the enjoyment of the earth and air
 Who watches o'er the chain, as they who wear.

Juan, "though careless, young, and magnifiqué," stares a little at
 Dover charges, but concludes that

—Doubtless as the air, though seldom sunny,
 Is *free*, the respiration's worth the money.

The peep at Canterbury Cathedral suggests the following character-
 istic reflection:—

They saw at Canterbury the Cathedral;
 Black Edward's helm, and Becket's bloody stone,
 Were pointed out as usual by the Bedral,
 In the same quaint, uninterested tone:
 There's glory again for you, gentle reader! All
 Ends in a rusty casque, and dubious bone
 Half-solved into those sodas or magnesias,
 Which form that bitter draught, the human species.

They proceed towards the metropolis:—

On, on! through meadows, managed like a garden,
 A Paradise of hops and high production;
 For after years of travel by a bard in
 Countries of greater heat but lesser suction,
 A green field is a sight which makes him pardon
 The absence of that more sublime construction,
 Which mixes up vines, olives, precipices,
 Glaciers, volcanos, oranges, and ices.
 And when I think upon a pot of beer—
 But I won't weep!—and so drive on, postilions!

Juan at length reaches Shooter's Hill, and is favoured with a view
 of London; on which the poet pauses, and speculates upon a renewal
 of old acquaintance with his "gentle countrymen," to whom he is
 determined to tell truths, although they will not receive them as such,
 "because they are so." In short he will be to them a male Mrs. Fry,
 or something still better, for in the following stanzas he seems to hint,
 that in the usual style of volunteer vice-suppressing, the benevolent lady
 in question is too exclusive in her attentions:—

Oh, Mrs. Fry! Why go to Newgate? Why
 Preach to poor rogues? And wherefore not begin
 With C---l---n, or with other houses? Try
 Your hand at hardened and Imperial sin.
 To mend the people's an absurdity,
 A jargon, a mere philanthropic din,
 Unless you make their betters better:---Fye!
 I thought you had more religion, Mrs. Fry.
 Teach them the decencies of good threescore;
 Cure them of tours, Hussar and Highland dresses;
 Tell them that youth once gone returns no more;
 That hired buzzas redeem no land's distresses;
 Tell them Sir W---ll---m C---t---g is a bore---

And so on—"but you won't," continues the poet despairingly;—then
 ——— by and bye *I'll* prattle.

Like Roland's horn in Roncesvalles' battle.

And with this significant intimation Canto X. concludes.

(To be continued.)

FRENCH COURT ETIQUETTE.

There is something exceedingly pleasant in the contemplation of the etiquette of courts and sovereigns; commencing at the eastern despot, who plainly calls himself lord of the sun and moon, to the more delicate but scarcely less assuming pretensions of the rulers of Europe, who are, or have been, most absolute in their authority. None of these, however, furnish half so much amusement to the curious observer as the court of France. It is impossible to read of the eternal struggle of the princesses of the blood and of the upper nobility of France for precedence and stools (tabourets) without a tendency to smile;—or to reflect upon the host of lovers and husbands engaged in their quarrels without blessing ourselves. The French memoirs abound with these important feuds, which have frequently occupied more of the attention of the Grand Monarque than the welfare of the great body of his subjects. Louis XIV. was particularly formal in such matters, and the display of mock dignity was always in exact proportion to the real littleness of the occasion. One of the facts which always struck us forcibly, in reference to these affairs, is the total disconnexion of pride of birth and pretension with any innate loftiness of mind. Ladies would fiercely contend on points of etiquette, who in morals, and even in what common sense might deem equivalent points to those reserved, would debase themselves without scruple. We have been particularly led into these reflections by happening some time ago, to take up the Memoirs of Anne of Austria, by Madame de Motteville, and running over the mortifications of poor Henrietta of Bourbon, daughter of Gaston duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIII. king of France, subsequently styled Mademoiselle de Montpensier. The early life of this poor lady was an eternal squabble about brass nails, rolled stockings, train-bearers, and other affairs of equal importance; yet, led by passion, she finally stooped to real debasements, to which less captious dignity would never have reconciled itself. As an amusing instance of the importance of these nonentities in France at one time, take the following narrative of a pretty feminine altercation at a state funeral, in which the lady we have been speaking of was a principal performer:

"The Queen (Anne of Austria) was willing to pay to the memory of this illustrious princess (the Queen of Spain) who was her sister-in-law on both sides, what was due to her quality as a daughter of France. A funeral service was therefore performed for her, according to custom, with all the magnificence proper for so great a princess. In occasions of *this nature* (funerals) it often happens that ranks of precedence in France, when they are not settled, produce great quarrels. Mademoiselle (d'Orleans) in quality of a king of France's grand-daughter, pretended there was a great deal of distinction to be made between her and Madame the Princess (of Conde); on the other hand, the Duke d'Enguien, son of the latter (*the great Conde*) being willing to support

that rank and grandeur which he derived from his birth and glorious achievements, desired that *his* duchess might have the same honours in all respects as Mademoiselle. The queen at that instant not minding the *interests* of Mademoiselle, nor considering that she was in possession of some prerogatives which made a distinction between her family and that of *Conde*, granted him his request. Madame de Longueville, daughter of the Prince of Conde, and sister to the Duke d'Enghien, who had lost her rank by marrying the Duke of Longueville, was willing also to make use of this opportunity to re-establish herself in the right which she derived from the blood of Bourbon, and demanded the same honours as the Duchess d'Enghien.

"Mademoiselle, being informed of the designs carrying on against her, declined to be present at the service of her aunt, the Queen of Spain. When the hour was come to set out, she said she was sick, and that she could not stir abroad. The Queen, as soon as she saw what a scruple she made, was not well pleased, but sent her an order to go, and complained of her to her father. The Duke of Orleans condemned her, and entirely disapproved of her conduct; insomuch that the Princess was upon this occasion abandoned not only by the Queen, but also by Monsieur her father, whose grandeur she supported by standing up for her rank. Mademoiselle, not being able to stand her ground against such *violent attacks*, yielded, against her will, to force, and went to Notre Dame church, to expose herself to the pretensions of those who, having the *honour* of being her *relations*, strove to *equal* her. At setting out, she ordered *two* persons of quality to bear up her train; but, as soon as the Duke d'Enghien perceived it, he made a sign to one of his attendants to join with the person that already bore the train of his lady, whom he himself led in his hand. Madame de Longueville, too seeing that, as she was going into one of the seats of the canonesses, Mademoiselle had chosen to leave an empty space between herself and the Duchess d'Enghien, pushed the latter to move on, and they both took the very next places. Mademoiselle laid this treatment exceedingly to heart; she *wept* and made a great *clutter** about it, arguing that she had such proofs of the difference that ought to be made between her and Madame the Princess (of Conde) as must give her the advantage of her on all occasions; as, particularly, as the having a *canopy* in the king's house, a coach with *studs*, footmen with *rolled stockings*, and to give to the princesses of the blood that came to see her *no more* than a chair with a *back* to it, while she sate in an *elbow* one, &c. &c. Her passion was humbled by the Queen's behaviour to her; it was proposed to send her to a convent, that she might have time to repent; but instead of supporting her little disgrace with noble indifference, she accepted the offer of Madame the Princess to be reconciled to the Queen, for which she was infinitely blamed."—Much court consternation was the consequence: Madame de Motteville goes on to inform us, "Monsieur gave his opinion *late in the evening*, that Mademoiselle's daughter had *reason* on *her* side. He was heartily vexed, complained of it to the Queen, and went for two or three days to her chambers to vent his murmurs. The Queen who

* Thus rendered by the English Translator, and with great faithfulness.

gave the Duke d'Enghien leave to act as he did, thought it incumbent on herself to take his part,"—and so on to the end of the chapter.

Now to reverse the picture: this unhappy lady, in consequence of being involved in the parliamentary disputes during the regency of Louis XIV. was finally banished by the king to her estate, where she remained some years; but was at length allowed to re-appear at court. Disappointed in the hope of marrying an Archduke of Austria, she also rejected the kings of Portugal and England (Charles II. then an exile), with several princes who solicited her hand; and, at the age of *forty-five*, became attached to Monsieur de Lauzan, captain of the king's body guard, whom she was desirous to espouse, and obtained the consent of Louis XIV. to the marriage. Mademoiselle and her lover received the compliments of all France on this occasion, and even nuptial preparations were taking place, when the king retracted his consent at the instance of the princes of the blood, who felt great horror at such an alliance.

Poor Mademoiselle was sensibly affected, and De Lauzan, as might be expected, loudly complained. It was the opinion of many that a secret marriage had taken place; but whether or not, De Lauzan was precipitated from the favour of the king, and thrown into prison, where he remained ten years. His liberty was then obtained of the magnanimous Louis, through the intercession and sacrifices of Mademoiselle, who *purchased* his freedom by the surrender of a large part of her estates to the Duke of Maine, the *natural* son of Louis. De Lauzan, on his liberation, ill repaid his benefactress for her constancy and generosity, assuming the authority of a husband, and treating her with tyranny and caprice. The affection of Mademoiselle enabled her to bear this for some time, until his insolence and ingratitude, exceeding all limits, once more roused the pride and spirit which had been frittered away on studs and rolled stockings. Returning one day from the chase, "Henrietta de Bourbon," exclaimed he arrogantly, "come and draw off my boots." Henrietta remonstrating on this conduct, he made an effort to strike her with his foot. This insult was final—recovering the correct and proper spirit of a princess and a woman, she assumed the privileges of her rank, made him withdraw, and never saw him again.

So much for pride, precedence and passion!—Is all this nonsense to be restored with the family? Q.

PRINCE HOHENLOHE.—THE ROYAL TOUCH.

A very entertaining essay might be written on the physical properties of the imagination, and in an age which is possibly rather too prone to physiological inquiry, we are astonished, that setting aside dissertations upon insanity, which is doubtless a branch of the subject, no elaborate work of the nature has appeared. Dr. Ferriar's little work upon Apparitions may be thought by many to supply something towards such a production, but it is not sufficiently general, being rather a treatise on the delusion of the senses than an endeavour to trace the recondite operation of imagination upon our physical energies. All good Protestants are laughing this moment at the miracles of the Prince Hohenlohe, and with great justice; but it is quite clear that while faith remains lively, very extraordinary results may follow his presumed inter-~~ventions~~

without either miracle or imposition, although not without mystery, for nature is exceedingly shy of discovering the secret of the agency of mind upon matter.

But we are running away from our purpose, which is merely to show that the Catholic is not the only church which can exhibit superstitious puerility. We all know with what solemnity the royal touch for the evil was performed by a long train of successors of Edward the Confessor, to the reign of Anne inclusive. The Jacobites clung to this unanswerable proof of divine right, while a Stuart remained; and scarcely more than half a century has expired, since the historian Carte ruined the sale of his History of England, by a sagacious note to prove the existence of this miraculous privilege in the Pretender. So late as 1720, a book appeared which thus judiciously argues the point for the honour of England. It is not quite so *mellifluous* as Sir John Sinclair's recent address to the audience assembled to award the annual prizes to the Scottish Pipers; but in point of *solidity* the North British Baronet must yield the *pas*.

"As King Edward the Confessor was the first that cured this distemper, so from him it has descended as an hereditary miracle upon all his successors. To dispute the matter of fact is to go to the excesses of scepticism, to deny our senses, and to be incredulous even to ridiculousness. To attribute this supernatural privilege, *entailed* upon the English Crown, to the strength of imagination, has little better colour than the other objection, which denies the fact: for infants, who have no apprehension of the case, who are under no prepossessions of expectation, nor grown up to any force of fancy, are as frequently cured as others; which may be *proved* from Dr. Heylin, who was an eye-witness. *I have seen, says he, some children brought before the King by the hanging sleeves, some hanging at their mothers' breasts, and others in the arms of their nurses, all cured without the help of serviceable imagination.* Thus we see the Kings of England are miraculously distinguished, not only from their subjects, but from all the Princes of Christendom, except those of France, who have a share with them in this extraordinary privilege; for, as Laurentius reports, while Francis I. was prisoner in Spain, he cured abundance of people of this disease. *Thus far Laurentius is right;* but when, in compliment to Henry IV. to whom he was physician in ordinary,—when in compliment, I say, to this Prince, he *appropriates* the miracle to the Crown of France, he crosses upon *matter of fact*, and forfeits the character of impartiality. However, to be even with him, Dr. Tucker, in his treatise upon this subject, makes the Kings of France cure this disease only in virtue of their alliance to the English blood! But though these authors run into extremes, and strain too far for their respective patrons, yet 'tis certain the antiquity of the miracle lies on the English side; for according to the French historians, Lewis the Godly, or at most, Philip I. were the first French Princes that pretended to cure the king's evil. Now the ancientest of these lived near 200 years after the death of our Edward the Confessor."

There is something very special in this sort of gravity, which by the way is occasionally equalled by the French Ultra papers of the present day. Nay, were the latter journalists to meet with this quotation in an English newspaper, the conductors of which, by way of experiment, would put it forward with a due assumption of solemnity, we doubt not they would seriously argue the point, in defence at once of the honour of "Louis the Godly," and of the august House of Bourbon.

ACADEMICAL FLATTERY.

The Elephant on the slack rope, a quip so ingeniously applied by old Sarah of Marlborough, to her opponent Lord Grimstone, appears peculiarly applicable to the gallantry and compliment of learned bodies. The failure, however, does not arise from any thing like a distaste to a

little profitable flattery ; for we know of no addresses more fulsome, of no panegyric more overstrained, and of no examples in the polite art of assentation more supple and pliable, than those which are supplied by the learned inhabitants of Colleges. A very humourous instance of this truth is to be found in the history of that extraordinary woman and authoress, Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle, whose character is so vivaciously given by Horace Walpole. It was the custom with this very eccentric Bluestocking, who died in the latter part of the reign of Charles II., to send copies of her new productions, elegantly bound, to the different colleges at each of the Universities, as also to learned individuals to whom she was disposed to pay the compliment. From all these parties and persons she of course received replies, which in an unlucky hour her equally singular husband published in honour of her after her decease. Never, possibly, was such gross homage paid by interested servility gaping after patronage, as these epistles exhibit. We supply a few instances.

"In your poesy," write the Master and Fellows of St. John's College, Cambridge, "we praise that life and native verdure every way consistent with itself. Castalian-like, it stands not still, nor boils over, but with a gentle strain doth touch our ears, and slide into our minds. Your Grace only, among women, owes nothing to Nature ; for, how much soever she hath graced you with incomparable lustre in your features, or pregnancy in your wit, your Grace hath returned all of it, in those elegancies of philosophy and poetry, with a most excellent retaliation."

"We, who wonder that the ancients should adore the same tutelal Goddess both of arts and arms,—what shall we think of your Excellency, who are both a Minerva and an Atticus to yourself, the Muses as well as an Helicon, Aristotle as well as his Lyceum?"

Such was the simple and candid interrogatory of the Rev. John Pearson, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.

In a second address to her Grace, the society of St. John's College, with equal delicacy and elegance, observe that "some grope for Nature in vacuums and empty spaces, with a success not like their supposals : but she willingly shews herself all bare and naked to your Grace."

The Vice-Chancellor and Senate of the University of Cambridge thus gravely wrote on another occasion :

"Most excellent Princess, you have unspeakably obliged us all, but not in one respect alone ; but whensoever we find ourselves nonplus'd in our studies, we repair to you as to our oracle ; if we be to speak, you dictate to us ; if we knock at Apollo's door, you alone open to us ; if we compose an history, you are the remembrancer ; if we be confounded and puzzled among the philosophers, you disentangle us, and assoil all our difficulties."

The Rev. Thomas Barlow, of Queen's College, Oxford, thus delivers himself :

"I am quite astonished that a person so illustrious and (for place and parts so) eminent, should look upon so inconsiderable and impertinent a thing *in black* as I am, but that I know the sun doth shine on shrubs as well as cedars. If I mistake not, I told you in my last, that I had a manuscript book in my keeping, which the author intitles thus, 'Women's Worth, or a Treatise proving, by sundry reasons, that Women excell Men.' Many of my sex will hardly believe it ; yet I believe *your honour* may prove the best argument in the world to convince them of their infidelity."

The students of Trinity College, 1668, inform her Grace that they mean hereafter to dedicate the following epitaph to "her worthy name and memory :—

" To Margaret the first,
Princess of Philosophers,
Who hath dispelled errors,
Appeased the difference of opinions,
And restored peace
To learning's commonwealth."

We must be just, however; this remarkable book of eulogies, which consists of 182 pages, was not entirely filled with the slaver of the learned bodies and of the clergy; the poets and wits of the day—a miserable prostituted set—played their parts with ode, elegy, and other less cumbrous meanness. The church, notwithstanding, brought up the rear at last, by a strain of almost profane adulation, from the pen of Knightly Chetwood, afterwards Dean of Gloucester. Is it not Warton, a Tory, who calls the University of Cambridge

" The simpering parent of each bowing Dean?"

Well-bred people never say such things, or they might ask how many sucklings Oxford has reared, who have procured deaneries by much the same process as Dr. Knightly Chetwood.

THE HOLY INQUISITION.

In these cultivated times, the *gens comme il faut* never talk of plans, orders, or forms, but of the *programmes* of intended ceremonies. Be it so, as Justice Shallow says, "the word is a good word:" let the reader therefore understand, that the following programme of an *Auto da fe* is extracted from the work of a traveller in Spain, published about a century and a half ago, to whom it was communicated by one of the Counsellors of the Inquisition appointed to draw it up. The glorious performance was to be in honour of the king's marriage, being regarded as an affair of festivity. If the Abbe Frayssinous took in the Literary Examiner, it would make his mouth water; and quite delight M. Trestaillon of Nismes, and the whole Spanish Army of the Faith. Here it is:—

"In the great place at Madrid, there shall be a theatre erected fifty feet long: it shall be raised up as high as the balcony designed for the King, and no higher.

"On the right side of the King's balcony, quite across the theatre, there shall be raised an amphitheatre of twenty-five or thirty steps, designed for the council of the Inquisition and the other councils of Spain, on the uppermost of which shall be placed the chairs, under a canopy, for the General Inquisitor, a great deal higher than the King's balcony. On the left of the theatre and the King's balcony there shall be another amphitheatre, as big as the first, upon which the criminals shall be placed.

"In the middle of the great theatre shall be raised another very little one, on which shall be made two cages, where the criminals shall be kept while their sentence is reading. There shall be likewise placed upon the great theatre three chairs for the readers of the judgment, and for the preacher, before whom there shall be an altar erected.

"The places for their Catholic Majesties shall be so ordered, that the Queen shall be on the left hand of the King and on the right of the Queen-mother. All the Queen's ladies of honour shall take up the rest of the length every way of the same balcony: there shall be other balconies prepared for the ambassadors and lords and ladies of the court, and scaffolds for the people.

The ceremony shall begin by a procession from St. Mary's church. A hundred charcoal-men, armed with pikes and muskets, shall march before, because they provide the wood which is to burn those that are condemned to the fire. Next them shall follow the Dominicans, with a white cross carried before them. The Duke de Medina Celi shall carry the standard of the Inquisition, according to a privilege that

is hereditary to his family; this standard is of red damask; on one side of it is represented a naked sword in a crown of laurel, and on the other the arms of Spain. After that there shall be carried a green cross, wrapped about with black crape; and after it shall march several grandees, and other persons of quality of the Inquisition, covered with cloaks that have black and white crosses upon them, embroidered with gold thread. The march shall be brought up by fifty halberdiers, or guards to the Inquisition, clothed in black and white, and commanded by the Marquis de Pouar, hereditary protector of the Inquisition of the kingdom of Toledo. After the procession has in this order passed by the palace, it shall come to the great place; the standard and the green cross shall be fixed upon the altar; and the Dominicans only shall remain upon the theatre, and spend part of the night in singing *Psalms*, and as soon as the day breaks they shall celebrate several masses upon the altar.

"The King, the Queen, the Queen-mother, and all the Ladies must be in their balconies about seven o'clock in the morning. At eight the procession shall begin to march, as it did the day before, by the company of *charcoal-men*, who shall place themselves on the left-hand of the King's balcony; the right shall be for his guards. Afterwards several men shall bear certain pasteboard effigies as big as life: some of them representing those that died in prison, whose bones shall also be carried in coffers with flames painted round them; and the rest shall represent those who have escaped, and who have been condemned for contumacy: these figures shall be placed at one end of the theatre. After that their sentence shall be read, and they shall be executed."

This is the institution a bigotted faction in France would have restored, and most likely in this its gay and festive originality. In fact they say little less, and think more than they say.

BASHFULNESS.

We know of no quality of the mind the nature of which is more complex and contradictory than that which is generally termed Bashfulness. As distinguished from the mere timidity of inexperience, or an absolute sense of inferiority, it may be regarded as directly connected with physical organization, in which case it baffles precept, example, situation and every thing else, as in the instance of Lord Chesterfield's son, Stanhope, whom he could never inspire with even a decent assurance. It may at the same time be observed, that this temperament has no necessary connexion with the practice of either vice or virtue; its operation being frequently discoverable in the lowest and most depraved of criminals. Many of these, when every moral distinction has been lost, will shrink behind their more audacious fellows, although much more disposed to be ashamed of their *shame* than of their turpitude. To what can this be attributable, if not to some predisposing cause, which is other than mental; and to which Hume alludes when he observes, that "nothing carries a man through the world like a true, natural, genuine independence which cannot be counterfeited by the modest?" Agreeably to this theory, original conformation has something to do with a tendency to bashfulness; but it by no means follows, that it may not have metaphysical causes also. We were much amused with a little book published a few years ago, intitled an *Essay on Bashfulness*. As an essay it should have assumed principles, and developed consequences, whereas it does little more than string together the disconnected reflections of a contemplative individual, upon the different appearances assumed by the morbid sensibility which places a human being among his fellow creatures as it were without his skin. In this point of view, however, it is a singular work, and evidently the production of an individual who labours under the malady which he

describes. Some of his remarks are so characteristic and originally delivered, they have led us not only to supply them, but to introduce them with all this profundity. Take a few specimens:—

"The bashful man by greatly undervaluing himself and by abject submission to insolence and contempt at all hands may sink into an idiot. 'There are not upon the face of the earth,' says a French writer, 'more despicable beings than those men whom philosophy cannot define, to whom example gives a *factitious soul*, and who in the course of a long life have never the courage to be *themselves*.'"

The latent operation of a diseased temperament is very impressively described in the following sketch:—

"He wanders in thick woods, or by the side of a river, or on the sea shore' indulging reverie; and lies whole days in bed, brooding over what Bacon calls *idols of the den*. 'For every one of us has his particular den or cavern, which refracts and corrupts the light of nature according to our respective tempers.' The shades darken and he begins to despond; when conscious of a fault, he views it in the worst light, despises himself and suffers anguish; that anguish recurs afterwards by the slightest association, and sometimes without any, in consequence of having once made a deep impression. Deep impressions of this kind are stored in the memory; mutually increase each other, and at last fill up the measure of wretchedness."

Melancholy above all comparison is a state of mind of this description, under the influence of a baleful religious theory. We all know their joint operation in the instance of poor Cowper, and unhappily of many more.

The connection of constitutional bashfulness with habits of idleness and procrastination is thus pointed out, in the peculiar manner of the author:—

"The Shamefaced delay to fulfil a duty which will cost blushing and embarrassment, and with the vague purpose of fulfilling it afterwards, invent further delay until the time be passed. Self-condemned and heartless, they fall into habits of neglect, and sink into torpor: the demon Sloth benumbs and chills them."

"To excel is the lot of few, but with our talent something may be done. Think on the retrospect of a life passed in sleepless apathy—no cheering remembrance—no overtasking *inbred*."

The following passage is acute, although still delivered with characteristic peculiarity:—

"Let thine eyes look right on. By the wandering of the eye we may lose time, and lose our way, and be led into temptation. Against gazing, and pausing, and musing, and sauntering, and ocitancy, and "shapeless idleness," and sickly thirst for various knowledge (diseases incident to the shamefaced), it is an antidote to look steadily on the business in hand.

'And learn to know how much needs not be known.'

"Diogenes observed that grammarians investigated the wanderings of Ulysses, and forgot their own. Lightfoot knew all the villages of Canaan, and all the streets and alleys of Jerusalem, but he knew nothing of a small property of his own—not even the way that led to it."

There is much pathos in the following portraiture of the bashfulness which may be created by circumstance:—

"There is a radical difference in the lot of those who have parents, and of orphans. Marmontel was happy in having for the guide of his youth a mother, whose kindness and love he has gratefully recorded. Rousseau was unfortunate in having the insidious openness, and confidence, and delight, in loving and being beloved, which he tasted for a short time in his father's house. Cowper represents the loss of a parent—

'Me the howling winds drive devious,

'Compass lost.'

"The mind of a bashful orphan is as a fountain sealed, whose waters, in proper channels might have become clear and fructifying, but, sealed by bashfulness, they stagnate and putrefy. Early affection, meeting with no correspondent object, is

repressed and lost. He sees parental caresses and filial confidence, but never tastes them. *A father's house—a child of the family*, are words which he cannot appropriate. Of things communicated by parents he is ignorant, and his ignorance makes him ashamed. He falls into habits of constraint, and silence, and withdrawal, and of musings tinged with envy. Repulsed and alienated, he wanders in dry places, like the unhappy spirit in the parable, seeking rest and finding none. A stranger in the land which gave him birth, but where he has not been rooted and domesticated, he hardly presumes to identify himself with his country, or to view its high mountains and surrounding ocean with the mind of a native poet."

All this is obviously the production of a "stricken deer," and treats of constitutional tendencies which are not often encountered in the high tide of society. But although the marking is eccentric, the copying is from nature; and originality of handling is so scarce, we sometimes prefer it to the bolder and more energetic but less peculiar pencilling of a firmer hand.

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN ALFIERI AND HIS FLORENTINE LAUNDRESS, NERA COLOMBOLI.

(From the Fourth Number of the Liberal.)

A. Why, Mistress Nera, what the devil's here?

To bring my stockings home at last undone?

N. Undone! ah! God knows if I've sewn and sewn;
But they so *spider-web*, it's a despair.

A. So *spider-web*, school-mistress! Why, that's queer.

N. How? Any thing that we put off and on,
And wear and wear, till all the stuff is gone,
Doesn't it *spider-web*? I think it's clear.

A. *Spider-web*? I don't take it: what d'ye mean?

N. Lord bless me, Sir, break me a spider's web,
And see if I can sew it up again.

A. Ah! It is I that am the unlick'd cub.
I grow grey writing Tuscan, but in vain;
A sorry graft, fit only for the grub.

TABLE TALK.

[The matter we propose to insert occasionally under this head will consist of a sort of literary chit-chat, and short extracts of a curious or amusing kind with an original introduction or application.]

LANGUAGES.—It is curious how soon a language is forgotten, which is learnt merely by a residence in the country where it is spoken, without any regular study at the same time of grammar and idiomatic construction. I knew three lads, brothers, natives of the French West Indies, who came to England to be educated; and after three or four years residence here, having wholly left off the practice of speaking French, so far forgot the language of their childhood (though the eldest was about fifteen, and his brothers not many years younger) that they were obliged to *learn* it as a foreign language, with their school-fellows, and to enter the lowest classes for that purpose! At this time they spoke English quite as well as any native. In a few years they went abroad again. The eldest, then a young man of two or three-and-twenty, was placed in a military school near Rouen, where he remained four years, and then sailed for the West Indies, and filled a situation in a French merchant's office there. By this time, if he had not forgotten his English altogether, he had so far lost the idiom, and the power of

it grammatically, that his occasional letters to his British friends were complete specimens of *French-English*. Thus, he talks of his studying "*ingenery*" (engineering) in France, and says he is "very fond to make a lecture of" (to read) a book his friend had sent him; besides all sorts of mis-spelling, and small letters in place of capitals with proper names, exactly like a Frenchman with a smattering of English. If this young man had been taught by system and theory the languages he acquired by rote, he would never have been reduced to the necessity of learning again the language of his childhood, after he had grown up, nor ever have forgotten that which he had learnt in his youth.

NAPOLEON'S DOMESTIC VIRTUES.—The pitiful scandals that certain Anti-Gallican scribes used to spread abroad during the late contest, respecting Bonaparte's treatment of his wives, have been pretty well refuted by the great rectifier of such misrepresentation—Time. The world now know, that both the ladies who successively shared the conqueror's bed and throne, were warmly attached to him, although the second was married under circumstances very likely to produce mutual discontent. His own account, given to his friend at St. Helena, of his connubial fortune, is interesting, and bears every mark of truth and sincerity. The fallen Exile may be pardoned by all readers the natural piece of self-exculpation at the conclusion, and will be believed by many:—

"I have been twice married. Political motives induced me to divorce my first wife, whom I tenderly loved. She, poor woman, fortunately for herself, died in time to prevent her witnessing the last of my misfortunes. Let Marie Louise be asked with what tenderness and affection I always treated her. After her forcible separation from me, she avowed in the most feeling terms to * * * her ardent wishes to join me, extolled with many tears both myself and my conduct to her, and bitterly lamented her cruel separation, avowing her ardent desire to join me in my exile. Is this the result of the conduct of a merciless unfeeling tyrant? A man is known by his conduct to his wife, to his family, and to those under him. I have doubtless erred more or less in politics, but a crime I have never committed.—*Las Cases' Journal*.

It does not throw any discredit on the assertion respecting Maria Louisa's desire to join her husband in his banishment, that she played a rather ostentatious part in the congress of Promise-breakers and Ungratefals at Verona, and actually took the Duke of Wellington's arm at a grand public entertainment. Affection, and constancy in adversity, are two distinct qualities. Besides, there is no knowing what sort of secret influence may have been used on the part of the Austrian father, to compel this display. To say the least however, it was dishonourably weak, and deserved the reproof, at once bitter and pathetic, which Lord Byron has given in the Age of Bronze:—

The imperial daughter, the imperial bride,
The imperial victim—sacrifice to pride;
The mother of the hero's hope, the boy,
The young Astryanax of modern Troy;
The still pale shadow of the loftiest queen
The earth has yet to see, or e'er hath seen;
She sits among the phantoms of the hour,
The theme of pity, and wreck of power.
Oh, cruel mockery! Could not Austria spare
A daughter? What did France's widow there?
Her fitter place was by St. Helen's wave,
Her only throne is in Napoleon's grave.

She comes! The Andromache (but not Racine's
Nor Homer's) Lo! on Pyrrhus' arm she leans!
Yes! the right arm, yet red from Waterloo,
Which cut her lord's half shattered sceptre through,
Is offered and accepted! Could a slave
Do more,—or less?—And *he* in his new grave!
Her eye, her cheek, betray no inward strife,
And the *Ex-Empress* grows as *Ex* a wife!
So much for human ties in royal breasts:
Why spare men's feelings, when their own are jests?

The career of Addison, as an individual, might be entitled the life of a man of discretion; possibly a greater proof of the value of extreme prudence, connected with high moral character, was never afforded than by the elevation and success of this distinguished man. That nicety of tact, which led him to so much refined observation on the modes and manners of society, there can be little doubt, was in no small degree the cause of his own advancement, by showing him the *dulce et decorum*—the engaging and becoming in every stage of human intercourse. Addison, as contemplated in his life, always struck us as the Chesterfield of *discretion*; and if his success be contemplated in comparison with that of the noble lord's pupil, or even with his own, it evinces that prudence will do as much as the graces. We fear that, in either case, something valuable is likely to be sacrificed. He who is never indiscreet, like him who is never ungraceful, is too artificial for the operation of natural impulses; and nature is never entirely repressed with advantage. Addison was by no means generous, either as a friend or an enemy; he arrested Steele, and certainly envied and detracted from Pope. This says nothing against prudence or coolness of conduct, but only that it is sometimes an equivocal praise, and that selfishness occasionally assumes the name. The discretion of Addison is to be admired, nay recommended;—but let the blood flow: we cannot help fearing for the heart of the man who is invariably wise. Henry Fielding, in his "Journey from this World to the Next," paints such a character as truly despicable; but that was caricature. Upon the whole this consummate prudence is valuable as an intimate, but not always estimable as an inseparable companion.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.—The Number about to be published is a very interesting and clever one. It is headed by an article on Literary Property, and exposes very completely the Chancellor's miserable and pernicious affectation about the purity of Chancery protection.* Another article is on a subject which we have often been surprised that nobody has thought of before;—we mean "the Periodical Press." It is a description and character of all the principal Reviews, Magazines, and Newspapers; done in a bold, vigorous, and discriminating manner, and will certainly make "a sensation." The public will not be at a loss to attribute it to the right author,—one who "knows all the qualities" of the journals he describes "with a learned spirit." His first sentence is very comprehensive and charitable:—"Let Reviews flourish—let Magazines increase and multiply—let the Daily and Weekly Newspapers live for ever."

* By the way, it is curious that the two great reviewing rivals should agree so entirely on this question, and that the *Quarterly* in fact should have taken the lead in reprobating the canting injustice.

TRANSLATION.—Perhaps the extreme nicety required in the translation of poetry cannot be better exemplified than by comparing the versions by different hands of a short passage. Take for instance the celebrated opening of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, which being a simple enumeration of subjects, and capable of almost literal rendering, will show the difference in a more striking manner. Mr. Stewart Rose and Mr. Leigh Hunt are both very faithful to the original, yet differ from each other a good deal in point of style. Hoole's we give, purely in order to illustrate his vicious way of spoiling an author, both in sense and sound. He takes unwarrantable license in filling out by phrases of his own, and yet how dry and insipid he contrives to make it!

JOHN HOOLE.

DAMES, knights, and arms, and love! the deeds that spring
From courteous minds, and venturous feats, I sing!
What time the Moors from Afric's hostile strand
Had crost the seas to ravage Gallia's land,
By Agramant, their youthful monarch, led
In deep resentment for Troyano dead,
With threats on Charlemain t' avenge his fate,
Th' imperial guardian of the Roman state.

LEIGH HUNT. (*Liberat*, No. III.)

LADIES, and cavaliers, and loves, and arms,
And courtesies, and haughty deeds, I sing,
What time the Moors of Africa in swarms
Came o'er the sea with Agramant their king,
And did such harm in France, and blew the alarms
He made in his young rage, vowing to bring
To fierce account, for his old father slain,
The illustrious Roman emperor Charlemagne.

WILLIAM STEWART ROSE.

OF loves and ladies, knights and arms, I sing;
Of courtesies and many a daring feat;
And from those ancient days my story bring,
When Moors from Afric passed in hostile fleet,
And ravaged France, with Agramant their king,
Flushed with his youthful rage and furious heat;
Who on king Charles, the Roman emperor's head
Had vowed due vengeance for Troyano dead.

ERRATUM:—In our last, Dr. Barnet was erroneously printed instead of Barnett.

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THE INDICATOR.

No. LXXX.

There he arriving, round about doth fly,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye,
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.—SPENSER.

ON THE SUBURBS OF GENOA AND THE COUNTRY ABOUT LONDON.

DEAR N,—I could bear my large study no longer; so I have mounted into my third story, and entrenched myself, as usual, in a little corner room. It is about the size of the study in——, where we all adjourned on the morning of Twelfth Night, to take breakfast. Do you remember that night? how we sung "To ladies' eyes a round, boys;" and how the eyes were as sparkling and triumphant at six o'clock in the morning, as they were at six in the evening? "Can I forget it?" say you: "Can any body forget it?" I think not. The very walls must remember it. A living poet, whom we were near killing with laughter at two in the morning, has doubtless written his best things upon eyes since the appearance of that ocular constellation. I am sure a living novelist would have made his heroines equal to the rest of his characters, and done himself a world of good into the bargain, had he not had that extra-judicious hackney-coach call for him at one. Be assured, that pleasant spirits have haunted that house ever since. I know (without the maid servants informing me) that a noise of chrysal ringings, and sweet voices is heard every Twelfth Night through the rooms; and that the gallant occupier and his wife cannot sleep for the life of them, for exquisite imaginations.

But you must know I have another reason for mounting into this nest of mine, in addition to those I have given to B. It lifts me above a sense of the lanes and stone walls of this suburb of Genoa. Albaro is a pretty name, and a very pretty looking hill at a distance. It has also some fine retreats and gardens, for those who can afford them. But for a place to walk about in, and enjoy one's neighbours' goods (to which you know I have a propensity) it only shows me how very pretty some hills as well as women can look at a distance, and what stony-hearted creatures they turn out upon inspection. When you behold Albaro from the sea, you cry out, "What a delicious place to live in!" Imagine a gentle green hill, full of olive trees, vineyards, and country seats, beheld from a blue sea, glittering under a blue sky, and with the Appennines at the back of it. Enter it, and the charm is dissolved. Eternal lanes, with eternal stone walls, intersect it in all directions.

The best are paved like the carriage part of the London streets, with a stripe of smoother walk in the middle, made of tiles laid edgeways. The worst are compounded of bits of broken walls, stones, and occasional pushings forth of the native rock. Some are merely the beds of torrents: but all are lanes, lanes, lanes,—all stone, brick, and mortar, with seldom even a hole to look through. Your only resource, as in the worst passages of human life, is to imagine what may be on the other side; but then the tantalization is in proportion. In the summer, the vines look over the walls, here and there, and afford a relief: but the lanes for the most part are then hot and close, and in those that lead down to the sea the footing is still a nuisance. Furthermore, the sea has no beach. In winter (which is quite severe enough in this quarter of Italy to make you feel it) the promenade is intolerable. Sometimes a wind comes down from the snowy mountains, sharp set as a wolf, and more searching than any East wind with us. Besides, Genoa being situate between the sea and the mountains, is famous for wind; and Albaro, I suppose, is the most famous place for wind about Genoa. Last winter one would have thought the whole army of tempests had come by sea to pass over the mountains, and go and trample down some incorrigible tyranny. The whole cavalcade seemed to sweep over us with their "sightless horses," their whistling hair, and mad outcries.

It is little better, for the most part, in the rest of the suburbs: in some of them, not so good. There is one good road, which circles the hill; and on the other side of Genoa, there is a wider piece of plain to get footing upon. But generally speaking, your path lies up and down hill, through the stoniest of all stony allies. Even the road which I speak of, round Albaro, and which would make a beautiful figure in a picture, presenting depths of olive grounds below, and the sea in the distance, tantalizes you with the sight of pleasant places in which it is impossible to enter, and which, if you did enter, it would be impossible to walk in. The olive grounds are all walled in, as usual, and all raised upon terraces of artificial earth, lest the torrents should wash them away. But what care the Genoese? Nature, with them, is but a slave in the hands of the slave merchant. All her beauties consist in what they will fetch. Their olive trees produce nothing but *quat-trini* and *minestra*; their bunches of grapes are but so many purses of *soldi*. They care for nothing but care itself, and a good oleaginous dinner to make it worse.

Now tell it not in Scotland, lest the Cocknies of the Canongate rejoice; but give me, dear N., before all the barren suburbs in the world (bits of mountain included) the green pastures and gentle eminences round about glorious London. *There* we have fields:—there one can walk on real positive turf: there one can get trees that are of no use, and get under trees, and get among trees; and have hedges, stiles, field-paths, sheep and oxen, and other pastoral amenities:

Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms on hillocks green;
While the plowman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

How pleasant it is to read one of our poets in a foreign country! I pass from page to page, as I used from meadow to meadow, not omitting to enjoy the *style* by the way.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
While the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns and fallows grey,

Observe the colouring!

Where the nibbling flocks do stray;

Mark the nicety!

Mountains——

Mountains! what does he mean by that?

Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest.

Genoa pitched in the vale of Thames! He must have seen Genoa by a sort of unnatural second sight. I beg you to look upon this as an impertinent vision, foreign to the subject, or only brought in to shew the beauty of the rest by the force of contrast.

Meadows trim, with daisies pied,

There he comes home again.

Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:
Towers and battlements it sees,
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes:
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks.

Complete justice is never done to a fine passage in a poet, if you do not know the one that preceded it: just as a new key in a musician demands a comparison with that of the previous air. How admirably contrasted, and yet with the properest and mellowest gradation, is the richness and elevation of this passage about the tufted trees and the high-born beauty in their turrets, with the “two aged oaks” and the peasant’s habitation that smokes between them!—Alas, there are no such oaks here, and no such tufted trees!—Do you remember our *pic-nics* on the grass in the Hampstead fields? Do you remember our books, our lounges, our trios, our crowns of field flowers for heads “not our own?” Do you recollect that strange Centaur of a squire, who came riding in his meadows with a monster of a footman behind him, and could not help being delighted at seeing our dinner trespassing on his premises?

I fancy you discern to what all this leads,—the sketch that I promised you a long while back, of pleasant memories connected with the country about London; similar to those which I have touched upon in a former *Indicator* connected with the inside of it. You are right. I could not delay it longer, if I would.

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring;

And yet the fields are not "beloved in vain:" neither was my childhood a stranger to suffering. My life has had strong lights and shades upon it from its commencement; but upon the whole I am grateful; and the pleasures I have enjoyed make me love even the memory of some of the pains.

A dram of sweet is worth a pound of sour.

How could Gray say that his fields were "beloved in vain," when the sight of them, in pain and melancholy, could still please him in this manner; and when he cultivated flowers in his college window to the last? Nature is never beloved in vain. Shakspeare, after running the whole round of humanity, went to live and to die among his native fields. Rousseau's botany never forsook him. The oaks are firm friends; and we can love the most blooming of roses in our old age.

In taking my circuit round London, I will begin with the East, in order that I may end with the North. It is the least pleasant side, yet two out of our four greatest names in poetry are connected with it,—Spenser and Milton. I have already noticed that Spenser was born in East Smithfield. Bunhill Fields has the most unromantic of sounds, and yet there Milton not only lived, but seems to have delighted to live. It is probably the "noble suburban spot," of which he speaks in his Latin poems, and contained the elm trees of which he was so fond. I do not remember whether I have mentioned before, that Steele amused himself with a laboratory at Poplar. You may gather from some of the works of De Foe, who was a hosier in Cornhill, that he was a great walker about the neighbourhood of the river. An unaccustomed eye, suddenly emerging from the narrow streets upon Tower-hill, is met by a crowd of grand and tragical recollections,—by murdered patriots and heroes, infants, lovers, and kings. There breathed out the souls of the Raleighs and Sydneys. There Hutchinson prepared himself to die in patient endurance; and Guilford Dudley and Jane Grey went one after the other to the public axe, instead of the retirement that suited their innocence. The death of another Jane, whom Lady Jane perhaps would not have despised, though others might, is said to have given its name to Shoreditch. Jane Shore, the life of the voluptuous retirements of Edward IV. and the friend of all who wanted assistance, was seen there in her old age, wrinkled, and gathering water-cresses. What a difference from the picture of her, in which she is described as having risen "out of her bed in the morning, having nothing on but a rich mantle cast under one arm over her shoulder, and sitting in a chair, on which her naked arm did lie!" This portrait, by the way, argues a taste, and an eye for colouring, which one should hardly have looked for in the paintings of those times. It was perhaps the work of an Italian. But I shall never get out of town. Of Hackney and all that region, famous for giving a name to Hackney coaches, I know nothing more illustrious than what is said of it in a quaint periodical work, which I have met with somewhere;—namely, that

— Homerton and Clapton do declare,
The many country seats that there are there.

They tell me, however (is this true?) that I am to like a place a little more to the north, the name of which I shall not allow myself to be sure of till I hear further advices. Let it be as good a name as you

can; for I shall "like it most horribly." I remember now that I used to go that way to bathe. Besides, you have C. L. The great men of the court of Elizabeth must have resided much about the neighbourhood of Stoke Newington and Highbury, for every old mansion thereabout is dignified with the title of one of her palaces. At Stoke Newington lived the late Dr. Aikin, who was a clever man, and did good; though he should not have said, that Spenser's *Epithalamium* "wants only judicious curtailment to make it a very pleasing piece." I would as lief have had the bride curtailed, had I been the hero of it. Dr. Aikin's sister, Mrs. Barbauld, still renders the place interesting by her residence. Here lived Dr. Watts, whose logical head did not hinder his little frail person from being hypochondriacal, and whose hypochondria unfortunately drove him into Calvinism instead of the bowling-green. But I believe he extricated himself at last. There wants a good account of the last years of men who get rid of their superstitions, as well as of those who are said to have been overcome by them.

To return to the river's side, and cross the water. At Greenwich, famous for its green woods and white sails,—for its old weather-beaten pensioners, who sit eyeing the placid stream,—and for lasses who kiss their mother earth all the way down hill in fair time, and their cousin John at the bottom of it,—Queen Elizabeth held her court; such a court, as princes and courtiers can seldom contrive to muster up. Flattery there had a sort of right; and accordingly the old Queen was a "nymph" to the last, scorching up the Hattons and Raleighs with the retrospective beauties of seventy. Furthermore, she walked abroad among them with a wrinkled face, black teeth, little sparkling grey eyes, a hand and arm so white that it transported even Dutch young gentlemen, and a new gown for every day in the year. How she contrived to maintain her charms, while dancing and playing on the lute, in order to convince a Scotch ambassador of her juvenility, who was to look through a crevice, none but a Scotchman can say; and accordingly I leave it to Sir Walter. If he discovers something to venerate in the fumbling of King James, he will surely not be at a loss in the tumbling of old Elizabeth. At Redriff (vainly spelt Rotherhithe) some story-book hero cuts a figure; but I cannot remember his name. Down the Kent-road, Chaucer's pilgrims took their way to Canterbury, telling stories that have outlasted St. Thomas's shrine, and will outlast a thousand others. I think I see him now, looking downwards; the Wife of Bath grinning; the Friars and Summoners in all their varieties of hypocrisy and impudence; the Squire dancing on his horse, conscious of the Prioress; the experienced Knight, his father; the busy Serjeant at Law, who seemed still "busier than he was;" the reckless Sailor; the unhealthy Cook; the lean meek scholar, upon his lean horse; the lean choleric Steward, upon his plump one; the bull of a Miller; &c. &c. and Harry Baillie, the host, venting his admiration of a pathetic story in a volley of oaths. Kent-street derives a minor lustre from Goldsmith's Madam Blaze. Newington Butts, as its name denotes, was famous for archery. With the suburb fields that now contain prisons and bedlams, the great poets and wits of Shakespeare's time must have been conversant, owing to the neighbourhood of the theatre in the Borough. Their Club at the Mermaid in Cornhill was as convenient a spot as they could well chuse between the theatre on one hand, and the court and

country seats of Elizabeth on the two sides of the water on the other. Camberwell was lately remarkable for the proud villa of a Quaker physician. Clapham looks unnatural, with its bankers' houses on a bit of wild common. Armstrong in his poem upon preserving health recommends Dulwich as "yet unspoiled by art." I believe it still retains its character, though more houses have come, and the gypsies gone away. It touches upon Norwood. Here is Dulwich college, founded by one of Shakspeare's fellow-players, Allen,—a name which seems to belong to people of worth. I know one myself. The original of Fielding's Allworthy was another: and the first countenance I remember at school was an Allen's,—so good and handsome, that an old stall-woman against whom he happened to run in the street, and to turn round upon in the course of her abuse, exclaimed, "Confound your great, ugly, driving — — sweet face, God bless it!" Poor Allen! he died aboard ship, a surgeon, vainly forewarned by Roderick Random. What had his blushing maiden face to do in a gang-way? And yet what would the hard places of the world become, if such faces never shone on them! —To Dulwich college Sir Francis Bourgeois bequeathed his collection of pictures, which it is a holiday to go and see. Between Dulwich and Beckenham is a pretty, rustic, out-of-the way spot, called Penge, which an acquaintance of yours thinks the charmingest place in the world. Her first child was born at Beckenham. The white spire of Beckenham church, issuing out of the trees, is a truly English and sylvan spectacle. I think Johnson was in the habit of visiting somebody at Beckenham. In the church is Gray's epitaph on Mrs. Clarke, "Lo! where the silent marble weeps." Sydenham, another pretty village with a green, has long been the residence of Mr. Campbell. Lewisham was immortalised by Queen Elizabeth in a strain of alliterative abuse, which not being a queen, I want the face to repeat. Returning westward, we come to Thrale and Johnson at Streatham. There Mrs. Thrale encouraged his bile with good dinners, and soothed it with gay curtains; and there, it seems, he had two desks on each side a window, upon which he used to write his *Lives of the Poets*,—a "mechanical operation of the spirit" somewhat too prophetic of the point of criticism at which he would stop short. But admiration ever be paid to the hero of Boswell, and reverence to the good Samaritan who took up the female in the street, and put her to bed while other people were chattering! At Merton, a pretty place with a pretty appellation (so at least it seemed to me, when I spent my holidays there) lived the illustrious little withered lion, Nelson. But it once contained a personage much more interesting in my eyes; to wit, an aunt of mine; a true West Indian of the best sort, somewhat wilful, very idle and generous, and a lady to the heart of her. If the mention of these two personages together looks like an anticlimax, take the following out of a master of the "bon goût," which I think beats it hollow. It is Chaulien addressing the Countess of Stafford:—

*Vous n'aurez jamais besoin
De Muse qui vous anime,
Ni qu' Apollon prenne soin
De vous montrer le sublime;
Car vous trouverez chez vous
Dans un Oncle fort aimable,
Un maître plus que capable
De vous former au bon goût.*

But what has this impatient Frenchman to do with one's young days and one's natural affections? Talking of Queen Elizabeth and her Nymphs, I remember writing an elegy on the death of this kinswoman, in which I called her a "nymph" also, though she was between fifty and sixty. Why did she not live to be called a damsel? There was such an elegance about her in my eye, that I never thought her wrinkled face old. And where are you, dear cousin F. that in the pride of your tuckers and dressed locks you are not still calling me "petit garçon," and throwing down peaches from the trees to my adoring eyes? What had trouble to do with your warm strip of West-Indianism, that it did not dance and flutter all its life in perpetual youth? She had the cruelty to give me a little chrystal heart, as if it signified nothing to the "petit garçon;" and I wore it next my own at school, with an infinite mixture of pride and pensiveness. Few things are better than these fancies, or even the recollections of them; and those that are, partake of the same character. Let me try as I may, I feel I have nothing greater, much less happier in me, than I had when a boy; nor can I do any thing better than draw out, as it were, what was in me then. Business has only made me uneasy to others, and remorseful to myself. My tasks take another direction. I am formed by nature to suffer and imagine alone, or in company with some friend; and in public to do nothing but impart a sense of the joys which love and patience reward me with.

But what have the peach trees done with me, that I stand here in a dream, when I have to make half the circuit of London? Yet I must not forget the little river Wandle, which runs by Merton, and in which I once saw a vision bright and ideal as any in a picture. It was nothing, too, but a girl with long flaxen hair and blue eyes, washing some linen with naked feet among the pebbles. Her hair was flaxenest of the flaxen; her eyes blue as sapphire;—it was August; and the

—Cerule stream, rambling in pebble-stone,
Crept under moss as green as any gourd.

What she must have thought of me in my school petticoats, I know not; but her surprise had the advantage of fixing her in a beautiful posture, and making her open all her blue eyes. I wish Mr. Wordsworth had flourished then, and set "us youth" upon attempting to write naturally. I made "a copy of verses" afterwards upon the Wandle, which might have been a little better for it. When I met with the lines upon it in Drayton's Polyolbion, the vision came upon me again in all its beauty, only not quite so "plump."

Then Wandal'cometh in, the Mole's beloved mate,
So amiable, so fair, so pure, so delicate,
So plump, so full, so fresh, her eyes so wondrous clear;
And first unto her lord at Wandsworth doth appear,
That in the goodly court of their great sovereign Thames,
There might no other speech be had amongst the streams
But only of this nymph, sweet Wandal, what she wore,
Of her complexion, grace, and how herself she bore.

POLYOLB. Song 17.

At Wimbledon, when a child, I was taken to see Horne Tooke, who patted me on the head, and gave me a very different benediction from the bishop. In a wood near the same place I saw, many years after-

wards, one of the most successful of ministers, who seemed one of the most miserable of men. I have pitied him ever since.

At Putney Gibbon was born, and at Battersea lived Bolingbroke. A pretty infidel neighbourhood! I think I see Bolingbroke and Swift sitting at the open window over the Thames, waiting for Arbuthnot and Gay to come from London, and Pope from Twickenham. Bolingbroke is lounging, with an end of his peruke over his shoulder. Swift is fidgeting with the girdle of his cassock, or cutting his nails to the quick with a penknife. All the banks of the Thames upwards are classic ground. At Richmond, in that lazy undress of a fat body, called Thomson, lived one of the freest, most elegant, and most cordial of poetical spirits, the most *un-Scotch* of Scotchmen. He was seen eating peaches off a tree with his hands in his waistcoat pockets; which is what he ought to have done. Out of his enjoyments have come ours. Garrick must not be passed by at Hampton; nor old Jacob Tonson, at Barn Elms, since Congreve and Vanbrugh used to dine with him;* nor Horace Walpole, with his toy-shop and his two-penny notions, at Strawberry Hill. He would have been a man, if he had not been a lord. But Twickenham and Pope! What a burst of beauty and wit is there!

What lady's that, to whom he gently bends?

Who knows no her? Ah, those are Wortley's eyes

The sweet tongued Murray near her side attends;

Now to my heart the glance of Howard flies;

Now Harvey, fair of face, I mark full well,

With thee, youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepell.

I see two lovely sisters hand in hand,

The fair-haired Martha, and Teresa brown;

Madge Bellenden, the tallest of the land,

And smiling Mary, fair and soft as down.

Yonder I see the cheerful duchess stand

For friendship, zeal, and blithesome humours known:

Whence that loud shout in such a hearty strain?

Why, all the Hamiltons are in her train.—GAY.

We fancy Pope always reading or writing; at intervals entertaining Bolingbroke, Swift, or Arbuthnot, or all three; or undergoing his pleasing provocations betwixt the humours of

The fair-haired Martha, and Teresa brown.

Further up, at Chertsey, died good-hearted and fine-headed Cowley,—Pope says, of a fever which he caught in consequence of having been drinking too freely, and lying out all night in the fields, with Dean Sprat. The story is in Spence's Anecdotes, but was omitted by Johnson, less out of tenderness, I dare say, to the Tory poet, than to the Tory

* See a pleasant parody by Rowe, on the Dialogue between Horace and Lydia. The speakers are Tonson and Congreve. Tonson says,

I'm in with Captain Vanburgh at the present,

A most sweet-natured gentleman, and pleasant;

He writes your comedies, draws schemes, and models,

And builds dukes' houses upon very odd hills.

Yet he ends with saying, that he would give up even Vanbrugh to be reconciled with Congreve, and would set up a bed for him in his dining-room at Bow-street, if he would come and see him. Jacob cuts a better figure here than when he inserted bad money among his payments to poor Dryden for his Virgil.—See the letters at the end of Walter Scott's edition of Dryden.

bishop, whom he was anxious to exalt. Pope added, that "the parish still talked of the *drunken Dean*."

Brentford, as Sir Hugh Evans would have said, "hath strange reputations." It was celebrated in the wars of the King and Parliament. The "two kings" of it are renowned in the Rehearsal. A poet, who lived at Richmond, records it as "a town of mud;"* and a king, who lived at Kew, chose it for his prospect from the other side of the river. At Hammersmith Richardson had a country box. He used to bring unexpected nosegays from his garden there to his printing-office in the city, in order to tempt his compositors to be early at their work.

Kensington is eminent for the heaviest part of the gossiping history of courts; but there are one or two literary anecdotes connected with it, which I cannot refer to for want of books. There is a poem on the Gardens by Tickell. I believe Kent first displayed his genius in improving them. There was once some inconvenience, perhaps, in walking in them at late hours; but all the rest of the time it was as it should be. Now, for "satyrs and sylvan boys," they have beadles, who take care that you cultivate nature with propriety, and remind you at every turn of the Board of Green Cloth. Who can dine on the grass with beadles looking at them? Eating their veal-pie under favour, and merry by authority?

* Castle of Indolence, the last stanza.

"Ev'n so, through Brentford town, a town of mud,
An herd of bristly swine is prick'd along," &c.

Gay records

— Brentford's tedious town,
For dirty streets, and white-legg'd chickens known.
[To be concluded next week.]

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Don Juan. Cantos IX. X. XI.

[Continued.]

In our last Number, we carried our observations upon this forthcoming publication to the close of the tenth Canto, and we are now about to enter on the eleventh, with an increasing perception of the difficulty of our task. In no preceding division is the noble author more himself, and less any body else; and all the variety of his moods, but especially the mood sarcastic, are exhibited with singular versatility and piquancy. The ease and felicity of Lord Byron's transitions from "grave to gay, from lively to severe," are without example; only as it was observed of the "Allegro" of Milton, that it was the mirth of a melancholy man, so it may be asserted of the humour of Lord Byron, that it is uniformly tinged with the hue of his Poco-curantish philosophy. Even when dwelling on the Loves and the Graces,—the pure and genuine breathings of early and unsophisticated attachment,—the noblest and least interested of human impulses, the concealed lancet will dart from the barrel of his quill, and in the midst of all manner of smilingness and complacency, as accurately breathe a given vein as Sir Ashley Cooper himself. In the direct manner of inculcating the sombre conclusion of Solomon, that all is vanity, Lord Byron may be

equalled, but where is he who can so readily and playfully detect the *anguis in herbâ*—the snake in the grass—the serpent beneath the flowers—the universal condition of being—the taint of the earthly in all below the moon? It is however a fearful privilege, being necessarily alarming to fraud and hypocrisy in all its ramifications; and hence the pious horror of bigotted authority, and the solemn farce of the Dugdale appeal—that most finished illustration of jesuitical Equity since the days of Blaise Pascal. Never was common sense more rudely assailed, common honesty more openly trodden down, and the real as distinguished from the avowed object of an asserted law more completely exposed. Happily, in the present instance, it will prove nugatory; and impotent must be the press, and puerile the intellect of the country, if it can long avail in any other. But this is not the object before us; leaving it therefore to the sweeping consequences of universal contempt, we proceed with the more light and entertaining duties of our office.

Canto XI. opens with a brief dissertation on the ideal system of Bishop Berkeley, which, with his usual condensation of thought and expression, the poet identifies with "Universal Egotism"—a happy definition; and with "*All ourselves*," a biting one. But take the passage:—

When Bishop Berkeley said "there was no matter,"
 And proved it—'twas no matter what he said:
 They say his system 'tis in vain to batter,
 Too subtle for the ariest human head;
 And yet who can believe it? I would shatter
 Gladly all matters down to stone or lead,
 Or adamant, to find the World a spirit,
 And wear my head, denying that I wear it.
 What a sublime discovery 'twas to make the
 Universe universal Egotism,
 That's all ideal,—*all ourselves*; I'll stake the
 World (be it what you will) that *that's* no schism.
 Oh, Doubt!—if thou be'st doubt, for which some take thee,
 But which I doubt extremely—thou sole prism
 Of the Truth's rays, spoil not my draught of spirit!
 Heaven's brandy, though our brain can hardly bear it.

With Heaven's brandy, however, the poet wishes to dispense awhile, having grown rather phthisical of late, and finding his orthodoxy increase with his illness. He supplies indeed a scale of the operation; but it will more advance our task to proceed with the history of Don Juan, who alights from his carriage on Shooter's Hill, in order to take a view of London. Allowing the chaise to proceed, he walks on behind it, wrapt up in a contemplation of English greatness, and in ecstasies of admiration at English liberty. The passage is so original, especially for the happy use of rhetorical figure, *antithesis*, we must perforce supply it:—

"And here," he cried, "is Freedom's chosen station;
 "Here peals the people's voice, nor can entomb it
 "Racks, prisons, inquisitions; resurrection
 "Awaits it, each new meeting or election.
 "Here are chaste wives, pure lives; here people pay
 "But what they please; and if that things be dear,
 "'Tis only that they love to throw away
 "Their cash, to show how much they have a-year.
 "Here laws are all inviolate; none lay

"Traps for the traveller; every highway's clear:
 "Here——" he was interrupted by a knife,
 With, "Damn your eyes! your money or your life!"

These "freeborn sounds" proceed from four footpads, who had seen Juan loiter behind the carriage. Our Don did not comprehend their language, but found other matters intelligible enough:—

Juan yet quickly understood their gesture,
 And being somewhat choleric and sudden,
 Drew forth a pocket-pistol from his vesture,
 And fired it into one assailant's pudding—
 Who fell, as rolls an ox o'er in his pasture,
 And roared out, as he writhed his native mud in,
 Unto his nearest follower or henchman,
 "Oh Jack! I'm floor'd by that ere bloody Frenchman!"

The comrades of the wounded man run away; but Juan's humanity will not allow him to be abandoned on the road; and here we have a touch of mastery of no common kind. It is scarcely possible to convey a more striking combination of corrupt and factitious with genuine nature than the following passage furnishes:—

But ere they could perform this pious duty,
 The dying man cried, "Hold! I've got my gruel!
 "Oh! for a glass of *max*!—We've miss'd our booty—
 "Let me die where I am!" And as the fuel
 Of life shrunk in his heart, and thick and sooty
 The drops fell from his death-wound, and he drew ill
 His breath,—he from his swelling throat untied
 A kerchief, crying "Give Sal that!"—and died.

This accident renders Juan meditative; and in allusion to the termination of the hero of the road, Lord Byron displays another accomplishment:—

He from the world had cut off a great man,
 Who in his time had made heroic bustle.
 Who in a row like Tom could lead the van,
 Booze in the ken, or at the spellken hustle?
 Who queer a flat? Who (spite of Bow-street's ban)
 On the high toby-spice so flash the muzzle?
 Who on a lark, with black-eyed Sal (his blowing)
 So prime, so swell, so nutty, and so knowing?
 But Tom's no more—and so no more of Tom.

We omit the entrance of Juan into town by lamplight, his passage over Westminster-bridge, and by way of Charing Cross, Pall Mall, and St. James's-street; to his hotel in Piccadilly, which are very pleasantly sketched; as also the presentation of his ministerial credentials. Suffice it to say, that his previous adventures and *bonnes fortunes* with the comprehensive Catherine, having been industriously whispered, prepare a certain eclat for him, and he is very well received both at court and by office. The following stanzas, we are fearful, will produce no small consternation among a set of personages whose ideas of their own importance are not always in strict accordance with those of other people:—

Besides the Ministers and underlings,
 Who must be courteous to the accredited
 Diplomats of rather wavering kings,
 Until their royal riddle's fully read,
 The very clerks,—those somewhat dirty springs
 Of office, or the House of Office, fed
 By foul corruption into streams,—even they
 Were hardly rude enough to earn their pay:

And insolence no doubt is what they are
 Employed for, since it is their daily labour,
 In the dear offices of peace or war;
 And should you doubt, pray ask of your next neighbour,
 When for a passport, or some other bar
 To freedom, he applied (a grief and a bore)
 If he found not this spawn of tax-born riches,
 Like lap-dogs, the least civil sons of b—s.

Juan's reception by the beau monde is highly flattering; and, as usual, his good fortune with the sex is unequivocal:—

Fair virgins blushed upon him; wedded dames
 Bloomed also in less transitory hues;
 For both commodities dwell by the Thames,
 The painting and the painted; youth, ceruse,
 Against his heart preferred their usual claims,
 Such as no gentleman can quite refuse;
 Daughters admired his dress, and pious mothers
 Enquired his income, and if he had brothers.

The following stanza and note will convey information to some of our readers at all events. How little did the young and pretty heiress, to whom Lord Byron is indebted for his special illumination on this subject, foresee that her sage communication would be preserved in a stanza of Don Juan, like a fly in amber! We shudder at the passage in which the poet observes, that he could quote both drapery and wearers. What a feast for the *John Bull*, if given, and their fathers, husbands, brothers, or second cousins should happen to be Whigs!—

The milliners who furnish "Drapery Misses" *
 Throughout the season, upon speculation
 Of payment ere the honeymoon's last kisses
 Have waned into a crescent's coruscation,
 Thought such an opportunity as this is,
 Of a rich foreigner's initiation,
 Not to be overlooked,—and gave such credit,
 That future bridegrooms swore, and sighed, and paid it.

The *Blues*, on whom, for some reason or other, the noble poet seems always disposed to look *obse*, also crowd round the fashionable stranger:—

The Blues, that tender tribe, who sigh o'er sonnets,
 And with the pages of the last Review
 Line the interior of their heads or bonnets,
 Advanced in all their azure's highest hue:
 They talked bad French of Spanish, and upon its
 Late authors asked him for a hint or two;
 And which was softest, Russian or Castilian?
 And whether in his travels he saw Ilion?

Juan, who, like most gentlemen of his class, was not immensely profound, is somewhat perplexed by these learned queries, but gets

* "Drapery Misses."—This term is probably any thing now but a *mystery*. It was however almost so to me when I first returned from the East in 1811—1812. It means a pretty, a highborn, a fashionable young female, well instructed by her friends, and furnished by her milliner with a wardrobe upon credit, to be repaid, when *married*, by the *husband*. The riddle was first read to me by a young and pretty heiress, on my praising the "drapery" of an "*untouched*" but "pretty virginities" (like Mrs. Ann Page) of the *then* day, which has now been some years yesterday:—she assured me that the thing was common in London; and as her own thousands, and blooming looks, and rich simplicity of array, put any suspicion in her own case out of the question, I confess I gave some credit to the allegation. If necessary, authorities might be cited, in which case I could quote both "drapery" and the wearers. Let us hope, however, that it is now *obsolete*."

through his difficulties as many a hero of the same school has done before him :—

Juan, who was a little superficial,
And not in literature a great Drawcansir,
Examined by this learned and especial
Jury of matrons, scarce new what to answer :
His duties warlike, loving, or official,
His steady application as a dancer,
Had kept him from the brink of Hippocrene,
Which now he found was blue instead of green.
However, he replied at hazard, with
A modest confidence and calm assurance,
Which lent his learned lucubrations pith,
And passed for arguments of good endurance.
That prodigy, Miss Araminta Smith,
(Who at sixteen translated "Hercules Furens"
Into as furious English) with her best look,
Set down his sayings in her common-place book.

Our captivating Don, however, is acquainted with several languages, which does much for him; only he is no poet, which in the estimation of the ladies is all that is wanted to render him sublime; besides

Lady Fitz-Frisky, and Miss Mævia Mannish,
Both longed extremely to be sung in Spanish.

Juan is however admitted to all the coteries, and gets some knowledge of the ten thousand living authors; and

Also the eighty "greatest living poets,"
As every paltry magazine can show *it's*.

The "greatest living poet," Lord Byron observes, is precisely in the situation of the champion of the fist :—

In twice five years "the greatest living poet,"
Like to the champion in the fisty ring,
Is called on to support his claim, or show it,
Although 'tis an imaginary thing.
Even I,—albeit I'm sure I did not know it,
Nor sought of foolscap subjects to be king,—
Was reckoned, a considerable time,
The grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme.

The subsequent parallel is still more happy :—

But Juan was my Moscow, and Faliero
My Leipsic, and my Mont Saint Jean seems Cain :
"La Belle Alliance" of dunces down at zero,
Now that the Lion's fall'n, may rise again :
But I will fall at least as fell my hero ;
Nor reign at all, or as a *monarch* reign ;
Or to some lonely isle of Jailors go,
With turncoat Southey for my turnkey Lowe.

Whether Lord Byron is performing Napoleon to Southey's Sir Hudson or not, we will not determine; but of this we are sure, that in comparison with himself no assignable successor can at this moment be any thing more than a Louis XVIII. to a Bonaparte. *La Belle Alliance* is no doubt active to make it appear otherwise, and its mercenaries retail their miserable jokes and pointless darts (*sine ictu*) with persevering and lamentable imbecility. These gentry should recollect that the lion was not kicked by asses until on the point of expiring, and that a Canto of Don Juan will at any time lay them prostrate by the score. To be candid, their mode of procedure looks as if they themselves thought so, for they exhibit nothing but a *sort impotent demonstration*, like the soldiers of a Chinese fort, *mentis*

in Lord Anson's Voyage, who in order to keep up a warlike appearance paraded the ramparts with *wooden guns*. Peace be with them, it is sure to attend their readers, if not the most wakeful of mankind.

We find Canto XI. too fruitful for the limits of our publication: we shall therefore conclude our remarks upon it next week.

Memoir of John Aikin, M. D. By Lucy Aikin.

Dr. Aikin was one of the few authors by profession, who after running a lengthened career, had no occasion to look behind him with uneasiness or regret. Calm in conduct and steady in principle, the sober and even tenor of his moral and literary character, was perfectly correspondent; and what is not always the case, he seemed thoroughly embued himself with the spirit of his own favourite axiom,—the propriety of submitting every thing to “the decision of reason.” We apprehend, that it is in the rank of the more educated and liberal dissenters that this mental constitution is likely to be formed, and, with certain exceptions, this constant appeal to reason to be more assiduously cultivated, at least we have been generally led to conceive so by the result. Solid and generally scientific attainment, with a diligent culture of the reasoning powers, as opposed to mere philology, and the attainment of an excursive and imaginative spirit, seems to distinguish the thorough bred scholastic dissenter from the mass of the people who are less distinctively educated. This is partly in their favour and partly not. In the critical and investigative departments they usually excel, in the bold, the soaring, and the inventive, seldom; and in lofty flights of imagination still seldomer. In point of fact, they are not often allowed to feed on the literary *pabulum* of this mental tendency until a relish for it is in a great degree superseded; and with the exception of a few of the leading classics, scholastically communicated, instead of coming to the great fathers of poetical inspiration, with a gay, youthful and disengaged frame of mind, they are usually sealed books to them, until preoccupation has shut out their influence for ever. So much as to our grand distinction; and if necessary it would be easy to refer to social and political causes for many more. This however is not our intention; our sole object being to refer to an intellectual species, of which as an individual we think the late Dr. Aikin formed a very favourable example.

The Memoir before us exhibits all the Aikin good sense, with what we are obliged to regard as its frequent concomitant—a something of dryness—too literally a mere memoir to be entertaining; and too destitute of incident to excite curiosity. The life of the professional literary man of the assiduous and laborious class, can scarcely be otherwise; and such was Dr. Aikin. Independent of the history of his productions, we are chiefly interested by his conscientious and honourable maintenance of his public principles, at a time when social comfort and worldly prosperity were both in jeopardy wherever this independence was manifested. In this point of view, the calm and unostentatious life of Dr. Aikin merits the attention of all men, as his services to general literature claim the respect of the scholar and general inquirer in particular. These services, it will be seen by a list of his numerous *works inserted in the introduction to these volumes*, were chiefly critical and biographical; the first correct and elegant, rather than profound;

the latter of standard value, both for accuracy and acumen, and especially serviceable as books of reference and valuable compilations.

The chief novelty in these volumes consists of the correspondence of this very respectable literary veteran with a variety of contemporaries of learning and reputation, by whom he was generally respected. To these are added a judicious compilation of his critical essays on the English Poets, appended to respective editions of them; and a selection of his miscellaneous papers and essays, contributed to various periodical works, and consequently not always known to be from the pen of Dr. Aikin. The result is a couple of handsome octavo volumes, which will take their place on the general shelf of British Literature, with modest but undisputed respectability.

Dr. Aikin and Mrs. Barbauld, who still survives, were the children of the Rev. John Aikin, a dissenting clergyman and schoolmaster, first of Kibworth Harcourt in Leicestershire, and subsequently of Warrington, where he bore a high character for learning, and general ability. Dr. Aikin was brought up to the medical profession, but after a trial or two, which in the principal instance failed, in consequence of the virulence of party spirit, at the commencement of the French revolution. He gradually took up literature as a source of profit, in which pursuit he seems to have enjoyed much more satisfaction and reputation than usually belong to so uncertain a profession. His leading characteristics, which we believe few will be inclined to question, are neatly summed up in the following epitaph:—

In Memory of
JOHN AIKIN, M.D.
who was born at Kibworth in Leicestershire
Jan. 15th, 1747,
died in this parish
Dec. 7th, 1822.
A strenuous and consistent assertor
Of the cause of civil and religious liberty
and of the free exercise of reason
in the investigation of truth.
Of unwearied diligence in all his pursuits,
he was characterised,
in his profession,
by skill, humanity, and disinterestedness;
in his writings,
by candour, by moral purity,
by good sense, and refined taste.
In the intercourse of society
he was affable, kind, cheerful, instructive;
as a husband, a father, and a friend,
unblemished, revered, and beloved.

TABLE TALK.

The following extract is from Heywood's *Hierarchy of Angels*, a work which, with infinite simplicity, details the whole social economy of heaven, and no small portion of that of hell. The following account of "the homage paid by a witch or a magician to Lucifer or the Devil" is supplied with so much precision and official phraseology, it must undoubtedly have been supplied to the author by the court newsmen of Pandemonium.

"The manner of this homage (and others) done to the devil, is as followeth:—First, the magician, or witch, is brought before the tribunal of Satan, either by a familiar spirit, or else by a mage or hag of the same profession: he sits crowned in a majestic throne, round engirt with other devils, who attend on him as his lords, barons, and princes, richly habited. The palace seemeth wholly to be built of marble, the walls hung with gold and purple-coloured arras; all shewing the pomp of regality and state. Satan himself, from his royal seat, casts his eyes round about, as if ready to incline his benign ears to any humble suitor whatsoever.

"Then steps forth a devil of a venerable aspect, and saith, 'O most potent lord and master, great patron of the spacious universe, in whose hands are all the riches and treasures of the earth, and all the goods and gifts of the world; this man I present before thine imperial throne, to follow thy standard, and to fight under the patronage of thy great name and power; who is ready to acknowledge thee to be God and Creator of all things, and none but thee. It shall be in thy clemency, O most sovereign lord, to vouchsafe this man (or woman) the grace of thy benign aspect, and receive him (or her) into thy patronage and favour.'

"To which he, with a grave countenance and loud oration, thus answereth, 'I cannot but commend this thy friend, who so cordially hath committed himself into our safeguard and trust: whom, as our client and favourite, we accept, and promise to supply him with all felicity and pleasures, both in this present life and the future.' This done, the miserable wretch is commanded to renounce his faith and baptism, the eucharist, and all other holy things, and to confess Lucifer his only lord and governor; which is done with many execrable ceremonies, not fit to be here remembered. Then is the writing delivered (as was before spoken of Theophilus), written with the blood of the left thumb. Then doth the Devil mark him, either in the brow, neck, or shoulder, with the stamp or character of the foot of an hare, a black dog, or toad, or some such figure, by which he brands him (as the custom was of old to mark their slaves and captives, whom they bought in the market for money) to become his perpetual slave and vassal."

The following passage we give upon the same authority; but we cannot participate in the indignation of the author at the extraordinary mode of salutation practised at the court of Tartarus, being satisfied that the locality of the part to be saluted never stands in the way of a practised courtier even in this world; and as to standing on the head, leaping a stick, and all that, Gulliver's account of the court of Lilliput applies to almost every court on the terrestrial globe.

"The way in which Lucifer is worshipped by his Adherents."

"As the Devil is always adverse to his Creator, so he will be worshipped with contrary rites and ceremonies. Therefore, when magicians and witches present themselves unto him, they worship him with their faces from and their backs toward him, and sometimes standing upon their heads, with their heels upward; but, which is most beastly and abominable of all, in sign of homage, he presents unto them for salutation the hinder part of his person, as divers magicians have confessed."

Having supplied an account of certain ceremonies belonging to the holy Inquisition last week, we thought a brief account of other diabolical forms might follow with great keeping and propriety.

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There he arriving, round about doth fly,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye,
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.—SPENSER.

ON THE SUBURBS OF GENOA AND THE COUNTRY ABOUT LONDON:

[Concluded from last week.]

AT Holland House, still in becoming hands, lived, loved, and died Addison; none of them very happily, though much is said about the death. I do not use the word "happy" in a physical sense, but as a question of good taste. Christians can die well undoubtedly: so can good people of all religions; especially if their blood is in a state of reasonable circulation, and they are not haunted with fears for others. I do not know how Steele died. Very pleasantly, I dare say, if he had his wits about him; for Young said, that "in his worst state of health, he seemed to desire nothing but to please and be pleased." But at all events, his last years are preferable to those of Addison, even though he had given up his property to his creditors and retired into Wales. He used to amuse himself there with sitting out of doors in a chair, and giving prizes to be contended for by the village damsels. His more prudent friend, who put executions in his house to instruct him (which was about as good-natured as Steele thought it, and about as wise as damming up a torrent for a fortnight) flourished and faded in his grand house under the contempt of his wedded Countess, and resorted to consolations, which in such a man, and such a man only, provoke one to forget the charity which he lost sight of. It is a tradition, I believe, in Holland House, that Addison used sometimes to compose while pacing up and down a long room that had a window at each end, and in each window a bottle. What the bottle contained, more or less, stronger or weaker, is matter of speculation. If he thought of poor Steele, I beg his pardon; but why did he not say something about it? Addison's tavern habits were too much for Pope, who was obliged to leave off sitting up with him. Dennis, according to Spence's Anecdotes, said, that Dryden "for the last ten years of his life was much acquainted with Addison, and drank with him more than he ever used to do; probably so far as to hasten his end." Addison was then a young man. This was beginning betimes for the great moralist of the circles. When the story of his death-bed is told, it should be added (and doubtless would obtain equal admiration) that, a fortnight before, he sent for

Gay, and told him with much penitence, that he had "injured him greatly," but would make it up to him, if he lived. What the injury was, does not appear. "Better late than never;" but did he husband this good thing all the while he was writing the *Spectator*, and the charming Saturday articles? The lecture which he wrote to the lady who made love to him, and which somehow or other *transpired*, is of a piece with the rest. Little did Calista know of *him*. Addison had wit at will, a delightful style, little things of all sorts in profusion, especially when he was in his cups; but he wanted greatness of every kind. His virtue, even in its humblest moment, was but a species of good breeding, equally useful to him, he thought, in and out of the presence; a mixture of prudence, egotism, and submission. He was perplexed neither by his sympathies nor his wisdom; (at least he has not suffered any such misgivings in the long room to transpire) and he went to heaven, as he would have gone to court, dressed in his most becoming graces *à la mode*, and preparing himself for a good reception, if not by the consciousness of his rank, by the smiling zeal of his deference, and the politeness of his security.

In the burying ground between Bayswater and Oxford-street lies "poor Yorick."

Paddington, "base, common, and popular" as it may now seem, is a very old village, that once had an abbey with a flourishing abbot, famous for its pomp and hospitality. One side of the road still belongs to the church. I have had many reasons for loving it, man and boy:—but here begins the ground of my affections, continuing through mead and green lane till it reaches beyond Hampstead. In the church yard, by the green, with the fine trees on it, lie two of the most irritable spirits that ever disseminated liberal opinion,—Curran and Dr. Geddes. The tomb of Geddes has an epitaph upon it worth a Christian's going to see. In front of one of the houses between Paddington and Oxford-street, is an almond-tree; not "on top of green Pelinis," but "all alone" nevertheless, and in its due season

With blossoms brave bedecked daintily.

Proprietor of that house and tree, and occupier of the house next door, was an old lady, whom I recollect, or think I recollect, in my childhood, as a sort of perpetual thin-visaged old girl. In vain she walked out with a lap-dog, a hood, and an umbrella that was also a walking-stick. Her lap-dog, a jealous cur, was the only unpleasant thing about her. Her merry voice "piped as though it should never grow old." And yet whether I know her best from my own experience, or those of my brothers, I forget. At all events, her image appears as vivid to me as if I saw it carved at the top of her stick. She was the terror and delight of all children; alternately frightening them to death with goblin tricks, and putting them in Paradise with indescribable dumplings. What a difference between her and another old lady whom I knew, who lived in a great house by Paddington church, and was herself frightened to death, and worse, by Calvinism! She was one of the kindest women in the world; but she "lived well," and did not move about like the other, which would have kept her blood from stagnating in that infernal lake. I know not to which of the houses it was, but I think to the smaller one, that belonged those divine green rails, which used to dance before me by anticipation all the way from

home, like a fairy prospect. There are no such rails now, as the old gentleman in Gil Blas said of the peaches. And yet I have a pleasure in seeing *imitations* of them too, especially in a poor suburb.

I know not which is the pleasanter way to Hampstead, the one up Kilburn-lane through West End, or the one over the beautiful meadows that ascend to the church. Upon the whole, however, I am for the latter, and you generally go that way; so here is a *vade-mecum* to read *again*, as you take your journey; for that you *must* read it in the fields, and in those identical fields, is certain. If you are obliged to read it aloud, I shall not quarrel; nor even if you are all happy in hearing it; since I shall only gnash my teeth with impatience, when I receive the news, which is what I am inclined to do every week, when I think of every friend I have; so it does not much signify. Out of forty thousand impatiences, comes patience. I am "used to it," like the eels. B. shall write me an account of it, and put me at my worst; when I shall of course grow better.

Kilburn (the Kele or Cold Bourne) had its nunnery, as Paddington had its monastery. The ground between must have been nice. The nunnery is said to have stood on that pretty green slope on the right hand, as you enter the village from London. The bourne runs at the foot of it, and forms afterwards the sheet of water facetiously called the Serpentine River. Out of the left side of Kilburn, runs a lane to a little rustic hamlet called Wilston, one of the most secluded spots about London, and celebrated in the Literary Pocket-book with a due and united *gusto* of alehouse and pastoral. I dined there one time in company with an elegant living poet, whose fancy retreated from the "cakes and ale" into a contemplation of the white-curtained room up stairs, which he thought very amiable. White-curtained rooms are amiable. There are no such little draperied simplicities here, with woodbine and diamond windows; though there are heads of hair that would look well, looking out. Another time, I had a delightful dinner with W. C. in a room hung with Honbracken's engravings of the poets. There was a "niece" to wait on us (may nobody make her look less happy and pretty than she did then!) and a considerable appetite on both sides. C. acknowledged it was "the sort of thing."

The lane leading on the right hand up to Hampstead winds pleasantly through thick hedges and fertile fields, and opens at West End upon a beautiful view of Hampstead and the church. From the retirement of West End, fate once pitched me into a very different sort of seclusion in *Horsemonger-lane* (think of the name!) as if I had been no better than a quoit. It was a quoit, however, that had shattered some very hyacinthine locks.

We have now entered Hampstead, the region of all suburban ruralities, of paths leading upward and downward, of groves, of prospects, of meadows and wood, of remote looking lanes, of a remnant of wild nature, of classical recollections. When I returned from the very different lane just mentioned, I hastened to re-occupy a bench that stood in a delightful slope, and overlooked West End. I found it pushed away by the fantastic house that now stands there, mystifying the fields, and mocking antiquity. C. L. could not have been more startled when he saw the chimney-sweeper reclining in Richmond meadows.

Had the chimney-sweeper found the wonderful lamp, he might have raised just such a structure

With twenty murders of good taste upon it,
To push us from our stools.

Near this alarming fact (not the tenement next to it, but the first one on the right hand as you look up the lane) is a white house, in which Dr. Johnson took lodgings for his wife, crossing the fields to come to her of an evening. The road leads strait on from here to the heath. Let me leave the church on my right, with my usual reverence and silence. Every spot from this place is sacred to me for some recollection. Good God! how clearly I see every thing! how vividly every corner turns upon me, with its trees, its gateways, or its mounds! On the right, in the first floor of a cottage, lived the last of the Mulso's, — at least so I fancy her, for she was a maiden lady, and ought to have been the last, if she was not. (Not that I have any objection to the Mulso's, but Richardson and a continuation of the species somehow do not agree; though Pamela thought otherwise.) On the left I stood with dear S. and M. S. drawing ideal pictures of house-keeping. On the right again, I kissed somebody that shall be nameless. Here I read; there I wrote something; there I used to turn down on horse-back; and there I was thrown from my horse, to the great displeasure of a lady's maid, who upon my assuring her I was not hurt, was angry that I had made her so nervous. Let me rest awhile in the grove overlooking the heath, and fancy I am reading my Spenser.—I'll get up and cross to North-End. At North-End, under the wing of his friend Dyson, lived Akenside. He calls the slope leading into the Hendon-road, *Golder's Hill*; and altogether made as much of his suburb, as the greatest Cockney of us all. Milton could not have said more for his "noble suburban spot," or for the boarding-school girls whom he used to deify. "Hampstead's airy summit" any body may speak of; but none but a lover could have talked of "climbing" its "steep aerial way," especially on the north. He was then, however, weak and sick, — sick too in the lungs; though so fond was he of the place, that even the north-wind did not come amiss to him. See his Odes; where, amidst a great deal of what is prosaical, and nothing that is lyrical, the real poet occasionally looks forth.

Thy verdant scenes, O Goulder's Hill,
Once more I seek, a languid guest;
With throbbing temples, and with burthen'd breast,
Once more I climb thy steep aerial way.
O faithful care of oft-returning ill!
Now call thy sprightly breezes round,
Dissolve this rigid cough profound,
And bid the springs of life with gentler movement play.
How gladly, 'mid the dews of dawn,
My weary lungs thy healing gale,
The balmy west, or the fresh north, inhale!
How gladly, while my musing footsteps rove
Round the cool orchard or the sunny lawn,
Awak'd I stop, and look to find
What shrub perfumes the pleasant wind,
Or what wild songster charms the Dryads of the grove.

All this reminds me but too painfully of another and greater poet, a

lover of Hampstead, of whom more presently. North End, seen from the heath above it on the south-east, presents one of the prettiest village pictures I am acquainted with,—trees, gardens, and smoking cottages, with a mansion here and there. The road that runs over the heath between this and the Vale of Health is a remnant of the old Roman road or Watling-street, and is praised by Camden for the beauty of its prospects. You can see from it to Windsor, and the borders of Buckinghamshire. The clumps of pines before the place where Lord Erskine lived, are of Italian origin, having been in fact (as I understand) brought from Italy by the person who built the mansion that looks down them. Nearly opposite, on the other side of the road, are nine elms, under which it is recorded that Pope and Lord Mansfield used to sit. It must not be omitted, to the eternal honour of Mr. Coxe, poet and auctioneer, and also of Lord Mansfield's eminent successor, that the Noble Lord having an intention of cutting down these nine elms, Mr. Coxe made a becoming petition in the name of the Nine Muses, which it was impossible for an Erskine to resist. So the elms are where they used to be, with, I hope, a better seat under them. At Caen Wood, the fine seat of the Mansfields, there is a portrait of Betterton the player, which is said to be from the hand of Pope. On the right of the Highgate-road, pleasant meadows lead over to pleasant places,—Hendon and Finchley; on the left a lane turns off to Highgate and Kentish Town, justly christened Poets' Lane, both on account of its rural beauty, and the walks here enjoyed by Mr. Coleridge, Mr. Keats, and others. There is a beautiful cottage and farm in it (only the cottage is too near the lodge) that belonged to Lord Southampton. The path over the fields to Highgate, or back again to the Vale of Health or the Heath is quite lovely. Who knows it better than yourself? But you like me to repeat it. It was from a house on the eastern part of the heath, that Keats took his departure to Italy. Melancholy as it was, and the more so from his attempt to render it calm and cheerful, it was not the most melancholy circumstance under which I saw him there. I could not hinder him one day from going to visit the house, in which, though he was himself ill and weak, he attended with such exemplary affection his younger brother that died. Dead almost himself by that time, the circumstance shook him beyond what he expected. The house was in Well Walk. You know the grove of elms there. It was in that grove, on the bench next the heath, that he suddenly turned upon me, his eyes swimming with tears, and told me he was "dying of a broken heart." He must have been wonderfully excited, to make such a confession; for his spirit was lofty to a degree of pride. Some private circumstances pressed on him at the time; and to these he added the melancholy consciousness, that his feeble state of health made him sensible of some public annoyances, which no man would sooner otherwise have despised. His heart was afterwards soothed where he wished it to be; and when he took his departure for Italy, he had hope, or he would hardly have gone. Even I had hope.—My weaker eyes are obliged to break off. He lies under the walls of Rome, not far from the remains of one, who so soon and so abruptly joined him. Finer hearts, or more astonishing faculties, never were broken up, than

in those two. To praise any man's heart by the side of Shelley's, is alone an extraordinary panegyric.

You know what I must think of Hampstead, when the memories of two such men come in aid of all that endeared me to it before. Its beauty and its classical associations are enough to render it interesting to every body; but love and friendship of all sorts have also hallowed it to me. It pleases me to think, that kindred hearts with these have delighted in the place before. A little after you enter the town from London is a mansion which belonged to Sir Henry Vane,—the most exalted and extraordinary intellect, except Milton, of an age of great men; and one perhaps who saw still farther than Milton into the capabilities of society, in spite of the puritanical cloud in which he wrapt up his Platonism. Here also Day, the manly-spirited author of Sandford and Merton, brought his new-married wife, who talked and walked with him to his heart's content; and in the long room in Well Walk, now the chapel, but then the pump-room for the mineral waters, used to be seen one of the most amiable of men of wit, Arbuthnot, who came there to get the health which he distributed to thousands. I was going to say the most amiable of physicians, but I recollected Garth. Garth was often at Hampstead, if he never lived there, for he used to come to join the Kit-Kat Club at their summer dinners. He lies buried at Harrow, purely to oblige one's prospect. You know where the club met? At the last house on the hill, before you turn down into the Vale of Health. It is now a private residence;—a long low house with trees before it, very respectable. I write this for your fellow-readers. That house has a series of histories belonging to it. In the first place, it was the scene of the summer meetings of the Kit-Kat Club aforesaid, consisting of Steele, Addison, Congreve, Garth, Vanbrugh, and other wits and great Whigs. When Steele was hiding from his duns in a cottage on Haverstock Hill (which is still extant) they used to call for him by the way, and take him up. After this, Richardson made it the scene of one of *Clarissa's* flights: on which account a Frenchman is said to have made a pilgrimage on purpose to see it. It was hitherto an inn, known by the name of the Upper Flask. Being afterwards converted into a private dwelling house, it became the residence of George Steevens, the commentator on Shakspeare, who used to walk to London every morning at day-break to correct the press. But another anecdote remains, not the least in interest. I will repeat it for the benefit of the readers above mentioned. Some years ago, when the house was occupied by a person whose name I forget (and I should suppress it in common humanity, if I did not) I was returning home to my own, which was at no great distance from it, after the Opera. As I approached my door, I heard strange and alarming shrieks mixed with the voice of a man. The next day, it was reported by the gossips, that Mr. Shelley, no Christian (for it was he, who was there) had brought some "very strange female" in the house, no better of course than she ought to be,—the consequences of which, of course, were no other than what *they* ought to be, and what decent imaginations might guess. Alas, their decent imaginations would never have got at the truth, had they carved it and Christianed it till doomsday. The real Christian had puzzled them. Mr. Shelley, in coming to our

house that night, had found a woman lying near the top of the hill, in fits. It was a fierce winter night, with snow upon the ground; and winter loses nothing of its fierceness at Hampstead. My friend, always the promptest as well as most pitying on these occasions, knocked at the first houses he could reach, in order to have the woman taken in. The invariable answer was that they could not do it. He asked for an out-house to put her in while he went for a doctor. Impossible. In vain he assured them she was no impostor,—an assurance he was well able to give, having studied something of medicine, and *even walked the hospitals*, that he might be useful in this way. They would not dispute the point with him; but doors were closed, and windows were shut down. Had he lit upon worthy Mr. Park, the philologist, he would assuredly have come, in spite of his Calvinism. But he lived too far off. Had he lit upon you, dear B—n, or your neighbour D—e, you would either of you have jumped up from amidst your books or your bed-clothes, and have gone out with him. But the paucity of Christians is astonishing, considering the number of them. Time flies; the poor woman is in convulsions; her son, a young man, lamenting over her. At last my friend sees a carriage driving up to a house at a little distance. The knock is given; the warm door opens; servants and lights pour forth. Now, thought he, is the time. He puts on his best address, which any body might recognize for that of the highest gentleman as well as an interesting individual, and plants himself in the way of an elderly person who is stepping out of the carriage with his family. He tells his story. They only press on the faster. “Will you go and see her?” “No, sir, there’s no necessity for that sort of thing, depend on it:—impostors swarm every where:—the thing cannot be done:—sir, your conduct is extraordinary.” “Sir,” cried Mr. Shelley at last, assuming a very different appearance, and forcing the flourishing householder to stop out of astonishment, “I am sorry to say that *your* conduct is *not* extraordinary: and if my own seems to amaze you, I will tell you something that may amaze you a little more, and I hope will frighten you. It is such men as you who madden the spirits and the patience of the poor and wretched; and if ever a convulsion comes in this country (which is very probable) recollect what I tell you;—you will have your house, that you refuse to put this miserable woman into, burnt over your head.” “God bless me, sir! Dear me, sir!” exclaimed the frightened wretch, and fluttered into his mansion. The woman was then brought to our house, which was at some distance, and down a bleak path; and Mr. S. and her son were obliged to hold her, till the doctor could arrive. It appeared that she had been attending this son in London, on a criminal charge made against him, the agitation of which had thrown her into the fits on their return. The doctor said that she would inevitably have perished, had she lain there only a short time longer. The next day my friend sent mother and son comfortably home to Hendon, where they were well known, and whence they returned him thanks full of gratitude. Now go, ye Pharisees of all sorts, and try if ye can still open your hearts and your doors, like the good Samaritan. This man was himself too brought up in a splendid mansion, and might have revelled and rioted in all worldly goods. Yet this was one of the most ordinary of his actions.

Dear N., I know I cannot delight you more than by repeating the praises of another friend:—so richly in this respect has heaven compensated me, for a thousand evils, in things of which even death cannot deprive me. (3)

P. S.—Among other suburban dwellers about London, I have omitted to mention in the course of this article, that Sir Thomas More lived at Chelsea; that Thomas Moore hummed a short time at Hornsey; and that Coleridge resides at Highgate, a “stroller with a book.”

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Don Juan. Cantos IX. X. XI.

[Concluded.]

WE ended our observations last week with the Noble Author's allusion to his Buonapartean deposition from the poetical supremacy of the day. He thus descants upon the similar vicissitudes of others, and the species of interregnum at present existing:—

Sir Walter reigned before me; Moore and Campbell
Before and after; but now grown more holy,
The Muses upon Sion's hill must ramble,
With poets almost clergymen, or wholly.

A formidable number of asterisks, accounting for the omission of a stanza and a half, follow, leaving us in an awful state of doubt in respect to these reverend contenders for the poetical diadem, which doubtless cannot be otherwise than exceedingly afflicting to Messrs. Millman and Croly. Various opinions are then mentioned:—

Some persons think that Coleridge hath the sway;
And Wordsworth hath supporters, two or three;
And that deep-mouthed Bæotian, “Savage Landor,”
Has taken for a swan rogue Southey's gander.

The Poet proceeds to speak of the minor fry of pretenders, but thinks little of them:

———— I should rate but low
Their chances;—they're too numerous, like the thirty
Mock tyrants, when Rome's annals waxed but dirty.

There is something exceedingly happy and forcible in the following simile. Who cannot recognise at first glance the Prætorian bands alluded to?—the hired assailants of every person and thing unshackled and independent; yet greedy, mutinous, and insolent; if not amply rewarded out of the spoil. As to the Author of *Don Juan* trying conclusions with them, no one can doubt the result of such a struggle in the field of intellect; but Lord Byron, or any one else, will never be able to encounter them in *any* field; it is not their business to fight openly; they are guerillas and bushfighters almost to a man. We need not point out the felicity with which the Poet has described the demure and unconscious simplicity of his Muse:—

This is the literary *lower* Empire,
Where the Prætorian bands take up the matter;—
A “dreadful trade,” like his who “gathers samphire,”
The insolent soldiery to soothe and flatter,

With the same feelings as you'd coax a vampire.
 Now, were I once at home, and in good satire,
 I'd try conclusions with those Janizaries,
 And show them *what* an intellectual war is.

I think I know a trick or two, would turn
 Their flanks;—but it is hardly worth my while
 With such small gear to give myself concern :
 Indeed I've not the necessary bile;
 My natural temper's really aught but stern,
 And even my Muse's worst reproof's a smile;
 And then she drops a brief and modern curt'sey,
 And glides away, assured she never hurts ye.

The fashionable life of Juan is thus detailed :—

His morns he passed in business—which dissected,
 Was, like all business, a laborious nothing,
 That leads to lassitude, the most infected
 And Centaur Nessus garb of mortal clothing,
 And on our sophas makes us lie dejected,
 And talk in tender horrors of our loathing
 All kinds of toil, save for our country's good—
 Which grows no better, though 'tis time it should.

His afternoons he passed in visits, luncheons,
 Lounging, and boxing; and the twilight hour
 In riding round those vegetable puncheons
 Called "Parks," where there is neither fruit nor flower
 Enough to gratify a bee's slight munchings;
 But after all, it is the only "bower"
 (In Moore's phrase) where the fashionable fair
 Can form a slight acquaintance with fresh air.

The dress, the dinner, and the crowded rout follow; and we cannot omit a short description of the circumstances attendant upon the latter, the occurrence of which in the last possible stage of inconvenience is said to produce extreme exultation in fashionable and high-born bosoms of the feminine gender :—

There stands the Noble Hostess, nor shall sink
 With the three-thousandth curt'sey; there the Waltz,
 The only dance which teaches girls to think,
 Makes one in love even with its very faults,
 Saloon, room, hall o'erflow beyond their brink,
 And long the latest of arrivals halts,
 'Midst royal dukes and dames condemned to climb,
 And gain an inch of staircase at a time.

The matrimonial and other speculation attendant upon fashionable intercourse is subsequently adverted to; but as we cannot afford a taste of everything, we hasten to the following caustic summary of the life and death of British young noblemen. There is wormwood in the ingredients, but is there not also truth?

They are young, but know not youth—it is anticipated;
 Handsome but wasted, rich without a sou;
 Their vigour in a thousand arms is dissipated;
 Their cash comes *from*, their wealth goes to a Jew;
 Both senates see their nightly votes participated
 Between the tyrant's and the tribunes' crew;
 And having voted, dined, drank, gamed, and whored,
 The family vault receives another lord.

The Poet then proceeds to moralize with great emphasis upon the transitory nature of earthly existence. He does not however ask, in the usual style of lackadaisical grandiloquence, what is become of defunct

empires, or of Babylon and Nineveh: the world of *eight* years past is alone reverted to:—

Where is Napoleon the Grand? God knows:
 Where little Castlereagh? The devil can tell:
 Where Grattan, Curran, Sheridan, all those
 Who bound the bar or senate in their spell?
 Where is the unhappy Queen, with all her woes?
 And where the Daughter, whom the Isles loved well?
 Where are those martyred Saints, the Five per Cents?
 And where—oh where the devil are the Rents!
 Where's Brummel? Dished. Where's Long Pole Wellesley? Diddled.
 Where's Whitbread? Romilly? Where's George the Third?
 Where is his will? (That's not so soon unriddled.)
 And where is "Fum" the Fourth, our "royal bird?"

We cannot give the whole of these pleasant queries, but the following are very mischievously happy:—

Where are the Greenvilles? Turned as usual. Where
 My friends the Whigs? Exactly where they were.

Nor the following:—

Some die, some fly, some languish on the Continent,
 Because the times have hardly left them *one* tenant.

Even "change is more changeable," exclaims the poet, pathetically:

Nought's permanent among the human race,
 Except the Whigs *not* getting into place.

Which of course is a climax. The poet proceeds in this moralizing strain to the end of the Canto, in the course of which he informs us that he has much more to relate of the adventures of Don Juan in this our "moral country":—

What Juan saw and underwent, shall be
 My topic, with of course the due restriction
 Which is required by proper courtesy;
 And recollect the work is only fiction,
 And that I sing of neither mine nor me,
 Though every scribe, in some slight turn of diction,
 Will hint allusions never meant. Ne'er doubt
This—when I speak, I *don't hint*, but *speak out*.

What those adventures are, however,

Is yet within the unread events of time.
 Thus far, go forth, thou Lay! which I will back
 Against the same given quantity of rhyme,
 For being as much the subject of attack
 As ever yet was any work sublime,
 By those who love to say that white is black.
 So much the better!—I may stand alone,
 But would not change my free thoughts for a throne.

So much for the Cantos of Don Juan which are about to appear, and to supply, like the Greek fire, the example of a flame which only burns the more clearly and fiercely for the dirty water that is thrown upon it. Scientifically speaking, we are told that there is much inflammability in water, and that it is rather by force than by humidity that a stream of it from an engine extinguishes a fire—in a word, that the fire is *dashed out*. We suspect that it is owing to a deep consideration of this theory, that a Learned Lord proceeds. Perceiving that the illumination of the press only burns the more brightly in consequence of the wretched tools or engines employed to keep it down, his Lordship is adopting the

Injunction, or *dashing-out* system. It will scarcely however be endured even so long as its introducer is likely to live; and when gathered to his fathers, how certainly that and much more of the same kind will follow him, is apparent to all men. In fact, this political and legal leviathan is like the single nail which is said once to have arrested the launch of a first-rate man of war. Every body shrugged up their shoulders at *such* an obstacle—an obstacle however it was, and when extracted, the magnificent fabric, thus insignificantly impeded, pursued calmly and majestically its destined course.

Popular Tales and Romances of the Northern Nations. In Three Vols.

"These tales," says the compiler of the present collection, "do not pretend to be a picture of human nature and human manners; they are either imitations of early traditions, or the traditions themselves, amplified by some modern writers, and must be judged of in reference to such origin. Stories of this nature form an important feature in the literature of the Germans, who seem to be the authenticated historians of Satan in all his varieties of name and attribute."

The foregoing brace of sentences in a few words so clearly conveys the extent of the expectation to be formed of these volumes, that we have quoted them to save a more circuitous explanation. If any way to be amended, it is in the mention of the early traditions themselves, of which we apprehend there are *none* that are not materially altered or amplified. The application of literature to the rude traditions of past times, is uniformly discernible; and although in some respects necessary to modern literary taste, we are not sure that the more direct source of interest is thereby improved. A comparative reality generally attends the ruder original notions, which are usually spiritualized away by the intrusions of more disciplined imaginations, and thus lose in a more absorbing power what they gain in fancy. We make this remark because we think it is in this respect the English reader will experience some disappointment. There are only one or two of these stories which chain down attention, although several of them dally agreeably enough in a species of mongrel fantasticality, peculiarly congenial to the Germans, who have parcelled out the province of ultra romance into a variety of departments, of the nice distinction between which the readers of other nations have but little conception. The following additional quotation from the Preface to these translations will serve to illustrate our meaning:—

"It must however be allowed that, with the Germans, fancy has had too much sway, for it has seldom been under the guidance of sound taste; and the consequence is, that the multitude of their original fictions is disgraced by the most barbarous absurdities. The same may, in some measure, be said of their modern romance, but at the same time the reader cannot fail to be delighted with the variety and richness of its inventions, *diablerie* with the Germans being as inexhaustible as the fairyism of the Eastern world. Sometimes it is presented to us under its most terrific forms; at others it appears, as in Musäus, under a light veil of irony, in a tone half jest, half earnest, and that is, indeed, its most beautiful form. Few tales are more pleasing than the Spectre Barber, one of the happiest illustrations of this class of writing, where a playful fancy sports with a fiction, that was at no distant time the delight and terror of the peasant's fireside. La Motte Fouqué, on the contrary, is altogether a magician of darkness, who loves to treat the wild and impossible as serious matters, but who always endeavours to draw from them some moral conclusions. Veit Weber, another great name of romance, builds his tales on the

dark times of chivalry, when the knights plundered the people with the sword, and the monks plundered the knights with the bible. Ottmar and Büsching are the antiquarians of romance, who have collected the scattered traditions of the peasantry, and retailed them to the world with little deviation from their originals. Madame Naubert is more akin in her genius to Musäus, though a spirit of an inferior order; her materials are generally of the light and playful kind; or, if not, she makes them so by the manner in which she works them up. Laun is the historian of ghost-stories, which have really occurred, but which have subsequently been found capable of rational explanation; a translation of three or four of his tales has lately been published by Ackermann; the work is well executed and affords much wholesome food for the over-credulous. Grimm is the collector of Nursery Tales, and as such is well known to the English reader. Lothar has a volume on the plan of Ottmar's, the most essential difference being its inferiority. On the same principle are two volumes of Popular Tales, published at Eisenach without the author's name, but many of them are exceedingly entertaining. Lebrecht and Tieck are the authors of many beautiful legends, but they have generally trusted to their own fancy instead of building themselves on ancient traditions. Backzo's legends are something in the manner of La Motte Fouqué, though neither so fanciful nor so original. But to detail all the volumes of German legend and romance would be to give a bookseller's catalogue; for, not only has Moravia, Silesia, Thuringia, and Austria, each its distinct legends, but every quarter of the Harz Mountains, east, west, north, and south, has its own exclusive terrors; and when to these are added the fictions of later writers, the catalogue swells beyond all reasonable limit."

The tales in this collection in some degree illustrate the information afforded in the extract, being chiefly collected from the authors therein mentioned; but, whatever the cause, with a few exceptions, we are of opinion their English garb will do very little towards their naturalization. Agreeably to what we have already observed, by far the best of them are those which depart least from the naked traditions which gave rise to them, such as the *Spanish Barber*, a very unsophisticated ghost story, which is narrated delightfully. A courtship of looks without intercourse, and exhibit of the intuitive correspondence of two youthful hearts left to self-consultation alone, and led by the purest sympathies into mutual dependance and constancy, is very beautifully described. Love taken in at the eyes is a much more common occurrence at a certain age than grave kind of people are disposed to imagine; and many an ardent flame burning in a female bosom, like the sepulchral lamp, silently and unheeded, illustrates the nature and delicacy of the portraiture of the fascinating Mela in this story. The humour also, though rich, is playful; and upon the whole it is preferable to all the rest. Of the same class, but of inferior materials, is the *Treasure Seeker*. The *Collier's Family*, the *Enchanted Castle*, and the *Field of Terror*, are also of this description, but of still lower pretensions; the last, if we mistake not, has already been Englished in the publication entitled the "Popular Tales of the Germans," and in Blackwood's Magazine.

The *Bottle Imp*, the *Magic Dollar*, the *Sorcerers*, and the *Fatal Marksman*, are of the class of stories which take their foundation in the universal European, and indeed Asiatic, superstition of sorcery under the idea of a treaty with Satan, who is uniformly described as a personage exceedingly disposed to trick simple people out of their souls by legal subterfuge, and quibbling with the letter against the spirit of law,—a disposition which, as it is *never* observed in lawyers, leads innocent people to wonder why this mysterious personage should be so universally regarded as their patron saint. In this sort of *diablerie*, as the translator justly observes, the Germans more particularly abound, and the tales we have mentioned contain some pleasant examples, but

none that excel several English and French sallies of imagination of a similar nature. Wit, epigram, and undisguised satire, to be sure, intrude too much upon fancy in the tales of our neighbours, and our own country superstitions, including those of Scotland and Ireland, are too drily conveyed in an unrelieved matter-of-fact manner, to vie with the wild eccentricity of the German story-tellers. Possibly, however, we may redeem ourselves in this respect, when we have sufficiently worked out a very tedious vein of maudlin story-telling, which possesses neither the freshness of nature, the brilliancy of fancy, nor the wild but pregnant German *bizarrie*—mental opiates, which partake of the good qualities of no description of romance, and which abound in the faults of them all.

Wake not the Dead is a Vampire tale, and possesses a ground plot for a superstructure of considerable interest; but it is dashed too much with the childish. A loving husband, after taking a second wife, is enabled by supernatural means to raise his first from the dead; but she returns a specious but beautiful bloodsucker or Goul. There is some force in this hideous conception, but it is trifled away. We hope it will not find its way to the stage, or it will be trifled away still further. As times go, however, it would make a taking melo-drama.

A very pretty fanciful story called *Elfin Land* is precisely the *Kilmeny* of the Ettrick Shepherd—(nothing new under the sun!) This and another called emphatically *The Tale*, skip from all fixation by reason or consecutiveness like quicksilver—especially the latter, which is too volatile for our apprehension, and too gaudy for our taste. We thought of the fair author of *Ada Reis*.

The *Erl King's Daughter* and the *Hoard of the Nibelunger* are examples of the elemental mythology; and of those loves between the spirits of "Fire, Air, Flood, and Underground," which are so pleasantly accounted for by the immortal Count de Gabalis of the Abbe Villers. The first of these stories has its merits. We suspect it is by La Motte Fouqué, being exceedingly *Undine*-ish.

Lastly, we have a selection of the sort of tales attributed in the Preface to *Veit Weber*, and these we like least of all; for with greater force and wilder imagination, they remind us of those sickly ghost and spectre stories of chivalric times, which inundated the English province of fiction, after the success of the Castle of Otranto, the Old English Baron, and the bold picturesque inventions of the gifted and modest Ann Radcliffe. One of these—we think it was called the *Phantoms of the Cloister*—we shall never forget: it described Colonel —— and family sitting down to tea in the reign of our Henry IV.!!!

We have before, either here or elsewhere, had occasion to observe, that boundless as the aerial regions of pure imagination appear, they are infinitely more circumscribed than the humbler *terra firma* of nature. Like the visible stars of the firmament, the ideas appear innumerable, and yet are readily counted. In this respect the purely imaginative writer resembles the modern aëronaut, who, although he leaves the earth, never gets clear of its atmosphere, and can soon tell the whole of his story. His colours are indeed more bright and vivid than those of other people, but as Pope said somewhat too severely of the Arabian Tales, they stand like the painting in an Indian screen, bright and glaring, but unshaded and unrelieved. A delicate and fel-

citous order of genius may occasionally blend them to the production of a beautiful effect; but as this class is rare, we must not wonder that if, as the Translator of the work before us asserts, we often run to pure fiction from the stern realities of life, so are we frequently disposed to grow weary of fairy-land, and fly back to poor draggled human nature for substantial mental enjoyment.

Q.

TABLE TALK.

The following letter is the production of a spirited English matron, the Countess of Nottingham, in the reign of James I. The King of Denmark alluded to was that King's uncle and brother-in-law. The education of women was comparatively strong in those days, and the result was often intellectually heroic and high-minded.

"SIR—I am very sorry this occasion should have been offered me by y^e kinge your master, w^{ch} makes me troublesome unto you for the present. It is reported unto me by men of honour the great wronge that y^e kinge your master hath done me, when I was not by to answer for myselve. For, if I had bene present, I would have let him knowe how much I scorne to receyve that wronge at his handes. I need not write the particulars of it, for the kinge himselve knoweth best. I protest to you, Sir, I did thinke as ho^{on}^{or} of the kinge your master as I did of any prince, but now I perswade myselve there is as much baseness in him as can be in any man; for, although he be a prince by birth, it seems not to me he harbours any princely thought in his brest, for, eyther in prince or subject, it is the basest part y^t can be to wrong any woman of honour: and I would the kinge your master should knowe that, I deserve as little the name he gave me as eyther the mother of himselve or of his childea. And, if I come to knowe what man hath informed your master so wrongfully of me, I shall doe my best to putt him from doing the like to any other, But if it hath come by the tongue of any woman, I dare say she would be gladd to have companions. And so, leaving to trouble you any further, I rest your friend,

(Hart. MSS. 787.) "MART. NOTTINGHAM."

Between the tomb of Dryden and the first pillar of the cross on which it stands, is an ancient stone of grey marble, on which, by the marks, appears to have rested the image of a man in armour. This covers the remains of ROBERT HAULE, who at the battle of Najara, in Spain, in the reign of Richard II., together with his comrade John Shakel, took prisoner the Earl of Denia, who, in order to raise money for his ransom, was set at liberty on leaving his son an hostage in the hands of his captain. Upon their coming to England, however, the Duke of Lancaster (John of Gaunt) demanded their prisoner for the King; but they refused to deliver him up without the ransom, and were therefore both committed to the Tower; whence escaping, they took sanctuary in Westminster Abbey. Sir Ralph Ferrers and Alan Buxal, the one Governor and the other Captain of the Tower, with fifty men, pursued them, and having by fair promises induced Shakel to surrender, they endeavoured to seize Haule by force, but the undaunted soldier made a desperate defence. The result of this unequal conflict was the death of the unfortunate warrior, who fell, overpowered by numbers, in the choir before the Prior's stall, with his dying breath commending himself to God, the avenger of wrongs. A servant of the abbey fell with him. This indecent fray took place on the 11th of August, 1378; and the result to the other prisoner proves that it gave no small cause for scandal. Shakel, it seems, was thrown into prison again in the first instance, but was soon afterwards released; when

the King and Council agreed to pay the ransom of his prisoner, five hundred marks, and to allow him one hundred marks *per annum*. Shakel was buried near the spot. The resistance of the servant of the abbey, and the honourable burial of Haule, shews that this infringement of a sanctuary arose out of a vigour beyond the law; and the anecdote shews the tenacity which ever has and ever ought to distinguish the English character, when roused by individual injustice. In political cases they are unhappily less tenacious, as Manchester impunity too clearly proves.

PARIS.—RECOLLECTIONS CONNECTED WITH SOME SPOTS IN THAT CITY.—The government which removed the tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau from the Pantheon, has purchased and is clearing the apocryphal baths of Julian, once lost in the rubbish of a cooper's shed of the Rue de la Harpe; thus at the same moment with petty vengeance pursuing the illustrious dead, and exemplifying how vain the effort to destroy the power, which, after centuries of calumny and wrong, yet hallows—even to the Bourbons—the cellar of an artisan. When will our mild rulers learn "*deorum injurias, diis curæ*," from the experience of the most subtle tyrant of antiquity? When will they cease to hope to compound for their own crimes by arrogating to themselves the vengeance of a God of mercy? But this is not Parisian anecdote. A Bishop of Winchester (Peter de Rupibus) of 1204 built here an *Hôtel de Vinchestre*, which, after passing through the corruptions of six centuries of French pronunciation, appears finally to have settled into *Bicêtre*. Here our Henry of Bolingbroke resided when the Archbishop of Canterbury (Fitzalan) son of the murdered E. of Arundel, brought him that invitation from the English nobles and citizens, which ended in the resignation of Richard II. and his own *election* to the throne. The Hôtel de Cluny is in the Rue des Mathurins: the principal apartment of the old palace is a cooper's shop, and the out-offices of a printing establishment are the rooms in which Charlemagne shut up two of his daughters. In the Rue Git-le-Cœur was a little palace built by Francis I.: it had a communication with the hôtel of the Duchesse d'Estampes: her "*salle de bain*" is now the stable of an auberge; and his "*petit salon de delices*," the kitchen of a hatter. The Rue des Mauvais Garçons (Rue des Boucheries) took its name from a sign; the other street of that name (Quartier de l'Hôtel de Ville) was originally the Rue de Chartron, but became de Rue de Craon, when the hotel of that family was built in it. Its present appellation is derived from the band of ruffian Angevins and Bretons, collected by Sir Peter de Craon to assassinate the Connétable de Clisson. To avoid suspicion, these desperadoes arrived in small parties at Paris, and remained concealed within the hotel, where arms and armour were prepared for them, till their number amounted to forty, when they were secretly joined by Sir Peter himself, about Whitsuntide, 1391. This nobleman had been dismissed the court of Charles VI. for betraying some love secrets of the Duc de Touraine to his Duchess; and ignorant of the real cause, he ascribed his disgrace to the malignant influence of Sir Oliver de Clisson: hence his hatred and projected vengeance.—The Feast of the Holy Sacrament was fixed on for its perpetration. The French Court was then held at the Hôtel de St. Pol, whose gardens stretched from

the Rue St. Antoine to the Seine; and so hearty was the company in the celebration of that feast, that in spite of their early hours it was one in the morning before the dancing had concluded. De Clisson, calling for his varlets, departed homewards to his palace behind the Temple. He rode merrily on, settling with his house-steward the scale of a dinner intended for the morrow; but in the Rue St. Catherine the ambush was laid: his attendants, to the number of eight—mere torch-bearers—fled, or were struck down. Sir Oliver, conceiving it to be some frolic of the Duc de Touraine, called out, "By my faith, my Lord, it is ill done; you make a jest of every thing;" but a well known voice replied—"Clisson, you must die—I am de Craon;" and his enemies closed on him. The old warrior did all that could be done by single-handed courage to turn the assassination into a combat; but he was surprised, with only half his sight left to him, defenceless and unarmed, save with the short sword then worn for ornament; and after receiving many wounds, one from behind struck him from his horse. His assailants deeming this conclusive, and alarmed at the continuance of the fray, rode with all speed for the Porte St. Antoine, and quitted Paris. But fortune befriended their victim: a baker, already at work, had opened the upper hatch of his door. Against this the Constable fell, and rolled into the shop. Thus saved from their farewell thrusts and the trampling of their horses, he was left severely but not seriously wounded. News was brought to the King, while retiring to rest; and in his *robe de nuit* he visited his favourite, and promised him revenge. In about six weeks, Clisson was again on horseback: but before that time many guilty and innocent, according to the fashion of the good old times, had perished for real or supposed participation. The chief criminal, however, escaped safely to Bretagne. Charles dishonoured the name, and rased the house, giving its site as a place of sepulture to the neighbouring church of St. John; and the people perpetuate his infamy by substituting the present title of the street. The dealers in judgments remarked, that if Sir Oliver de Clisson had not been so forward in depriving the city of Paris of its gates and barriers, and laying it thus at the foot of his master, the murderers, knowing the impossibility of escape from a warded town, would not have dared the attempt.

F.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*Dr. Burnett's Apology for Moses*" shall be inserted the first convenient day. Our Correspondent need not trouble himself to copy the Latin, since those curious persons who wish to compare the translation with the original, would prefer looking to the book itself.

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THE INDICATOR.

No. LXXXII.

There he arriving, round about doth fly,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye,
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.—SPENSER.

ON THE LATIN POEMS OF MILTON.

It is not the object of this article to compare Milton with others who have excelled in modern Latin poetry. I am not sufficiently conversant either with the writers themselves, or the niceties of Latin composition. At the same time, I am so far able to judge of the amount of the poetry which they contain as to make no hesitation in declaring, first, that Milton in these early productions announced a greater genius than is to be found in any of his Latin rivals; and secondly, that if those writers had had any thing like a great poetical faculty, they would have been led by the same instinct as Milton and Ariosto, to abandon poetical composition in the Latin language. Petrarch, because Oriental literature was then being dug up, wrote a Latin epic, which nobody reads; but the instinct of that divine poet led him to use his native tongue, when he came to the most heartfelt and most renowned of his compositions. If it is impossible for so ordinary a scholar as I am to be a competent critic of Latin, it is no less impossible for the greatest scholars to be perfect writers of it. Their style must either be made up of centos,—must either be little else but so much authorized patchwork,—or neither the critic nor themselves can be sure that it is correct. If it is not so compounded, it merely translates their native words into Latin, and renders the style a jargon, fit only for Macaronic verses. In either case, a great poet, who desires above all men to vent his impulses in a manner the most powerful and the most sure of its power, will not long endure to be in such a state of doubt and dependence: and therefore when we hear of the great poets that Buchanan, Fracastorius, and others would have been, had they not unfortunately written in Latin, we may rest assured, that it was the most fortunate thing they could do. If they had had the impulse, they would have obeyed it. The Italian poems of Fracastorius, and even of Sannazarius, are worth little. They are both of them greater men, or appear such, than Fracastoro and Sannazzaro. The Latin poetry of Vincent Bourne has grace and tenderness, and might not have looked so well in English. But this is because a covering of this sort, in matters comparatively trivial, veils a certain weakness, without

concealing what is good. Common-places appear less common in an extraordinary language.

Milton's Latin poetry is the only modern compromise with centos and ancient phrases, which I could ever read with attention. The reason is, not that it is better Latin, or less compounded (for in fact it is an imitation of Ovid's style, heightened here and there by Claudian, or rather by his own natural love of stately and sonorous words) but that it contains greater thoughts. "Lord Monboddo pronounces his first epistle to Deodati to be equal to any thing " of the elegiac kind to be found in Ovid, or even in Tibullus." For my part, I prefer his Latin poetry, as poetry, to any thing in the miscellaneous productions of Ovid, Tibullus, or any other Latin writer, except Catullus. If I am not to have as good poetry as this in the shape of doubtful Latin verses, I prefer the Macaronics of Dr. Geddes at once, or of Drummond of Hawthornden, if he had not been gross.

"Thick shortus sed homo, cui nomen credo Bevellus,
Up-startans medio."

I wish I could recollect more of the Doctor's verses. Here is a taste of Drummond :—

"Hic aderant Geordy Akinhedius, et little Johnnus,
Et Jamy Richæus, et stout Michel Hendersonus,
Qui jolly tryppas ante alios dansare solebat,
Et bobbare bene, et lassas kissare bonæas;
Duncan Olyphantus, valde stalvartus; et ejus
Filius eldestus jolly boyus, atque oldmondus,
Qui pleughiam longo gaddo dryvare solebat,
Et Rob Gib, wantonus homo, atque Oliver Hutchin."

But he becomes atrociously Scotch, as he proceeds. Cowley, whose Latin poetry Dr. Johnson wished to prefer to Milton's, has passages of triumphant English; as Warton has pointed out in his observations on the poems before us. They would have made a Roman split his sides; yet I prefer their wilful and sprightly contempt of their own learned Patois before any Latin poetry inferior to Milton's. I cannot even see an objection of any sort to the line, which Warton quotes from a passage he otherwise admires as containing "a party worthy of the pastoral pencil of Watteau."

Hauserunt avidè Chocolatam Flora Venusque.
Venus and Flora busy sat,
Taking cups of chocolate.

I know not the context. The passage is in his Latin poem upon plants, which was translated by Mrs. Behn and others.

What I propose in the present Indicator is merely to shew the English reader, as well as I am able, how completely the Latin Milton answers to the English: how suitable the conceptions of the young Latin poet are to those of the author of *Lycidas* and *Penseroso*, and consequently of the future author of the *Paradise Lost*. Occasion will be taken by the way to notice some circumstances of his private life, which do not appear in the ordinary biographies.

The first piece is the epistle above-mentioned, addressed to his friend Deodati. It is called an elegy, because it is written in couplets of unequal length. Elegy did not then imply a melancholy subject; which I notice, because it may serve as an answer to a question of Dr. Johnson's; who wonders why Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, in his *Essay on Poetry*,

calls Waller's *Panegyric on Cromwell*, and Denham's *Cooper's Hill*, elegies. The reason seems to be, because they considered any short poem, written with great care, in heroic lines, and upon a serious though not of necessity a melancholy subject, as a near approach to what the ancients intended when they wrote elegy. Ovid, in his personification of *Elegy* (*Amorum Lib. 3, v. 7.*) appears to have regarded her in a light rather sprightly than otherwise, altogether given up to love; and describes her hair as perfumed. However, he afterwards found occasion to be very elegiacal and unhappy. Most of the Roman elegies are on love subjects. Milton intermingles funereal subjects and festive. Gray, as well as Hammond and Grainger, the translators of Tibullus, probably thought the measure in which the poem on the Country Church-yard is written, to have some resemblance to the alternate *look* of the Latin elegy; but Gray was too good a scholar to give it that name, solely on account of its subject. At the same time, I believe, it is a question whether the Greeks did not consider all elegy as sorrowful. But I am digressing too far.

Deodati was a young physician, of Italian origin, who had been Milton's school-fellow, and was fondly beloved by him up to the period of his early death; as we shall see presently. The present poem is an acknowledgment of a letter he had received from his friend out of Cheshire, and informs him how he was passing his time in London. A passage at the commencement has rendered it doubtful, whether Milton was not then spending a *forced* or even runaway vacation from his College studies; but be this as it may, it unequivocally expresses his contempt of Cambridge instructors and Cambridge fields. "A naked country," says he, "that denies us our gentle shades, how unfitting is such a place for poets!" He proceeds to say, how delighted he is with his books; and that when he is tired with study, he goes to the theatre to enjoy tragedies and comedies. The look of the inside of the house, filled with spectators, is finely painted in the phrase of "*sinuosi pompa theatri*"—the pomp of the bosomy theatre. His father, he says, has got a house in the suburbs, near a grove of elm-trees; where he is often treated with the sight of companies of young ladies passing along—" *Virgineos choros*." He is in all the raptures of a young poet and collegian with their beautiful figures, faces, hairs, and complexions; and calls upon a long Miltonic list of ancient heroines to give up the palm, including those

Who took the wandering Jupiter.

Furthermore, Paphos and Gnidus are to be nothing like London; and all the handmaid stars who wait upon "the Endymionian Goddess" are to withdraw their sparkling pretensions. The learning is young and over done, but mingled with the dawn of the great poet. At the same time, he announces the severity of watch which he kept over himself, by saying that he must take care of "the halls of Circe."

The second elegy is a short copy of verses on the death of one of the University Beadles: yet in this trifle upon a College officer, whose "station" he compares to Mercury, "new lighted" in one of Homer's halls, he has contrived to introduce a personification of Death, worthy of his maturest imagery. Death, with the Romans, was a pale female. Our young poet calls her *magna sepulchrorum regina*—"the great queen of sepulchres." One's imagination conceives her reigning amidst

a ghastly multitude of tombs, under a black sky. Perhaps he had an eye to the city of sepulchres in Dante.

Elegy the third is on the death of Launcelot Andrews, Bishop of Winchester. Death takes a gentler aspect here, and is prettily asked why she is not content with her power over the woods and the birds—with withering away the lily and the rose. There is an elegant couplet at v. 47.

Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis.

Through the odorous wealth of leaves,
His way the West Wind gently weaves;
A wind, that as he moves, reposes—
Born midst a thousand dewy roses.

Warton's high-church principles have made him write a note on this elegy, not very judicious. He says, that Milton, *as he grew old in Puritanism*, must have looked back with disgust and remorse on the panegyric of this performance, as on one of the sins of his youth, inexperience, and orthodoxy: for he had here celebrated, not only a bishop, but a bishop who supported the dignity and constitution of the Church of England in their most extensive latitude, the distinguished favourite of Elizabeth and James, and the defender of royal prerogative. Clarendon says, that if Andrews, "who loved and understood the Church," had succeeded Bancroft in the see of Canterbury, "that infection would easily have been kept out, which could not afterwards be so easily expelled."—Yes; but not because Andrews was so mightily attached to "royal prerogative," but because in fact he was less so than Archbishop Laud. Johnson, in his life of Waller, relates of this Bishop Andrews, that one day when James asked the Bishop of Durham and him, "whether he could not take his subjects money when he wanted it without all this formality of parliament?" the Bishop of Durham readily answered, "God forbid, Sir, but you should: you are the breath of our nostrils." Whereupon the King turned, and said to the Bishop of Winchester, "Well, my lord, what say you?"—"Sir," replied the Bishop, "I have no skill to judge in parliamentary cases." The King answered, "No put-offs, my lord; answer me presently." "Then, Sir," said he, "I think it is lawful for you—to take my brother Neale's money; for he offers it." This is not like the man whom Milton would love least of the bishops, or Tories the most. As to Milton's "growing old in Puritanism," it is certain that he did not; whatever the opinions might have been in which he did grow old. A new class of dissenters, now legalized, boast of the Unitarian look of his *Paradise Regained*; but "more remains behind." "The theological sentiments of Milton," says Mr. Todd, "are said to have been often changed; from Puritanism to Calvinism; from Calvinism to an esteem for Arminius; and finally, from an accordance with Independents and Anabaptists, to a dereliction of every denomination of Protestants. From any heretical peculiarity of opinion he was free." (How does he know that?) "Dr. Newton considers him as a *Quietist*, full of the interior of religion, though he so little regarded the exterior. Dr. Johnson observes, that he grew old without any visible worship; but that he lived without prayer, can hardly be affirmed: his studies and meditations were an habitual prayer." (This is fine.) "From a remark of Toland," continues Mr. Todd, "that in the latter part of his life

Milton frequented none of the assemblies of any particular sect of Christians, nor made use of their particular rites in his family, have arisen assertions without proofs, that 'he did not use any religious rite,' and that 'he never used prayer in his family.' I am inclined to believe, that he, who in his divine poem, &c." What the Reverend Mr. Todd is inclined to believe, is surely not the question. The probability is, that Milton, like many other men of inquiring, independent, and philosophic spirits, found less and less reason to be dogmatic, as he advanced in life; that the native vigour of his mind kept him still inquiring and still independent; that he believed as much as possible of whatever the natural piety of his youth and of his poetry believed; and finally, that he "waited," in something like the Quietism that is attributed to him, "the great teacher Death." Milton, who was in every corner of his mind as decided and practical a Reformer as can be conceived, has had an erroneous reputation fastened upon him by the theology of his epic poem.

I find little to notice in the long elegy that follows, except the conclusion. It is an epistle to his friend and former preceptor, Thomas Young, a dissenting minister of eminence, to comfort him in his absence from England. Its prophecies of restoration and honour were verified. Milton was now eighteen. He was only a year younger when he recorded the pastoral virtues of the Bishop of Winchester; yet we now find him zealous for the Puritans; and calling Charles the First and his troublesome wife, Ahab and Jezebel. The poet rises at the conclusion into a noble sketch of the præternatural discomfiture of Benhadad, King of Syria: upon which passage the reader will indulge me in quoting a note by Warton, a commentator with whom it is pleasant to agree. After noticing Milton's comparison of his friend with Elijah wandering over the deserts, "to avoid the menaces of Ahab and the violence of Jezebel," he says, that the poet "selects a most striking miracle, under which the power of the Deity is displayed in Scripture as a protection in battle, with reference to his friend's situation, from the surrounding dangers of war.—See 2 Kings, c. vii, v. 5. For the Lord had made the host of the Syrians to hear a noise of chariots and a noise of horses, even the noise of a great host," &c. In the sequel of the narrative of this wonderful consternation and flight of the Syrians, the solitude of their vast deserted camp affords a most affecting image. 'We came to the camp of the Syrians, and behold there was no man there, neither voice of man; but horses tied, and asses tied, and the tents as they were.' Ibid. vii. 9. *This is like a scene of enchantment in romance.*" See Warton's edition of the Minor Poems of Milton. The passage in the Elegy is as follows:—

"At tu sume animos: nec spes cadat anxia curis,
Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.
Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,
Intentatque tibi millia tela necem,
At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,
Dæque tuo cuspis nulla crouore bibit.
Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus;
Ille tibi custos, et pugil ille tibi:
Ille, Sionæ qui tot sub mænibus arcis
Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros;
Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritadas oras
Misit ab antiquis præceps Damascus agris: .

Terruit et densas pavidò cum rege cohortes,
 Aere dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,
 Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
 Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum,
 Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentùm.
 Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virum."

But thou be bold: let not thy hopes give way,
 Nor one discolouring thought shake with dismay:
 For though there came about thee all the alarms
 Of war, and earnestness of greedy arms,
 Not one should touch thine innocence; not one
 Harm the dear life, whose duty has been done.
 Lo, the great buckler of the radiant Lord!
 He shall thy guardian be, and he thy sword:
 He, who at night-time, at their silent post,
 Melted the hearts of that Assyrian host,
 And scared away from the Sionian hold
 All who came thronging from Damascus old.
 The pallid king with his thick cohorts, he
 Bow'd into flight and black perplexity;
 For o'er their heads the invisible trumpet blew
 In the clear air, and the dust lived and flew,
 And the earth shook with hoofs, and there came by
 The quake of chariots driven, and the cry
 Of horses rushing to the war, and rain
 Of iron blows, and the dark roar of men.

The neighing horses rushing to battle, remind me of a fine adjuration in Sale's Koran;—"By the horses that rush to battle *with a panting noise*."

Elegy the fifth, on the arrival of Spring, was written two years after, when he was twenty. Warton says of it—"In point of poetry, sentiment, selection of imagery, facility of versification, and Latinity, this elegy, written by a boy, is far superior to one of Buchanan's on the same subject, intitled *Maia Calendæ*." He might have added, and to one of Statius, at least in point of poetry. The thought about the nightingale, and the new leaves that she has acquired (*adoperta*), which Warton admires, is from our poet's favorite story of Cambuscan in Chaucer:—

"Jam, Philomela, tuos, foliis adoperta novellis,
 Instituis modulos, dum silet omne nemus."

Now that thou hast got new leaves,
 Philomel, thy heart receives
 Comfort new; and does again
 Take the still woods with a strain.

"Ful lusty was the wether and benigne,
 For which the fowles, again the sunny shene,
 What for the season and *the yongè grone*,
 Ful loudè songen her affectiöns:
 Hem semed han *getten* hem protectiöns
 Again the sword of winter, kene and cold."

In the following luxuriant passage, our author gives way to all the natural impulses of youth and poetry:—

Jam Sol Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
 Flectit ad Arciöas aurea lora plagas.
 Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ,
 Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.
 Jamque Lycaonius, plaustrum celeste, Boötes
 Non longè sequitur fessus ut ante viâ:

Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto
 Excubias agitant sidera rara polo;
 Nam dolus, et cædes, et vis cum nocte recessit,
 Neve giganteum Dii timuere scelus.
 Fortè aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,
 Roscida cùm primo sole rubescit humus,
 "Hac," ait, "hac certè caruisti nocte puellâ,
 Phœbe, tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos."
 Læta suas repetit silvas, pharetramque resumit
 Cynthia, luciferas ut vidit alta rotas;
 Et tenues ponens radios, gaudere videtur
 Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.
 "Desere," Phœbus ait, "thalamos, Aurora, seniles;
 Quid juvat effæto procubuisse toro?
 Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herbâ;
 Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet."
 Flava verecundò dea crimen in ore fatetur,
 Et matutinos ociùs urget equos.
 Exiit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam,
 Et cupit amplexus, Phœbe, subire tuos;
 Et cupit, et digna est: quid enim formosius illâ,
 Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,
 Atque Arabum spirat menses, et ab ore venusto
 Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis.

Now the sun from the swart plains
 Of Æthiopia turns his reins;
 Turns his reins of golden light,
 That shake away our northern night.
 Night is briefer; brief the shade
 By her hastening exile made.
 Boötes with his heavenly wain
 Ploughs not now his way with pain;
 Nor do Jove's night-watching stars
 Shake so thick their earnest hairs.
 Murder, craft, and violence,
 With the dark night get them hence;
 The gods repose in peace; nor fear
 Any giant wanderer.
 Haply, as he tends his flock,
 Some blithe shepherd on his rock,
 When the dewy ground is red
 With the peep of Phœbus' head,
 Greets the God, and says, "O Sun,
 This night thou must have slept alone:
 No lady by thy side hadst thou,
 Or day had not been here by now."
 Dian now delights to see
 Her brother come so speedily
 Rolling up his wheels of light;
 And from her tresses doth undight
 Her slenderer beams, and takes her darts
 To look in woods for silver harts.
 "Leave, Aurora," Phœbus cries,
 "Leave the bed where old age lies:
 What imports a bed that cheats thee?
 Lo, the Æolian huntsman waits thee,
 Waits thee midst the flowery thyme;
 Rise, and light thy cheeks with him."
 The golden goddess's sweet face
 Lights at once, and comes apace.
 Earth meanwhile, more blest than old
 Tithonus, casts her ancient mould,
 And, restored to youth, desires,
 Phœbus, to undergo thy fires;

Desires, and doth deserve; for who
 Is fitter to make love unto,
 Opening, as she does, a bosom,
 Where a thousand luxuries lose 'em,
 While she breathes to him she meets
 Harvests of Arabian sweets,
 And from her delicious mouth
 Pours a flood of breathing youth,
 Spicy airs with roses mixt,
 And a dewy kiss betwixt.

It was passages perhaps of this description, that induced Salmasius to make a true Frenchman's mistake, and accuse Milton of being a debauchee, because he had the voluptuousness of a poet. But such mistakes are natural to critics in all countries. The author of *Hints to a Young Reviewer* says, "We shall often have occasion to object to the propriety of Mr. Milton's amatory notions." There is a beautiful couplet at v. 115, which will be particularly touching to those who have been at sea, and know how fond a sailor is of singing at his watch.

Navita nocturno placat sua sidera cantu,
 Delphinasque leves ad vada summa vocat.
 The sailor tilts at night along,
 Soothing his rude stars with a song,
 And calls the dolphins tenderly
 To the surface of the sea.

The grampuses, which are supposed by some, with great probability, to be the true ancient dolphin, really seem at night time, when they rise about a vessel, as if they felt a kind of intercourse with those who regard them. I will observe, by the way, to those who may happen to have Warton and his scholarship in hand, that I have not thought proper to follow him in his interpretation of the word *digna*, at v. 57. It is assuredly one of the few instances in which he suffers the vanity of learning to overcome his taste. I cannot refer to the passage he quotes from Cicero; but when *dignus* is taken more specifically in a sense like the one he alludes to, it must still be in the general one of *comely* and *becoming*, implying the beauty fittest for the occasion and the sex: and in the present instance, even this refinement is unnecessary. It is clear enough by the context, that Milton simply means to say, that the Earth is *worthy* of the love of Phœbus, for he proceeds to give the reason:—"Quid enim formosius," &c. Had he intended *digna* to mean *beautiful* instead of *deserving*, this logical formula, if not erroneous, would at least have wanted the strength and nature that it now strikes us with. Yet it must be allowed, that Milton, at no time, was above an ultra-refinement, if classical. At v. 122, is an idle conceit from Ovid. Sylvanus is called

Semicapæque deus, semideusque caper.
 Divinity and half-goat he,
 Goat and half-divinity.

This is the

Half-bull man, and half-man bull
 of Ovid's Minotaur.

Semibovemque virum, semivirumque bovem.

The next elegy is a second epistle to Deodati in answer to some

verses his friend had sent him during a Christmas merry-making. Deodati had apologized for the poorness of them, and pleaded the levity of the season. Milton thinks them not only good, but says it is no wonder that such good verses should result from the triple inspiration of Apollo, Ceres, and Bacchus. He proceeds, with a philosophy worthy of the universality of a poet's mind, to pay due honour to geniuses of a festive character; but adds, that for those who meditate still higher strains, a greater degree of temperance is undoubtedly necessary; and then informs his friend, that as to himself, he has been writing a Christmas song of a very serious character, a poem upon an infant God, and of angelic companies "modulating in the æther." He alludes to that noble production, prophetic of all his genius, the Ode on the Nativity.

The subject of Elegy the 7th and last, written at nineteen, is interesting. Our young poet has fallen in love with an unknown lady; and complains, in terms that have been thought expressive of a very serious passion, of not being able to meet with her a second time. The last couplet but one is passionate.

Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme, furores:
Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans.

Rid me, Love, of this fierce lot!
Yet forsooth—nay, rid me not!
Though I know not how it be,
Lovers feel sweet misery.

However, he soon forgot the lady in his books. The Elegies are closed with a postscript, in which he boasts that his return to Socrates and the groves of Academe (College, to wit) delivered him from flames and darts, and enabled him to gird himself about with "much ice." He adds, with a fine exaggerated feeling of the robust part of his character, that Venus even feared a new wound from him, like the one she received from Diomed. A long time after, however, in one of his prose works, Milton looks back upon his early attachment to the elegiac poets with "eyes of youth."—"Others," he says, speaking of his favourite authors, "were the smooth Elegiac poets, whereof the schools are not scarce; whom, both for the pleasing sound of their numerous writing, which in imitation I found most easy, and most agreeable to nature's part in me; and for their matter, *which what it is, there be few who know not*, I was so allured to read, that no recreation came to me better welcome." In Milton's spirit Diomed and Venus were reconciled.

[The remainder of the Latin poems, which comprehend his finest ones, in our next.]

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Memoirs of a Young Greek; or Madame Pauline Adelaide Alexandre Panam versus the Reigning Prince of Saxe Coburg.

We sent for the work headed as above, in that agreeable state of curiosity which is produced by the expectation of a hearty repast of scandal, and have been most grievously disappointed. Not that a relishing quantity of the desirable article in question is not to be found in it, but that in point of fact it is a dull and common-place story, exceedingly similar to that blessed episode in English history, supplied by the loves of a Royal Mark Antony and a Cleopatra under the guise and denomination of one Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke, to whom, in point of intrigue and restlessness, we suspect our young Greek bears no slight resemblance. Suppose we furnish a brief outline of her tale.

Madame Pauline Adelaide Alexandre Panam is no otherwise a Greek, than as her father was one, being a refugee from Smyrna, when the Turks massacred its Greek inhabitants in their usual amiable manner in the year 1780. Possessed of the secret of giving a red dye to cotton, he established a manufactory at Marseilles, and prospered until the era of the Revolution, at which time he was overtaken by adversity, and sickened and died, leaving a widow, two daughters, and a son. The youngest of the former was our heroine, a young lady who, at the age of fourteen, "possessed that character of countenance by which the daughters of Greece are so easily distinguished; and those well-turned black eyes and large eyelashes which characterise the women of Chios and Smyrna: a sort of beauty which is not met with in Europe, and the piquant peculiarity of which, not perhaps its superiority, is seldom disputed."

Circumstances unnecessary to mention brought the family where, in the absence of their mother, the two sisters received a card for a ball, where our beautiful heroine of fourteen met "with a tall young man, whose head, a little inclined, was covered with black hair naturally curled," who did her the honour to pay her marked attention, and to chat with her for a long time. It was the Duke of Saxe Coburg. We borrow the following additional description of this Adonis of Princes:—

"His step was noble; his figure and appearance handsome and elegant; his conversation a little constrained but fashionable; it betrayed assurance rather than facility, confidence rather than ease. I observed, without pain, the earnestness with which several persons followed him with their eyes; I was flattered with the attentions which he paid to me alone.

"A lively curiosity, joined to a slight feeling of vanity, were the only impressions of vanity which remained after I saw the Prince. He praised my vivacity, gracefulness, and gaiety; I ventured to banter him with all the giddiness of my age. He wished to know my name: indiscreet friends informed him of it. He soon found out my residence, and in three days after came to see us."

It is easy to anticipate the result of an intercourse of this nature, between persons so circumstanced. After some very lack-a-daisical

French writing, it is made to terminate in a proposal on the part of the Duke to remove his young and beautiful conquest to Coburg, to which place, with the consent of her mother, she proceeds disguised as a blushing boy. From that moment her troubles commence; her first shock is produced by the wretched state of the Palace of Coburg, in which "the rats they ran in, and the rats they ran out," as might be imagined of that best of all possible abodes, the Castle of Thunder-tentronch in *Candide*. Here all sorts of troubles and difficulties follow: a young creature is suddenly transplanted from the vivacity and gaiety of Paris, to a lumbering German gothic residence, destitute of every sort of comfort and convenience, and deprived of all congenial society, except the occasional visits of her princely protector himself; who is described, like most handsome princes, as infinitely more engrossed with himself than with other people. What follows, is still more serious; the Duke is accused of quitting Coburg for a time, and leaving the victim of his passion in a state of pregnancy, yet in absolute want of the necessaries of life; and the Duchess Dowager, his mother, is made, in some degree, a participator in his inhumanity. We hesitate not to assert, that judging from the nature of the circumstances, the quoted correspondence, and other data, we altogether distrust this account. That our young adventurer might be egregiously deceived, and treated in a manner altogether opposed to her golden dreams or expectation, is probable enough. That his Serene Highness might display an immense portion of selfish and serene indifference to this disappointment, is equally probable; but we hesitate to believe that he could allow a woman, so situated, to remain without the necessaries of life. In fact, we do not believe it, on the assertion of this lady, opposed as it is to her subsequent conduct, and all manner of probability. His brother, his mother, and all his subjects in his august capital of Coburg knew of this affair, and the whispered scandal at so much barbarity could scarcely have been endured. A child is born in the midst of this alleged distress, and the Duke and his mistress are reconciled, but their agreement lasts a short time only. After quitting Coburg, and residing some time at Frankfort, the Duke again quits her and her offspring, without providing adequate support, and distress ensues a second time. She returns to Coburg, to the infinite dismay of her lover and the Duchess Dowager, where, "for a whole month, this spectacle of a woman *dying* with her child and her mother, remained under the eyes of the Prince, and under the windows of his palace," until she is finally banished with a *nominal* pension of 3,000 livres—for we are told it was never paid. We quote—

At such a time, and in such a country, I consented, and signed the deed, insufficient as the sum was; and I took my departure. A prolonged insult accompanied our route; the subalterns, the worst and most cruel of all tyrants, had been charged to avenge the Prince; they acquitted themselves marvellously well. I was refused food; I was ill-treated; they would have almost killed my child in my arms if they had not feared the anger of a mother, and if I did not fly to defend him several times, at the risk of my own life.

Yet the correspondence of these extraordinary lovers is shortly after renewed at Dresden, where all sorts of capricious jealousy, despotism, niggardliness, and selfishness on the side of the Duke, are again detailed. The mother and child are once more abandoned, and a person who lodged them, writing to Coburg for the amount of their sustenance,

is informed by the lover and father that they are vagabonds and spies of Bonaparte, known to nobody, and that the best thing he could do would be to "turn them out." Is this probable, reader—what think you?

But this is not all: the Allies came to Frankfort, and the Duke in their company; and our now exasperated heroine assails all his connexions, and among the rest the Archduke Constantine, his brother-in-law; on which the alarmed Prince dispatches his mistress and son to Vienna, under the care of a Baron Fichler, who is absolutely charged with holding a commission to murder them, by upsetting the chaise. This scheme not succeeding, they are left wounded in a miserable cabin, the inhabitants of which are employed to poison them. We once more quote:

I observed the proceedings of these cruel wretches, and I saved his life and my own. Sometimes a cream carefully prepared, and greenish at the top, was given me; sometimes a glass of camomile, the edge of the vessel betraying, by its brownish colour, the *resin of opium*, which the barbarians had mixed with it: sometimes bitter coffee, the first drop of which burned my lips; sometimes cheese made up with art enough to conceal the *sulphate of magnesia*, which it contained; the chocolate, the bouillon, every thing they gave me, was intended to infuse death into my veins. Did I ask for milk? This and oil were the only things which my hostess could not find in the village. I pretended that I did not know one word of German, and I heard them (I shudder even now to think of it) consulting on the means of getting rid of me.

Any body may credit our beautiful Greek who is so disposed. The Baron Fichler and his wife subsequently endeavour to dispatch her in poisoned wine, but she escapes miraculously, as usual. Other attempts at murder are related with the coolest circumstantiality; but, like Macbeth, Madame Panam bore "a charmed life," and escapes these and all similar kinds of horrors, an Italian doctor included.

The sequel of the narrative is the most amusing part of it. Our beautiful Greek becomes an important personage* at the Congress of Vienna. Prince Metternich interested himself in a negotiation, the object of which was to induce her to give up her child, to whom he pledged his protection in addition to that of his father; but Madame Pauline would not agree, although a provision is to be guaranteed both by him and the Duke of Richelieu, and the boy to be *be-Counted*, and sent to college, and educated suitably to *his rank*. At Paris the Duke of Richelieu subsequently negotiates similar proposals, both in regard to the youth and to certain letters and documents which it is naturally wished to get from this determined lady; but without precisely disclosing her ultimate object, she either rejects them all, or her price for silence is not come up to—we cannot tell which. The result, however, is this publication.†

When we compared this lady to Mrs. Clarke, we had our eyes upon certain alleged transactions at Vienna. In fact Madame Panam, still young and beautiful, and the Coburg fracas, seem to have excited

* A singular episode in the history of the Settlement of Europe. It is curious to witness the application of the diplomatic phraseology to the rectification of this important fracas between a Prince and mistress. The assurances of "*perfect consideration*," in particular, are singularly droll. These are the men (our own Castle-reagh was one of them) who, with hearts like icicles, can "kiss away their hands in courtesy."

† Madame Panam is now in Paris,

a similar sensation among the diplomatists and others at Vienna, to that produced by the British heroine in the House of Commons. Prince Esterhazy and Lord Stewart are among the number who began by pitying, and ended with offers of *service and personal homage*. All this is very *Clarkeish*, and still more so the exposure of them by the fascinating tempter. Could any sort of confidence be placed in productions which arise out of the amiable resentment of ladies like Mary Anne and Pauline, some of the Vienna passages would entertain; but as no one can answer for such *fanfarronade*, we refrain. There is a sort of injustice in scattering passages on the credit of an individual whose general veracity it is impossible for a moment to trust. Besides, the book may be consulted.

Our real opinion of this singular farrago is, that the young Greek, dazzled with rank and what is called sovereignty, had no notion in the outset of the straitened resources of this class of petty princes, and in consequence entertained notions of diffusion which were no way adapted to German ideas of left-handed love and economy. A letter with an enclosure from Prince Leopold, partly conveys this fact, which is illustrated by a variety of passages in the sublime correspondence quoted. We suspect the Duke could detail a few other amiable weaknesses, but let that pass. It is quite clear, that his fair enemy has very foolishly opposed the welfare of her child, and published accusations which no one in the world can literally believe. The Duke of Coburg may be a most ungenerous Prince and Lady-killer, but he certainly cannot be what these memoirs describe him to be. The fudgy, vague, indefinite style too, is more suspicious with us, than was "the cream carefully prepared and greenish at the top," to the fair object it was so bunglingly intended to convey into another world,

The great sanction to the publication of this glorious production is alleged to be from the pen of that extraordinary courtier, prince, and Epigrammatist, the aged Prince de Ligne, now no more; it certainly bears marks of his manner; and as such being curious, we give it below*. We would not be scandalous, but we cannot help regarding

* EXTRACTS FROM THE ANSWER OF LE MARECHAL P. DE L****.

TO MADAME ALEXANDRE PANAM.

As the grandchild of a certain number of chevaliers, I would say to you, Spare Princes—do not publish. As a friend, I would intreat you to publish.

It is fortunate to be born a Prince; good sense and humanity have their privileges also. Every honest and feeling man would be touched by your misfortunes; he would silence the interests of his rank, overlook its prejudices, and its *esprit de Corps*, and would say to you, "Yes, Madame, philosophy, humanity, your interest, and the instruction of the powerful of the earth, demand the publication of your Memoirs."

If like so many other women, you had only filled in a German Court the station of mistress—if, deprived of this occupation, you sought to complain against a dismissal, which you might consider unjust, my language would be different.

If even, a new La Valliere, captivated by the splendour of rank, you had too easily have yielded your heart to the seductions of a faithless Prince, I would have pitied you; but at the same time I would have recommended you to adhere to that silent and modest grief which so well becomes your sex and your fine mind.

But the case is different. When you were taken away from your country, you were neither arrived at that maturity of sense or of years, when the attractions of life begin to be appreciated.

Had I supposed the Prince guilty only of ingratitude and fickleness, I know not if my heart would have forgiven you the complete revelation of his faults.

the following epistle, as affording some sort of explanation of it. To be sure, Madame Panam describes him as a venerable parent to her; such being the case, we conclude by giving this billet (there are one or two more of them) as an example of the style paternal:—

Vienna, August 2, 1814.

Beautiful Pauline, so far as I see; dear Pauline, so far as I feel; adorable Pauline, so far as I believe; send me your letter for Trogoff if you wish. Although to bid you adieu, even for a few days, is a melancholy task, I will go to you this morning to say that painful word; but it shall be in the tenderest manner, as ought to be the case when it is breathed to the most beautiful woman in the world.

Without the hope almost of meeting you, I went yesterday evening to the rampart, after the ballet.

I think I must tell you once more that I love you.

One of my people sets out to-day for Paris.

LIGNE.

How different is this case! On one side feebleness—on the other power. On one side, fourteen years, beauty, and imprudence; on the other, a prince become a father, and permitting his son to be born in poverty!

Your book will make a noise. It will inflict on the powerful the only punishment as yet capable of reaching them. If an untitled man had seduced your infancy, had sullied your youth, and had accumulated despair for your later years, an appeal to the ordinary tribunals would have been your duty. The party is a foreigner; he is a Prince: you are unknown—you are poor—you have a mother—you have an infant.

This unhappy boy, whose features so exactly resemble those of his father, and whose sombre countenance seems to bear the traces of all your misfortunes; this child whom you love so affectionately, for whom you have suffered so severely, and who has given you courage to attempt so much, calls upon you to attempt still more.

Are women to be for ever the degraded playthings of Princes and their valets? Does not the security of the weaker sex belong to the dearest interests of society?

That a Prince should have taken away a young girl of fourteen years; that he should have forced her to quit the beauteous soil of France, to exile herself to a frightful solitude, under the melancholy skies of Germany, far away from all her friends and her amusements; that, in this desert place, he should have subjected her to privations, to rigours and grievances of every sort; that she should have borne him a son, and that this son of a Prince should have been wrapped, at the moment of his birth, in the swaddling clothes of misery; that immediately after, irritated at recognising himself in the features of his child, this father should have armed himself with all his ingenuity, and all his power, against his deserted mistress and his unhappy child—

It is an old maxim, that the air of Courts is fatal to virtue. All the moralists, from Theophrastus down to La Bruyere, have repeated this axiom.

Those demigods of the east, the Darius's, the Semiramis's, are surrounded with eunuchs, and people devoted to their pleasures. The infancy of society witnesses the depravity of Princes. While the industrious, by the sweat of their brow, invent the plough and the share, the courtier of the great King goes about proclaiming to the cities and villages, *a reward will be given to the fortunate man who will discover one pleasure more for the monarch.*

While Socrates dies, and Demosthenes thunders, see the cowardly Assyrians and Medes languish in their flowing robes; see on one side a degree of heroism that must ever astonish men; and on the other the perfection of baseness.

It is right to do justice to the inhabitants of palaces. In the grand social ferment which is going on, they have lost their ancient habits. The ground trembles; there is no longer a debate about presiding at a festival nor of making a horse a Consul, nor a freedwoman an Empress.

In effect, when every pleasure is collected round; when the will of the community is dependant on that of one individual as on a centre, in a place where nobody thinks, where only one hierarchy is established, what virtues can show themselves? In following these examples, the Prince of Coburg is doubtless not excusable.

[Note.—I have followed the advice of the Marechal.—I now publish the story of my misfortunes.—The applications to me to give up my child have not ceased since these memoirs have been written. I could not do it: it was in vain they attempted to bribe a mother. My child is my only blessing: they thought to take him away a hundred times; they have tried it for the last time.]

TABLE TALK.

Ever since Mrs. Hannah More has favoured the world with the novel intitled *Cælebs*, a new school of heroines has arisen, whose great merit consists in wretched abasement, mean subserviency, and the most absurd want of self-respect. Passionless themselves, it is their business to exercise the passions of every one else. This voluntary degradation, which is usually represented as the fruit of a strong religious sense of duty, is a genuine remnant of that fanaticism which in darker times cased human beings in sackcloth and hair shirts—a foolish misconception of the Christian doctrine of humility. That a dignified consciousness of injury despises petty revenge and always disposes to a kind of pity for those who yield to a malignant disposition, is indisputable; but all this is very far from implying that duty demands the sacrifice of all the rights of social justice as due to self; or a yielding subserviency to the encroachment of bad and unfeeling minds. In point of fact, prostration at the foot of caprice or tyranny, whether political or domestic, is unequivocally injurious both to the despots and the beings who make them so. We have more than once met a female Ambrose Lamela, who has acted avowedly in this spirit, and have uniformly found that her view, in spirit, if not in fact, exceedingly resembled those of the demure companion of Gil Blas; that is to say, for the honour of God, she had generally an eye to something not altogether unresembling the cash of the Convent.

In the early part of the seventeenth century flourished Mary d'Agreda, a Spanish nun, who, becoming superior of her convent, took it into her head that she was commanded by God and the Virgin Mary to write the life of the latter. She resisted these orders for some time, but at length complied; and, by the advice of a sensible priest, her confessor, destroyed her labours. Her superiors, however, and another confessor, censured her for what she had done; and God and the Holy Virgin repeating their orders, she recommenced her task, which in due time was published, and shortly after translated by a worthy friar into the French language, and printed at Marseilles so late as 1696.

This admirable specimen of celestial biography informs the pious reader, "that, when the Virgin was born, angels were ordered by the Almighty to carry the lovely child into the empyreal heaven; which order was *several times* performed; and also that nine hundred angels, an hundred out of each of the *nine choirs*, were commanded to serve her. That she was to be attended by *twelve* others in a visible and corporeal form, and also eighteen more of the highest rank, those who descended on Jacob's ladder, were to be appointed to carry embassies from the Queen of Heaven to its great King. That at the head of this invincible squadron was to be placed Michael, captain of the celestial militia. To this it is added, that if the Virgin did not speak immediately on her birth, her silence was not necessary but voluntary. Likewise, that, before she was three years of age, she swept, with the assistance of the angels, her father's house," &c. Such are the books which *may* be published in Spain.

It might be supposed at this time of day, from the writings of a Chateaubriand, that in France, under Louis le Grand, such a work would

be laughed into contempt: by no means—it was deemed of such consequence by the theological faculty of Paris, that it was thought necessary to censure it. One of the propositions, which had neither offended the Spanish divines or the Holy Inquisition, was—that God gave to the Holy Virgin all that he would, and would give her all that he could, and could give her all that was not of the essence of God.” A violent opposition was made to the censure of so much delectable inspiration, by some of the doctors of the Sorbonne, who divided on this important occasion into irreconcilable parties, and when the affair was decided, two of them formally protested. A revision was in consequence held necessary; and, to appease the devotees who thought the *lawful* worship paid to the Holy Virgin in danger, it was declared that such was not the case. In Spain the whole was taken for granted, and his present Majesty’s embroidery of petticoats is probably one of the precious results.

STANZAS TO A LADY.

Sweet friend, indeed thy thoughts are too severe;
Sweet friend, indeed thy words are most unkind;
Thou canst not know the pang thou caused’st *here*,
Nor mark the withering that it leaves behind.

I have endured, and shall subdue my lot;
Dark it hath been, and darker it must be,
Such is the present, and what it hath brought
So had I borne from any but from thee.

There comes an hour that changeth all things dear,
The flowers—the glory of the summer skies—
The hopes of man—it blighteth while we hear
The first harsh words when love or friendship dies.

I know not to what land, but I depart,
And mourn not; it is better thus to be;
And he that hath no being in the heart
Soon shall be faded from the memory.

I have not been so callous not to weep
For others’ woes, and ever shared in thine;
Let it my solace be, that none shall keep
The weary watch of agony for mine.

We stand asunder, and I hold no claim,
Nor ever fed a hope—yet would expire
To work thy welfare, and can now but name
The haunting shadow of a vain desire.

Oh! give me back the scenes of early days,
The school-boy-friends, that I shall never see;
Give me the calm delight that not betrays,
Oblivion of all things—alas! of *thee*.

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There he arriving, round about doth fly,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye,
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.—SPENSER.

ON THE LATIN POEMS OF MILTON.

[Continued.]

THE book of *Elegies* is followed by a book of *Epigrams*; by which the English reader is to understand, not merely pieces of pleasantry in the modern sense of *Epigrams*, but any brief and terse set of lines of the nature or length of an *inscription*; for such is the ancient meaning of the word. Milton's are, for the most part, poor enough; particularly the pleasant ones. He could not descend from the gravity of his genius with impunity. He could "do little things with grace", whatever Dr. Johnson has said to the contrary: but still they must be serious things,—courtesies and condescensions. His laugh is Sardonio. His assumption of animal spirits reminds one of his own description of amateur actors in colleges, "writhing and un-boning their clergy limbs."

The first four *Epigrams* are upon Guy Faux, and all turn upon the same conceit. Faux, blowing up the King and Parliament, is to send them unwittingly to heaven. Milton's anti-papal fierceness had already begun, though not his anti-monarchical. In the second epigram, the Pope is saluted with his old title from the Revelations, of the Beast with Seven Heads:

Quæ septemgemino, Bellara, monte lates:
Thou Beast, whose lair is on the sevenfold hill.

In the third is an image in the true Miltonian style of grandeur, though not very fit for its situation. As a portrait of James the First, it becomes ludicrous. The poet says, that the King "sublimely rapt up to heaven in this Tartarean fire, would have entered the ethereal regions, a burnt shade."

Ibat ad æthereas, umbra perusta, plagas.

The new *Elijah* ought to have been superior to this "mortal consequence." The poor fumbling and tumbling old James, rolling up to heaven in a mystification of smoke, and issuing forth of a burnt colour, makes one's imagination uncharitable. Had Buchanan been alive, he would have translated *perusta*,—warm from a whipping;—

Ibericis perusta, funibus latus.

Epigram the fifth is a common-place on the invention of cannon. Jove's thunderbolts have been taken from him.

The sixth, seventh, and eighth Epigrams are compliments to Leonora Baroni, a famous singer, whom Milton heard in Italy. The first is very elegant. The poet, speaking of the guardian angel which is appointed to every body, says that Leonora's voice announces the very presence of the deity; or if not so, that the intelligence of the third heaven (the heaven of love) has left his sphere, and comes stealing in secret through her bosom. But I must endeavour to translate it.

AD LEONORAM ROMÆ CANENTEM.

Angelus unicuique suus, sic credite gentes,
 Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
 Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi si gloria major?
 Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.
 Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli,
 Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens;
 Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda
 Sensim immortalì assuescere posse sono.
 Quòd si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,
 In tè una loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

TO LEONORA SINGING AT ROME.

To every one (so have ye faith) is given
 A winged guardian from the ranks of heaven.
 A greater, Leonora, visits thee:
 Thy voice proclaims the present deity.
 Either the present deity we hear,
 Or he of the third heaven hath left his sphere,
 And through the bosom's pure and warbling wells,
 Breathes tenderly his smoothed oracles;
 Breathes tenderly, and so with easy rounds
 Teaches our mortal hearts to bear immortal sounds.

If god is all, and in all nature dwells,
 In thee alone he speaks, mute ruler in all else.

The second of these Epigrams is worthy of the first. He alludes to the story of Tasso's love for the Princess of Este; and says, that had that other Leonora possessed the powers of this, the poet's frenzy would have been turned into a celestial composure. The third, though inferior, is not destitute of beauty. The famous Siren, says the poet—(Parthenope)—whose tomb the people of Naples boast of having among them, is not dead. She has only exchanged the hoarse murmurs of Pausilippo for the gentle waters of the Tiber, and delights men and gods at Rome with her singing. Of the Leonora Baroni here praised, and her mother Adriana the Fair, another singer as famous, the reader will find some interesting accounts in Warton. One part of a passage which he quotes from a French writer, I must be indulged in extracting. It presents a family picture quite Italian. The writer is M. Maugars, Prior of St. Peter de Mac at Paris, an excellent performer on the viol, who wrote a life of Malherbe, and a *Discours sur la Musique d'Italie*. After giving a high account of Leonora's manner and science, as well as voice, he says, "But I must not forget, that one day she did me the particular favour to sing with her mother and sister. Her mother played upon the lute, her sister upon the harp, and herself upon the theorbo. This concert, composed of three fine voices,

and of three different instruments, so powerfully captivated my senses, and threw me into such raptures, that I forgot my mortality, and thought myself among the angels, enjoying the content of the blessed."

The three next Epigrams arose out of the controversy with poor Salmasius. They are as bad as the rest of the pleasantries, with which Milton condescended to sprinkle his triumph. In the first, Salmasius is ridiculed for translating the English county phrase *Hundred* into *Hundreda*, and for having had a hundred Jacobuses given him to write his book by the young King of England then in exile. The Jacobuses are called "*exulantis viscera marsupii regis*,"—the bowels of a royal exile's purse. Dr. Johnson is very angry with this attack on the king's hungry exchequer, but says it might have been "expected from the savageness of Milton." But observe here the justice of the arbitrary and their abettors. The royal and the great may plunder and laugh at poverty to all eternity; but if they are ever caught at a disadvantage, and the people return them one of their jokes, then it is, "Oh the savageness!" Johnson adds, by way of a show of impartiality, that "Oldmixon had meanness enough to delight in bilking an alderman of London, who had more money than the Pretender." But what sort of a set-off to Milton is Oldmixon? Why did he not tell us some mean stories, easy enough to be found, of the members of the Stuart family, the Pretender himself included. It was not unnatural in Milton to triumph over the long insolence of kings, now brought to this pass in the person of Charles II.; yet the instance after all was unfortunately chosen. It was an act of real liberality in Charles, at that time beset with pecuniary difficulties, to give a man a hundred golden pieces of money for writing against his father's enemies. So blind however is servility, or so false is the story itself, that Wood angrily denies it; and affirms that Salmasius had nothing. He says, the King sent him his thanks, "but not with a purse of gold, as John Milton, *the impudent liar*, reported." See Warton, as above referred to.

The amount of the second of these Epigrams against Salmasius is, that his writings are a good thing for the fish brought to market, for they are to be wrapped up in the great scholar's sheets. The third is a couplet against Salmasius's friend and assistant More, a Scotchman. More, it seems, was a church and state man of the true order, equally fond of kings and maid-servants. The allusion of the Epigram is to a child he had by the *femme de chambre* of Salmasius's wife. "Perhaps," says our own scholar and loyalist Warton, "Morus was too inattentive to the mistress." Warton informs us that Madame de Saumaise was a scold, and called Juno by her husband's brother critics; which did not however hinder her from giving some strange symptoms of a taste not altogether conjugal, which he proceeds to repeat. I leave them where I find them, not having yet arrived at the full taste of scholastic annotation. Love and imagination may go their loving lengths; but love in the shape of hate and a female pedagogue is too much. Of the distich upon More, which is an idle play upon the words "well-mannered" and "well-manned," (Mores signifying manners) Warton justly observes, that it is inconsistent with our author's usual delicacy. "But revenge," he adds, "too naturally seeks gratification at the expense of propriety, and the same apology must be made for a few other obscene ambiguities on the name of More in the prose part of our author's two

replies to More." This is true; but it may be remarked, that scholars in the learned languages have always taken a strange licence in this matter. They seem to think, that the moment they turn the dark lantern of their Greek or Latin to the side of the uninitiated, they need not keep any ceremony with those who are in the secret. Their occasional exclamations of modesty and horror only make the matter worse, especially when followed up with long explanations of the nefariousness in question, and the "amorous delay" of versions and parallel passages. The sight of one of these brutish old scholars playing the Abelard and Eloisa with a text, and at the same time pretending not, is monstrous and nauseous; but they go where the most luxuriant of lovers would never have thought of following them. "The same is not the same." The license of a loving imagination becomes a horror in that of filthiness and hypocrisy; nor can a true lover of Love bear to see even the commonest ideas of the natural kindness of its intercourse perverted and degraded to the purposes of satire. However, let not Milton himself be thought to have gone farther than he did. He was tempted into a bad joke or two by an ostentation of scholarship; but his poetry was always at hand to save him; and "Mr. Milton's amatory notions" are still worthy of Paradise.

Epigram 12th is the fable of the rich man who transplanted a fertile apple-tree belonging to a peasant into his own ground; where instead of the presents of fine fruit that had tempted him, the tree yielded nothing. This Naboth-vineyard Apologue was, perhaps, written with a political intention. It is of no value in itself.

Epigram the 13th and last is very noble. It is addressed, in the name of Cromwell, to Christina, Queen of Sweden; and accompanied a present which he made her of his portrait. A doubt has been raised whether it was written by Milton or Andrew Marvell, a man quite capable of the performance; but as Marvell was not then associated with Milton in the office of secretary, the chance appears in favour of the latter. However, the verses were published in the posthumous collection of Marvell's poems, which were "printed," says his nominal wife Mary (who appears to have been married to him after some fashion of his own) "according to the exact copies of my late dear husband, under his own hand-writing." Marvell, besides being the inventor of our modern prose style in wit, and an inflexible patriot, had a strong and grave talent for poetry, as the reader may see (and ought to see) in his song about the Bermudas boat, his lines on a Wounded Fawn, the verses in which he mentions "Fairfax and the starry Vere," and those others where he speaks of

Tearing our pleasures with rough strife
Thorough the iron gates of life.

His satire is sometimes coarse, and must be excused by the age he lived in; but it was witty and formidable. His spirit, at once light and powerful, hung admirably between the two parties of Dissenters and Cavaliers; was the startling shield of the one, and a sword still more perplexing to the other: for it could dip and fashion its sturdy metal in the levity of their own fires. His talent at exaggeration, at running a joke down, is exquisite. He was Milton's admiring and inflexible friend.—But I forget the verses before us.

AD CHRISTINAM SUECORUM REGINAM,
NOMINE CROMWELLI.

Bellipotens virgo, septem regina trionum,
Christina, Aretoi lucida stella poli!
Cernis, quas merui durâ sub casside, rugas,
Utque senex, armis impiger, ore tero:
Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,
Exequor et populi fortia jussa manu.
Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra;
Nec sunt hi vultus regibus usque truces.

The following translation, which it would be difficult to excel, appeared in Toland's *Life of Milton* :—

“ Bright martial Maid, Queen of the Frozen Zone!
The northern pole supports thy shining throne:
Behold what furrows age and steel can plow;
The helmet's weight oppressed this wrinkled brow.
Through fate's untrodden paths I move; my hands
Still act my freeborn people's bold commands:
Yet this stern shade to you submits his frowns,
Nor are these looks always severe to crowns.

Mr. Todd ingeniously conjectures, that the appellations of *Martial Maid* and *Lucid Star* (for that also is given her in the original) might allude “to a gold coin of the Queen, on one side of which she is represented with a helmet as *Minerva*; the other side exhibiting the *sun*.” Perhaps she sent it to Cromwell when it was struck, and his portrait was a return for it.—“These lines,” says Warton, speaking of the original, “are simple and sinewy. They present Cromwell in a new and pleasing light, and throw an air of amiable dignity on his rough and obstinate character. The uncrowned Cromwell,” he continues, “had no reason to approach a princess with so much reverence who had renounced her crown.” (Perhaps this however was what particularly excited the reverence of the poet.) “The frolicks of other whimsical modern queens have been often only romantick. The pranks of Christina had neither elegance nor even decency to deserve so candid an appellation. An ample and lively picture of her court, politicks, religion, intrigues, rambles, and masquerades, is to be gathered from *Thurloe's State Papers*.” Warton proceeds to give an account of some of her freaks, to which more are added in Mr. Todd's edition of our poet. Christina appears to have had a good deal of resemblance to the late unfortunate Queen of England, only with less good nature and sensibility; nor was she thrust out of house and home, and then requested to behave herself handsomely.

I must break off here, and reserve the remaining book of *Latin Poems*—the *Miscellanies*—for the next paper. It is the best of the three, containing in particular a speculation upon Plato's idea of the *Aboriginal Man*, worthy of the most dignified maturity of the author's genius.

It would be curious if any body could discover a connexion between the “*Mr. Washington of the Temple*,” who translated *Milton's Defence of the People of England*, and the *Washington of America*. The translation was published in 1692. The name of *Washington* is not very common; and there is a strong look of relationship in their politics.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Journal of the Private Life and Conversations of the Emperor Napoleon. By the Count Las Cases—Vol IV.

Had Napoleon Buonaparte never encountered the frosts and snows of Russia, nor, in consequence, experienced the greatest reverse of fortune that ever befel a human being, his character might have gained something of exaltation by the medium through which it would in that case have been viewed, but we question if his very extraordinary individual superiority would have been so apparent as it is at this moment. His singular captivity, by stripping off every factitious disguise and colouring, has submitted the man alone to public inspection; and so far from exhibiting a miserable, naked, two-legged animal, like the cock of Diogenes deprived of his plumage,—an exact representation of dethroned royalty in general,—he has contrived to undeceive no small portion of European society, his enemies by circumstance, into a positive respect for him. It is neither our wish, nor indeed the object of this publication, to enter into political discussion; we shall therefore abstain from all advertence which might lead us astray in that direction, and confine ourselves simply to a brief outline of the lineaments in the character of Napoleon, which have been developed and rendered conspicuous by his unprecedented confinement.

The first thing that strikes us in the character of this great man, as demonstrated both by his dazzling career, and the explication afforded of it in the curious records of his imprisonment, was his fearful repose upon the simple elements of force, and consequent inattention to all those minor resistances, whether moral or physical, which are of little importance when singly considered, but often the very reverse in the aggregate. We are much inclined to think that the genius of pure science often errs in this way, and the education of Napoleon was essentially mathematical. The highly-gifted and strong-minded of this class usually act upon general principles, and nineteen times out of twenty are right; but woe to the twentieth time if great results are under calculation, and they are as bold and adventurous as they are decisive. Such persons are like abstract mathematicians, who, in their application to practice, omit a due allowance for such trifles as atmosphere and friction. It is apparent, from his own explanation, that opposing moral causes was the unnoticed friction of Bonaparte. His command of the positive energies of thirty millions of people was always before his eye; and because in that he predominated, the negative resistance of all the rest of Europe he overlooked. His mass was smaller, but his momentum was greater beyond all comparison, and he forgot that the impetus often extends itself and may be weakened by accident, while the mass is sure to remain. While we admired the genius exhibited in the calculation and combination of Napoleon, in his great undertakings, we were led *a priori* to doubt his continued prosperity; and if English Ministers acted against him upon any plan beyond that of a mere blind resistance, they must have reasoned in something like the same manner.

Whether there be truth or falsehood in the foregoing very general outline, we are of opinion that every page of the memoirs before us

exhibits the features of a mind in strict accordance with it. The same rapid detection of the predominant impetus in all cases,—the same consequent spirit of decision, and the same disregard to the petty accumulation of minor resistance to all that he deemed preponderant, is displayed in his conversation as in his history. The exact reverse to Hamlet,—as little in conversation in St. Helena as on the throne in France, did he allow the rapid decisions of his judgment to be “sicklied over by the pale cast of thought.” To view the premises with a glance, and to pronounce a judgment off hand, was as much his characteristic when a captive as when a sovereign; and by the practice of the former, we are led into the qualities of mind which rendered the latter so distinguished. We scarcely need add that the rapid union of execution with conception, is of all others the quality which renders a tolerably gifted man the leader of his fellow creatures. It is often seen in middle life, how even common minded men with this faculty step before their fellows, but with the positive advantages of talent and opportunity, their lead is certain. Cæsar was this man: Cromwell was this man: but above all Napoleon, whose history, in our opinion, portrays the simple elements of this dazzling and commanding endowment with more nakedness and force than any other within the entire range of history.

But if these volumes furnish materials of a nature to rectify and adjust a previous estimation of his public character, how much more have they tended to correct the obloquy and misrepresentation with which national enmity, and that which is usually denominated policy, have so industriously clouded his personal and private deportment. We must all recollect a time, when even well-informed people among us were led to regard Napoleon as a stern but able monster of the Emperor of Morocco class,—a stranger to the gentler impulses of humanity, and a perfect despiser of all the courtesies and felicities of moral and refined society. What miserable tales, too, were diffused of his private vices, and unbridled licentiousness! What have become of these stories, and why have they not been substantiated since his fall, when reward and encouragement awaited all who could really depreciate and lower him? Our readers will not mistake us; Bonaparte was *not* the personification of our *beau idéal* of a hero. He partook too much of the *egoism* of the old model, a fact not to be concealed by the intellectual superiority with which he supported it; but it is as useless as it is contemptible to deny his great endowments and positive great and good qualities. It is for trembling despots and apprehensive governments to countenance detractors and employ Sir Hudson Lowes; and for liberality and independence to estimate persons and qualities, exclusive of the accidents of friendship or enmity, and still more of that sort of friendship or enmity which grows out of political disagreement. This concluding volume, however, may please all parties; for one half it (Part 8) is occupied with an immense portion of detail, which shews how admirably British magnanimity has dealt with a fallen enemy; and that certain persons have despised, as much as the hearts of his greatest haters could desire, all the petty *morale* of the chivalric school, in relation to heroes under eclipse, which we are occasionally taught to regard as almost peculiarly legitimate. “Were honour to be driven from the bosoms of all the rest of mankind, it ought to retain

an abode in the heart of kings," said a high-minded sovereign. If, by honour, in this case, he meant a comprehensive attention to the elevated, the exalted, and the magnanimous, what a strange commentary will posterity supply in regard to the St. Helena captivity, and its indescribable goalership!* How extraordinary, that in respect to the treatment of one person and the employment of another, a Fourth George may pair off in the way of comparison with an Eleventh Louis! †

Having thus briefly got over preliminary and general remark, it only remains for us to notice this concluding volume of Count Las Cases, in reference to its able report of the spirited table-talk of Napoleon; in which respect it is peculiarly valuable and entertaining. We have already observed, that in the delivery of his opinions on *all* subjects, this extraordinary man exhibited his characteristic decision; but we certainly never imagined that his range of observation and appreciation was so various. Still less did we expect so many of those lively social traits with which these volumes have furnished us, and in which the present is peculiarly rich. As our power of extract is very circumscribed, we will make a few without further ceremony, in general illustration; premising, however, that we are too much confined to supply the very best in the book, even if they had not been previously selected by the daily papers.

The following may be deemed a partial picture of the Bonaparte* Family, by the chief of it, but fact and circumstance have tolerably borne him out. Possibly none that ever existed less exposed themselves in prosperity; or have been less degraded by adversity.

"Joseph would have been an ornament to society in any country; and Lucien would have been an honour to any political assembly. Jerome, as he advanced in life, would have developed every qualification requisite in a sovereign. Louis would have been distinguished in any rank or condition of life. My sister Eliza was endowed with masculine powers of mind: she must have proved herself a philosopher in her adverse fortune. Pauline, perhaps the most beautiful woman of her age, has been, and will continue to the end of her life, the most amiable creature in the world. As to my mother, she deserves all kind of veneration. How seldom is so numerous a family entitled to so much praise! Add to this, that, setting aside the jarring of political opinions, we sincerely loved each other. For my part, I never ceased to cherish fraternal affection for them all; and I am convinced that in their hearts they felt the same sentiments towards me, and that, in case of need, they would have given me every proof of it."

The following observations on the French and Grecian drama are also characteristic and lively:—

"After dinner we resumed our readings, which had been so long suspended. The Emperor read the Agamemnon of Æschylus, which he very much admired for its great force and simplicity. We were particularly struck with the graduation of terror which characterises the productions of this father of tragedy. It was observed that this was the first spark to which the light of the modern drama may be traced.

"Agamemnon being ended, the Emperor asked for the *Cædipus* of Sophocles, which also interested us exceedingly; and the Emperor expressed his regret at not having had it performed at St. Cloud.

* The gratuitous barbarity of endeavouring to deprive the unhappy captive of all information in relation to his child is possibly unparalleled; for in respect to safe custody, it was perfectly nugatory.

† An amiable personage, *vide* not Philip Comines, nor any one else, except Sir Walter Scott in his novel of *Quentin Durward*.

"Talma had always opposed the idea; but the Emperor was sorry that he had relinquished it. 'Not,' said he, 'that I wished to correct our drama by antique models. Heaven forbid! but I merely wished to have opportunity of judging how far ancient composition would have harmonized with modern notions.' He said he was convinced that such a performance would have afforded pleasure; and he made several remarks on the impression that was likely to be produced on modern taste, by the Greek chorusses, Coryphæi, &c.

"He next turned to Voltaire's *Œdipus*, on which he bestowed high commendation. This piece, he said, contained the finest scene in the French drama. As to its faults, the absurd passion of *Philoctetes*, for example, they must not, he said, be attributed to the poet, but to the manners of the age, and the great actresses of the day, to whose laws a dramatic writer is obliged to submit.

"This eulogium of Voltaire rather surprised us: it was something novel and singular in the mouth of the Emperor.

"At eleven o'clock, after the Emperor had retired to bed, he sent for me, and resumed his conversation on the ancient and modern drama; on which he made many curious remarks.

"In the first place, he expressed his surprise that the Romans should have had no tragedies; but then again, he observed, that tragedy, in dramatic representation, would have been ill calculated to rouse the feelings of the Romans, since they performed real tragedy in their circuses. 'The combats of the gladiators,' said he, 'the sight of men consigned to the fury of wild beasts, were far more terrible than all our dramatic horrors put together. These, in fact, were the only tragedies suited to the iron nerves of the Romans.'

However, it was observed, that the Romans possessed some dramatic essays, produced by Seneca. By the bye, it is a curious fact, that in Seneca's *Medea*, the chorus distinctly predicts the discovery of America, which took place 1,400 years after that drama was written. In the passage here alluded to, it is said, 'A new Tiphys, a son of the earth, will, in ages to come, discover remote regions towards the west, and Thule will no longer be the extremity of the universe.'

One of the most amusing parts of this pleasant volume is made up of the easy, spontaneous remarks of Napoleon on his past domesticity. His encounters with the never-ending creditors of the improvident Josephine,* are related with extreme *nonchalance* and humour. We have been particularly struck also with his total contempt of general scandal; for we learn by this publication that he was ignorant of many excellent stories which circulated in the saloons of Paris, the particulars of which he acquired, for the first time, from his suite in St. Helena. The author of the *School for Scandal* could not have better appreciated the heartless malignity of those trifling circles, nor the cold and artificial polish with which they disseminate the slander and detraction that form the oxygen of *their* atmosphere. By the way, a translation of the said *School for Scandal* is about to appear on the Parisian boards. The unrivalled concoction of that admirable Comedy is indisputably Sheridan's; but the French must be poorly read in their native drama if they do not recognise a conspicuous portion of it for their own.

We select the following *dicta* as examples at once both of the mind and manner of Napoleon. The remarks upon Time finely elucidate the promptness by which he was distinguished.

"It was asked one day, in Napoleon's presence, how it happened that misfortunes that were yet uncertain, often distressed us more than miseries that had already

* Josephine was a graceful, fascinating, and well-meaning woman, but by no means strong minded. It is related in these memoirs, that on the fall of Napoleon she was harassed by weak advisers to formally throw herself on the protection of the Bourbons, and that in this dilemma she asked advice of the Emperor of Russia, who recommended her not to do so. Alexander behaved well in this instance.

been suffered. 'Because,' observed the Emperor, 'in the imagination, as in calculation, the power of what is unknown is *incommensurable*.'

"After having given any one an important mission, or traced out the plan of any great enterprise, the Emperor used frequently to say, 'Come, Sir, be speedy; use despatch; and do not forget that the world was created in six days.'

"On an occasion of this kind, he concluded by observing to the individual whom he was addressing, 'Ask me for whatever you please, except *time*: that's the only thing that is beyond my power.'

On another occasion, Napoleon commissioned a person to execute some important business, which he expected would be finished in the course of the same day. It was not, however, completed until late on the following day. At this, the Emperor manifested some degree of dissatisfaction; and the individual, in the hope of excusing himself, said that he had worked all day. 'But had you not the night also?' replied Napoleon."

"On a certain occasion it was observed to the Emperor, that he was not fond of setting forward his own merits: 'That is,' replied he, 'because with me morality and generosity are not in my mouth, but in my nerves. My hand of iron was not at the extremity of my arm, it was immediately connected with my head. I did not receive it from nature; calculation alone has enabled me to employ it.'

"One day when the Emperor was reproaching an individual for not correcting the vices which he knew he possessed, 'Sir,' said he, 'when a man knows his moral infirmity, he may cure his mind, just as he would cure his arm or his leg.'

We cannot absolutely agree with Napoleon that a moral infirmity, when understood, is as easily removeable as physical disease under the same circumstances. We apprehend, if the comparison be allowable at all, the former resembles a chronic disorder, which is only to be *allayed*. The utterance of hyperbole of this nature is however useful, for much more may be effected by due energy than is readily imagined.

Another shrewd remark of Napoleon is recorded, in allusion to the complete government of General Moreau by his wife. A man under such circumstances, he asserted, was neither himself *nor* his wife, but nobody at all; an observation which concentrates the moral of a page or two of table-talk on a kindred subject, by which our readers may some day or other be assailed.

Some anecdotes of a particular nature are supplied, which exhibits that penetration into the capacity of his *employés* that contributed so materially to his long continued success. With the celebrated Engineer, General Bernard, he entered into some professional conversations at Antwerp, in relation to the fortifications; the latter, then only captain and a plain man, was surprised some short time after at being sent for to Paris, to become the aide-de-camp. A discovery of this kind was not extraordinary in itself, but this rapid mode of acting upon it is certainly not usual. In fact, with Bonaparte, ability uniformly supplied a patent of pretension—a *tranchant* system requiring too much superiority in the supreme head, to be always eligible in a monarchy. He aimed at a nobility of that kind too, instead of a feudal one—a fearful source of combination among men of castles and quarterings (and nothing else) all over Europe;—and their enmity has finally prevailed.

The following observation upon political equality is excellent, as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough.

"Equality of rights, that is to say, the power of aspiring and obtaining, enjoyed by all individuals, was one of the points to which Napoleon attached particular importance. This regard for equality, was one of his peculiar traits, and seemed to belong innately to his character. 'I have not reigned all my life,' he would say: 'before I became a Sovereign, I recollect having been a subject; and I can never

forget how powerfully the sentiment of equality influences the mind, and animates the heart.'

"When he was once suggesting a law project, to be drawn up by one of his Counsellors of State, he said, 'Let me charge you to respect liberty; and above all, equality. With regard to liberty, it might be possible to restrain it, in a case of extremity; circumstances might demand and justify such a step: but heaven forbid that we should ever infringe upon equality! It is the passion of the age; and I wish to continue to be the man of the age!'"

Nothing can be more correct than the proposition in the extent in which it is here given; but is there not a covert insinuation that *therefore* political liberty is of little moment. The rank despotisms of the East may be upheld on this principle, and we are not certain that they are put up with on any other ground. All are slaves alike; and the caprices of a tyrant may make a pacha to-day of the slave of yesterday, and *vice-versa*. Equality of rights in this sense, we fear, is little more than the equality of no rights at all. Oppression of their subjects, Napoleon observes, is never the interest of sovereigns at this time of day: possibly not, but subjects are oppressed for all that. Numbers of Italians are groaning in dungeons at this moment, for the most noble and patriotic of all aspirations.—No: this will not do—even from a Bonaparte it is only the argument of an Emperor.

We have no time to dwell on a variety of topics in which Napoleon displays considerable ingenuity, and among the rest, a very acute and able defence of his detention of British visitors, which at the very worst cannot be very gracefully attacked by those who, on the ground of policy, so plentifully scattered heads, legs, and brains at Copenhagen. Various instances are given of his occasional ductility to the solicitations of individuals. The following is not the least curious:—

"Among the many acts of kindness which the Emperor exercised towards the English who were detained in France, there is one which happened to come within my own knowledge, and of which a Mr. Manning was the object. This gentleman, whom I knew very well in Paris, and who had been induced to travel for the sake of scientific investigation, thought he might obtain his liberty by addressing a petition to Napoleon, praying for permission to visit the interior of Asia. His friends laughed at his simplicity; but he turned the laugh against us when, at the expiration of a few weeks, he triumphantly informed us of the success of his application. I find it mentioned in Dr. O'Meara's work, that this same Mr. Manning, after a peregrination of several years, touched at St. Helena, on his return to Europe, and urgently requested leave to see Napoleon, in order to express his gratitude by laying a few presents at his feet, and answering any enquiries he might make respecting the Grand Lama, whom he had had an opportunity of visiting through the Emperor's indulgence."

We omit a most acute sketch of the merits of Pitt, Castlereagh, the Duke of Wellington, and the Lords Sidmouth and Bathurst, as it has run through so many of the daily papers. Suffice it to observe, that whatever difference of opinion may exist as to minor particulars, there is scarcely a tangible point omitted, and that in the aggregate, the judgment of Napoleon is likely to be that of impartial posterity, at least, of such of them as posterity will condescend to remember.* For the same reason we omit a curious advertence to the character of Fox, and certain observations in relation to the return of the Bourbons.

* One of them will be chiefly known to future times by his connexion with the treatment of Napoleon, and the other, for his unparalleled English letter to the Manchester magistrates;—*Par nobile fratrum!*

To conclude,—this volume, the seventh part in particular, is instructive, amusing, and speaking electrically—highly charged with the peculiar *vis* of the extraordinary subject of it. It seems, indeed, to have produced a very general impression, and is even alluded to favourably in quarters where little candour was to be expected. Upon the whole, the *manes* of Napoleon will have no reason to be dissatisfied with the labours of Count Las Cases.

COMMON PLACES.

I.

THE art of life is to know how to enjoy a little and to endure much.

II.

Liberty is the only true riches. Of all the rest we are at once the masters and the slaves.

III.

Do I not feel this from the least shadow of restraint, of obligation, of dependence? Why then do I complain? I have had nothing to do all my life but to think, and have enjoyed the objects of thought, the sense of truth and beauty, in perfect integrity of soul. No one has said to me, *Believe this, do that, say what we would have you*; no one has come between me and my free-will; I have breathed the very air of truth and independence. Compared with this unbiassed, untroubled possession of the universe of thought and nature, what I have wanted is light in the balance, and hardly claims the tribute of a sigh. Oh! Liberty, what a mistress art thou! Have I not enjoyed thee as a bride, and drank thy spirit as of a wine-cup, and will yet do so to my latest breath!

IV.

But is not Liberty dangerous, and self-will excessive? I do not think so: for those who are not governed by their own feelings are led away by prejudice or interest; and reason is a safer guide than opinion, liberty a nobler one than fear.

V.

Do I see a Claude? What is there to prevent me from fixing my eye, my heart, my understanding upon it? What sophist shall deter me from thinking it fine? What is there to make me afraid of expressing what I think? I enter into all its truth and beauty. I wander over it, I detect each hidden grace, I revel and luxuriate in it, without any doubts or misgivings. Is not this to be master of it and of myself? But is the picture mine? No—oh! yes, ten times over!

VI.

That thing, a *lie*, has never come near my soul. I know not what it is to fear to think or to say what I think.

VII.

I am choked, pent up in any other atmosphere but this. I cannot imagine how kings and courtiers contrive to exist. I could no more live without daring to speak, to look, to feel what I thought, than I could hold in my breath for any length of time. Nor could I bear to debar others of this privilege. Were it not that the Great would play the part of slaves themselves, they would hate to be surrounded with

nothing but slaves, and to see meanness and hypocrisy crawling before them, as much as we do to see a spider crawling in our path.

VIII.

I never knew what it was to feel like a footman. How many lords in waiting can say as much?

IX.

When I consider how little difference there is in mankind (either in body or mind) I cannot help being astonished at the airs some people give themselves.

X.

I am proud up to the point of equality—every thing above or below *that* appears to me arrant impertinence or abject meanness.

XI.

The ignorant and vulgar think that a man wants spirit, if he does not insult and triumph over them. This is a great mistake.

XII.

For a man to be a coxcomb, shews a want of imagination. No one will ever pride himself on his beauty who has studied the head of the Antinous, or be in danger of running into the excess of the fashion, who has any knowledge of the Antique. The *ideal* is incompatible with personal vanity.

XIII.

A scholar is like a book written in a dead language—it is not every one that can read in it.

XIV.

Just as much as we see in others, we have in ourselves.

XV.

A painter gives only his own character in a portrait, whether grave or gay, gross or refined, wise or foolish. Even in copying a head, there is some difficulty in making the features unlike our own. A person with a low forehead or a short chin puts a constraint upon himself in painting a high forehead or a long chin. So much has sympathy to do with the operations both of the eye and the hand, with observation and practice!

XVI.

People at a play hiss an unsuccessful author or actor, as if the latter had committed some heinous crime—he has committed the greatest crime, that of setting up a superiority over us which they have failed to make good.

XVII.

The rich who do nothing themselves, represent idleness as the greatest crime. They have reason: it is necessary that some one should do something.

XVIII.

What a pity that kings and great men do not write books, instead of mere authors! What superior views they must have of things, and how the world would be benefitted by the communication!

[To be continued occasionally.]

TABLE TALK.

We have spoken, in a former number, of the spaniel-like propensities of the heroines of certain modern novels; but this entire mastery of spirit is not much more repulsive than their described passionless nature in one or two other respects. Formed, like the false Florimel of Spenser, of *snow*, love acts upon them as hamlessly as the sun upon a polar frost; a slight giving may take place at a particular season, simply because Heaven has ordained it so, but as to any struggle between prudence and passion, the lion shaking a dew-drop from his mane but faintly typifies the retreat of Cupid from these "thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice." If inclination be made to declare war against duty at all, we are generally led to look for some struggle; and indeed it is that contention which ought to create the interest. Not so in these cases: buckled up in their invulnerable armour, we feel no more for these mental amazons than for the Styx-dipped Achilles, or the invulnerable Orlando—they are sure to conquer. They resemble the Indian Fakirs, who suspend themselves with a hook in their ribs, over a slow fire, by way of amusement, sure of reaching the Seventh Heaven as pure Yogees. We care nothing for heroines so much above our sympathy; and whom we might suppose to be made after the fashion of Deucalion and Pyrrha by throwing stones over the shoulder—a creation from which we are at any time willing to escape into the company of mere fallible men and women.

A grand distinction exists between the history of England and France, on the subject of disputes for the crown, and bloody civil struggles for the possession of it. The entire history of the former abounds in them, while that of the latter, although quite as fruitful in civil broil, exhibits nothing of war on the score of an absolute pretension to the crown, or records open endeavour at dethronement, from the days of Hugh Capet downwards. Query, did the Salique law produce this distinction? Be this as it may, the contrary state of England rendered her Court policy for two or three centuries exceedingly Turkish:—

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry, Harry.

Such are the words which Shakspeare puts into the mouth of Henry V. on his accession; and truly in the name consisted most of the distinction, as it regarded affinity to the throne. From the wars of York and Lancaster to the death of Lady Arabella Stewart, what a series of oppression and murder on the score of propinquity alone! Turkey scarcely did, or could exceed it.

Without resorting to the romance of the East, the progress of the Saracenic empire is marked by anecdote of the influence of love, quite as affecting and as sentimental as any which have been supplied by the annals of Europe. We were struck with this truth the other day, on happening to take up an old romance founded on the pathetic history of Giaffer the Barmecide, vizier of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, of tale-telling memory. The fact of an eastern despot, of the strong cha-

acter of this Commander of the Faithful, introducing two handsome and interesting persons to each other, and allowing them to assume the names of husband and wife, with a capricious negation of the privileges of such an union, is as curious and romantic as it is true. The Caliph, willing to reward the services of his favourite Giaffer, determined, on certain conditions, to bestow on him in marriage his beloved sister Abassa, the most beautiful and accomplished princess of the East. "Were not Abassa my sister," said he, announcing to his favourite the purpose which he had formed, "marriage should unite us; but since the most lovely and the most amiable of the Oriental women cannot be the wife of Haroun, no other has a right to possess her; nor can I suffer the blood of Abbas to be contaminated by a foreign mixture. The nephews of your brothers must not be mine. I give to you the hand of my sister, it is true, as a recompense for your services, and that I may have the pleasure of beholding in my presence, at the same time, two persons whom I dearly love; but I require your sacred promise that you will be to Abassa only as I am—a friend and a brother. On this condition, and this only, I consent to the union. Death to yourself and to your race will be the penalty of the violation of your oath."

Giaffer assented to this admirable piece of despotic logic, which, of the two, is worse than the reported speech of the Grand Sultan when presenting his daughter with a subject for a husband—"Here, daughter, I give thee this man for thy slave;" a form of words omitted by English parents, but which a great number of married ladies in England conceive to be implied. The nominal marriage took place between the princess and Giaffer, but, unfortunately for the unhappy lovers, the voice of love and nature, sanctioned too by the laws, was not to be stifled by the caprice of a despot; the enamoured pair baffled the vigilance of the Caliph, and a son, the fruit of their disobedience, was privately conveyed from the seraglio to Mecca. The result is a portion of public history: a discovery was made, Giaffer lost his head, and Abassa, some accounts say, died of grief; while others state, that she was driven from the palace, and suffered to languish in disgrace and indigence.

A more than common interest is given to the foregoing incidents by the character of the parties. Giaffer was one of the most cultivated men of his time—amiable, handsome in person, and benevolent in disposition. Abassa appears to have been similarly accomplished as a female; some Arabic verses from her to Giaffer still exist, expressive of her attachment. It would seem, by the tenor of them, that the lady was the most impatient of the restraint imposed: her exalted rank takes away from the apparent indelicacy, for Giaffer could not speak first. The words given are as follow:—

"I had resolved to keep my love concealed in my heart; but, in spite of me, it escapes and declares itself. If you do not yield at this declaration, my modesty and my secret are both sacrificed: but if you reject me, you will save my life by your refusal. Whatever happens, at least I shall not die unrevenged; for my death will sufficiently declare who has been my assassin."

Nothing is frequently more unlike to truth than truth itself; we do not, therefore, think that the loves of Giaffer and Abassa are adapted

for tragedy; but, with a little freedom in the catastrophe, they would make a charming opera, either English or Italian. The story would supply at once dramatic effect, subject for the composer, and much opportunity for theatrical scenery and splendour.

TIME THE RECTIFIER.—A singular instance of the rectification of the consequences of human weakness and injustice, by Time, is to be found in the family history of the Seymours. The influence of the second wife of the Protector Somerset (uncle and guardian to Edward VI.) over her husband, produced a most unjust conduct on the part of the Duke to his eldest son. Stimulated by her ambition, he absolutely surrendered his first patent of peerage to the Crown, in order to receive it again, with remainder to the issue of the *second* marriage, setting aside his children by the former wife, except in succession to those of the latter. It happened, both curiously and rightfully, that in 1750 the unjustly-favoured branch failed, which event, in the person of Sir Edward Seymour of Maiden Bradley, restored the family honours to the lineal descendant of the first marriage, by whose posterity they are now enjoyed.

EUDONEIRION.

Dear Girl, that lost in deep oblivion seemest,
Fain would I know the secrets that thou dreahest;
I can but deem thee, thus serenely sleeping,
Sweet flowers of love in the bowers of Eden reaping,
A wandering spirit, with its wings unfurled
In the home of the visions that beautify the world.
It is the body that chaineth us to place,
But we are the dwellers of the gardens of space,
We are eternal beams of God, and he
The magnificent Sun that lights Infinity.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The paper "*On the Literature of the Romans*," is not suited to this publication, and will be left out for the author at the office.

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THE INDICATOR.

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There he arriving, round about doth fly,
And takes survey with busle, curious eye,
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.—SPENSER.

ON THE LATIN POEMS OF MILTON.

[Continued.]

THE book of *Miscellanies* or *Woods* (*Silvarum Liber*—for the ancients delighted in associating ideas taken from objects of nature with pursuits of which they were fond) commences with three compositions in *Greek*. Of these Greek verses, there are in all but thirty-one; and Dr. Burney has found sixteen faults in them. The Doctor says, however, that Milton was a great scholar; and that “if he had lived in the present age, the necessity of his remarks would, in all probability, have been superseded:” for Milton’s “native powers of mind, and his studious researches, would have been assisted by the learned labours of Bentley, Hemsterhusius, Valckenaer, Toup, and Ruhnkenius, &c.” This is probable, and might have saved the Doctor the trouble which he has taken in his twenty-two pages of criticism. It was hardly necessary to prove, that what was not likely to be done by a writer of Greek at a time when nobody else wrote Greek or read it, might have been done better in the present century. Milton, speaking of his translation of the 114th Psalm, which takes up twenty-two verses out of the thirty-one, and which he wrote when he was twenty-eight, says to his friend Gill (the master of St. Paul’s School) “It is the first and only thing I have ever written in Greek since I left your school: for, as you know, I am now fond of composing in Latin and English. They in the present age, who write in Greek, are singing to the deaf.” His Greek translation is not so good as his English version of the same psalm, written at fifteen. This latter is worth quoting, both on account of the early Milton that is in it, and as a proof how he might have excelled in heroic rhyme if he had chosen to “tag his verses,” as he called it. Many of Waller’s productions are not so whitewashed or more facile. I do not ask the reader’s pardon for these digressions. To wander in the fields of poetry after one set of flowers, and never pick up another, would be difficult.

When the best seed of Terah’s faithful son,
After long toil, their liberty had won;
And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,
Led by the strength of the Almighty’s hand;

Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,
 His praise and glory were in Israel known.
 That saw the troubled Sea, and *shivering* fled,
 And sought to hide his froth-becurled head
 Low in the earth; Jordan's clear streams recoil,
 As a faint host that hath received the foil.
 The high huge-bellied mountains skip, like rams
 Amongst their ewes; the little hills, like lambs.
 Why fled the ocean? And why skip the mountains?
 Why turned Jordan toward his crystal fountains?
Shake, Earth; and at the presence be aghast
Of him that ever was, and aye shall last;
 That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,
 And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

At this noble couplet, "Shake, Earth"—Warton exclaims in a note "He was now only fifteen!" He might well admire it. The other Psalm (the 136th) versified at the same age, has similar dawnings of the divinity that stirred within him. The king of Basan is called "large-limbed Og:"—Pharaoh is "the tawny king:" and the skies are

The painted heavens so full of state;

and God's hand is a "thunder-clasping hand." The whole version also has a high lyrical air with it, like that of a born lover of music. The short couplets, followed by a constant return of the same burden, fall and rise upon the ear like alternations of solo and chorus; and at the same time exhibit a majestic variety of modulation, in the midst of apparent uniformity. Even these earliest of our author's productions are lessons in the real music of poetry.

Let us, | with a gladsome mind,
 Praise the Lord, | for he is kind.
 For his mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his name abroad, |
 For of Gods | he is the God.
 For, &c.

O, | let us his praises tell,
 Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell. |
 For, &c.

Who, | with his miracles | doth make
 Amazed Heaven and Earth | to shake.
 For, &c.

And so on to the end. Milton in these psalms, had the double impulse upon him of his own inclination, and a wish to please his father, who was a religious man, a musician, and a composer of sacred music.

The two Greek epigrams, one the message of a philosopher to a king who had condemned him to death, unknowingly; and the other, on a bad engraving of himself prefixed to his Poems, are as insipid as need be. The latter, however, gave rise to a good involuntary joke on the part of another engraver, Vandergucht. He copied it for Tonson's edition in 1713, and unfortunately transferring the epigram at the same time, and setting his name to the plate, requested the reader, in Greek, to laugh at his own performance.

I will take this opportunity of correcting an error which I am afraid has crept into a former article. If I said that I believed Greek elegy to have been always melancholy, it was an idle mistake. For melancholy, read serious. Warton's mention of the Latin poem of Buchanan

upon May-time, gave rise to another confusion of recollections. I spoke of a poem by Statius on the same subject: but the fact is, I once had a Buchanan and a Statius, which were both duodecimos and printed alike; and what I remembered as a poem by the ancient Latin writer, was the identical one alluded to by Warton in the modern.

The first of Milton's Latin compositions that we come to in the book of miscellanies, is an ode on the death of the Cambridge Professor of Medicine. Poets have generally been happy in recording the merits of their cousins-german in Phœbus, the physicians: but Milton's production is a common-place that might have been written by other boys of seventeen. A doctor and master of a college is a different thing in the eyes of a youth, from the physician in those of the grown poet. These contributions were the result of college ambition. The next ode but one is on the death of the bishop of Ely, who had also been a master of a college; and is worth as little. The piece that comes between, is a curiosity. It is another poem on the subject of Guy Faux; and "as containing a council, conspiracy, and expedition of Satan, may be considered," says Warton, "as an early and promising prolusion of Milton's genius to the *Paradise Lost*." It was written at seventeen. It is more curious, however, than remarkable for its promise. The Devil considers how he shall do a mischief to the prosperity and Protestantism of England, and takes measures with the Pope and the Catholics accordingly: but he is the devil of Tasso and others, not of the *Paradise Lost*. He gnashes his teeth, and breathes forth groans mixed with sulphur. Yet there are prophetic notes too of the future organ. The following is a fine line. Wherever Satan comes, in his passage through the air,

Densatur nubes, et crebra tonitrua fulgent:—
Clouds thicken, and the frequent thunders glare.

When God is about to speak,

Fulmine præmisso alloquitur, terræque tremante:—
His thunder-bolts leap forth, and the earth trembles.

Milton in this piece has seized an opportunity, which must have been delightful to a young poet, of being the first to give names to the horses that draw the chariot of Night. His appellations are indicative of Blindness, of Black Hair, of Silence, and a Bristling Horror. The satire, which he could not help mixing with his Hell and Heaven in *Paradise Lost*, after the manner of the Italian poets, is here in its ore. When the Pope goes to-bed, it is not without a soft companion. The procession at Rome on the eve of St. Peter's day is described with great contempt. The Pope, bearing the host, is said to carry his "bread-baken Gods;" the processions of begging friars are very *lengthy*,—"series longissima,"—blind-minded fellows carrying wax-candles; and when they all get into the churches, they make a singing and a howling, which the poet compares to *Bacchus* and his troop keeping up their orgies on the mountains. This is not mincing the matter. Milton hardly shewed this poem among his Italian friends, when he went to Rome. Perhaps Galileo had a sight of it. Tuscany, a little before, is described as a country infamous for its poisonings,—a dead hand at a potion:—

Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria.

This is followed by a pretty passage, where the young poet looks out again from among his "amatory notions." To mark Satan's arrival at Rome, he is described as seeing the god of the Tiber giving stolen kisses to Thetis :—

Nec non
Te furtiva, Tibris, Thetidi videt oscula dantem.
Nor did he not perceive thee, Tiber, thee,
Giving stol'n kisses to the queen o' the sea.

The next piece, which was a college exercise, to prove "that Nature does not grow old," is beautiful; a little too overwrought and particular perhaps, but no more than a young poet should be. I have not translated it all; for to say the truth, poetry, with its fervent concentration of thought, affects the brain of us ailing people like a burning-glass; and translations of this nature agitate me, in my present state of health, like the gravest of those original compositions which I am obliged to avoid. But what I have done, and such as it is, I give the reader. He will see by the beginning, that our young poet had not yet got the whole spirit of a reformer upon him, or he would not have begged the question against those aspirations and endeavours of the human mind, which are as great a proof as any thing of the divine particle within us,—perhaps only its own endeavours to see how far a human medium can further its operations in one particular quarter of existence.

Heu, quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immerga profundis
Oedipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem!
Quas vesana suis metiri facta deorum
Audet, et incisas leges adamante perenni
Assimilare suis, nullòque solubile sæclo
Consilium fati perituris alligat horis!
Ergone marcescet sulcantibus obrita rugis
Naturæ facies, et rerum publica mater
Omniparum contracta uterum sterilescet ab ævo?
Et, se fassa senem, malè certis passibus ibit
Sidereum tremebunda caput? Num tetra vetustas,
Annorùmque æterna fames, squalorque, sitisque,
Sidera vexabunt? An et insatiabile Tempus
Esuriet Cælum, rapietque in viscera patrem?
Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces
Hoc contra munisse nefas, et Temporis isto
Exemisse malo, gyròsque dedisse perennes?
Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo
Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obviu ictu
Stridat uterque polus, superaque ut Olympius aula
Decidat, horribilisque relecta Gorgone Pallas;
Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon
Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cœli?
Tu quoque, Phœbe, tui casus imitabere nati;
Præcipiti curru, subitâque ferere ruinâ
Pronus, et extinctâ fumabit lampade Nereus,
Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.
Tunc etiam særei divulsis sedibus Hæmi
Disultabit apex, imòque allisa barathro
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,
In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaque bella.

Alas! in what a ceaseless maze
Of errors, and of darksome ways,
The human mind, poor wanderer,
Goes grave and toiling, here and there;

And in its *Cædipæan* plight,
 Feeling round through depths of night,
 Carries a blind brooding face
 Over its thoughts' most empty space !
 And yet by these its piteous roads
 'Twould judge the ways of the great Gods.
 And a law and reason vaunt
 Like their carved adamant ;
 And to its little fleeting hours
 Tie up Time's own conquerors.

And shall great Nature's face then grow
 Old, and have a furrowed brow ?
 Shall her all-producing womb
 Dry up in the common doom ?
 Shall she own she's old indeed,
And tottering, shake her starry head ?
 Must foul corruption, and the fell
 Hunger of years insatiable,
 And squalid ills, and thirsts, and cares,
 Trouble the-rejoicing stars ?

— — — — —
 Alas ! and could not the wise force
 Of Jove secure his chrystal towers ?
 Exempt his spheres from earthly wounds,
 And bid them take immortal rounds ?
 Say, shall it be, that some dread day
 Those marble vaults shall burst away,
 And dashing as through the mad air,
 Drown the deafened poles with fear ;
 Bringing the Olympian from his throne
 With his bewildered thunders down,
 And Pallas, glaring as she comes,
 With the bar'd Gorgonian dooms ?
 Worse fall, and mightier ruin far,
 Then the swart Vulcanian star.
 Thou, Phœbus, shall thy lofty state
 Follow thy son's rebuked fate,
 Smitten headlong suddenly
 With thy lamp into the sea,
 Which shall hiss with the quench'd light,
 And fume against the tawny night,
 Hæmus then, with smouldered heart,
 With its tops shall leap apart ;
 And the Acroceraunian frown
 Slide with all its thunders down
 Through the roof of shaken *Dis*,
 Bringing him the artilleries
 With which he wont to scale the stars,
 And wage his old fraternal wars.

I must go on.

But the Almighty Sire has given
 Surer heart to his starr'd heaven,
 And pondering on the sum of things,
 Look'd through all their balancings,
 Bidding them for aye to be
 Of a stern sweet harmony.
 Therefore the first wheels of day
 Still repeat their roundest way,
 And about heaven's charmed ears
 Carry the smooth glassy spheres.
 Return, in his sultry hold,
 Is not slower than of old :

Crested Mars with fiery eye
 Reddens in his perturbed sky;
 And Phœbus, with his florid mouth,
 Sparkles everlasting youth.

— — — — —
 He rises ever, as he did,
 Beauteous from his Eastern bed,
 Early calling up his team
 That issues with a whitening beam,
 And loosening it as late at even
 Into the quiet meads of heaven.
 With his double colour, he
 Divides the day-time equally;
 And then his sister comes again,
 Now to wax, and now to wane,
 And with arms in a like space
 Holds the blue in her embrace.

— — — — —
 Fair Earth, nor has the old potency
 Taken his fruitful arms from thee;
 Narcissus, drooping on his rill,
 Keeps his odorous beauty still;
 And so does either boy divine,
 Phœbus, thy boy,—and Venus, thine.

He alludes to Hyacinth and Adonis. The air, with which he turns suddenly as it were to Apollo and Venus, and congratulates them on the immortality of their respective favourites, has a certain tenderness and gracefulness of address very exquisite. The imagination throughout the whole poem is, I think, good and true. The poem that follows is still better. It is the one I alluded to in my last on the subject of Plato's aboriginal man, and, to my mind, is equal to the finest parts of the *Pensieroso*, or to any other of the milder dignities of the author's poetry. It was the translation of it, that set me upon the present endeavour.

DE IDEA PLATONICA QUEMADMODUM ARISTOTELES INTELEXIT.

Dicite, sacrorum præsides nemorum deæ;
 Tūque, O noveni perbeata numinis
 Memoria mater, quæ que in immenso procui
 Antro recumbis, otiosa Æternitas,*
 Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Jovis,
 Cœlique fastos, atque ephemeridas Deūm!
 Quis ille primus, cujux ex imagine
 Natura solers finxit humanum genus,
 Æternus, incorruptur, æquævus polo,
 Unusque et universus, exemplar Dei?
 Haud ille Palladis gemullus innubæ
 Interna proles insidet menti Jovis;
 Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,
 Tamen seorsus extat ad morem unius,
 Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci:
 Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes

* "This," says Warton, "is a sublime personification of Eternity: and there is a great reach of imagination in one of the conceptions which follows, that the original archetype of man may be a huge giant, stalking in some remote, unknown region of the earth, and lifting his head so high as to be dreaded by the gods, &c."—Pray let the learned reader also admire the line beginning "*Tamen seorsus*"—the word "*stringitur*"—the passage about sitting among the unborn souls by the river Lethe—the "*alto sinu*" and "*præpes*"—and indeed the whole, from beginning to end.

Cœli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
 Citimùmve terris incolit lunæ globum :
 Sive, inter animas corpus aditura sedens,
 Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas :
 Sive in remotâ fortè terrarum plagâ
 Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
 Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput,
 Atlante major portitore siderum.
 Non, cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit,
 Dircæus augur vidit hunc alto sinu ;
 Non hunc silente nocte Plëiones nepos
 Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro ;
 Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licèt
 Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,
 Priscùmque Belon, inclytùmque Osiridem.
 Non ille, trino gloriosus nomine,
 Ter magnus Hermes, ut sit arcani sciens,
 Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.
 At tu, perenne ruris Academi decus,
 (Hæc monstra si tu primus iaduxti scholis,)
 Jam jam poetas, urbis exules tuæ,
 Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus ;
 Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

Say, goddesses of holy woods,
 Aspects, felt in solitudes ;
 And Memory, at whose blessed knee
 The Nine, which thy dear daughters be,
 Learnt of the majestic past ;
 And thou, that in some antre vast
 Leaning afar off dost lie,
 Otiose Eternity,
 Keeping the tablets and decrees
 Of Jove, and the ephemerides
 Of the gods, and calendars
 Of the ever festal stars ;
 Say, who was he, the sunless shade,
 After whose pattern man was made ;
 He first, the full of ages, born
 With the old pale polar morn ;
 Sole, yet all ; first visible thought,
 After which the deity wrought ?
 Twin-birth with Pallas, not remain
 Doth he in Jove's o'ershadow'd brain ;
 But though of wide communion,
 Dwells apart, like one alone ;
 And fills the wondering embrace,
 (Doubt it not) of size and place.
 Whether, companion of the stars,
 With their ten-fold round he errs ;
 Or inhabits with his lone
 Nature in the neighbouring moon ;
 Or sits with body-waiting souls,
 Dozing by the Lethæan pools :—
 Or whether, haply, placed afar
 In some blank region of our star
 He stalks, an unsubstantial heap,
 Humanity's giant archetype ;
 Where a loftier bulk he rears
 Than Atlas, grappler of the stars,
 And through their shadow-touch'd abodes
 Brings a terror to the gods.
 Not the seer of him had sight,
 Who found in darkness depths of light,*

* Tiresias, who was blind.

His travelled eyeballs saw him not
 In all the gulphs they rolled about:
 Him the farthest-footed god,
 Pleiad Mercury, never shewed
 To any poet's wisest sight:
 In the silence of the night:
 News of him the Assyrian priest *
 Found not in his sacred list,
 Though he traced back old king Nine,
 And Belus, elder name divine,
 And Osiris, endless famed.
 Not the glory, triple-named,
 Thrice great Hermes, though his eyes
 Read the shapes of all the skies,
 Left him in his sacred verse
 Revealed to Nature's worshippers.

O Plato! and was this a dream
 Of thine in bowery Academe?
 Wert thou the golden tongue to tell
 First of this high miracle,
 And charm him to thy schools below?
 O call thy poets back, if so: †
 Back to the state thine exiles call;
 Thou greatest fabler of them all;
 Or follow through the self-same gate,
 Thou, the founder of the state.

[The remainder of this article in our next.]

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.—ROMAN AND TARTARIAN PONTIFFS.

WE learn from Petersburg letters, that Providence has removed the Dalai Lama of Thibet, who, according to the more literal, but scarcely more assumptive phraseology of Tartarian devotion, ascended into the celestial regions in consequence of the sins of the people, † five years ago, and has not yet reappeared. The intelligence is given in the following words:—

"The Russian interpreters of the establishment at Pekin have reported, on their return, that the Dalai Lama died five years ago, and that he has not yet *reappeared*, because the Court of Pekin desires that he should revive in the person of a *Mantchou* Prince, to which the Thibet party does not seem to be inclined."

The singular fact of such an announcement at the very moment when the death of his Holiness of Rome may probably be producing a similar operation in favour of another *Mantchou* Prince in Europe, is in

* Sanchoniathon.

† Whom Plato banished from his imaginary republic.

‡ We all know that when a King of Great Britain is sick, he is thus visited, not because he is born to endure a few of the evils which flesh is heir to, or for any faults of his own, but in consequence "of the sins of his people." Whether Lambeth borrowed this from Thibet, or Thibet from Lambeth, we know not, but the Minister of the deceased Teshoo Lama thus announces the death of his master to Governor-General Hastings:—

"But at this time, *because of our wickedness*, the holy Lama accepted unto himself severe distempers, and he retired from this perishable world to the eternal mansions, leaving us overwhelmed with the sorrows of separation."

itself curious; but it is rendered much more so by the accompanying intelligence, which proves that the general springs of human action are every where the same. We scarcely need inform our readers, that the Dalai Lama in theory is a real incarnation of the Deity, but in point of fact the spiritual head of a Church, to which the Court of China once paid real, but latterly only nominal homage;—a similar mastery of power or pretension having taken place in this part of Asia, as in Catholic Europe. The fiction in respect to the choice of a Lama is bolder in theory than the alleged interference of the Holy Ghost in the election of a Pope; but in reality the choice is managed in a very similar manner by the Magnates of Thibet, under the external influence of China, and their own and other native interests. For many years past, it has been the policy at Rome to choose an Italian Cardinal, and not to place the Papacy under the family influence of a reigning sovereign. A brother of the Emperor of Austria is at this moment a Cardinal, and, presuming an intrigue on the part of that despot to get him elected Pope, it would be precisely similar to the exertions of the Court of China, that the Lama should *reappear* in the person of a Mantchou Prince, so similar are the leading motives of sinister power and policy all over the world. The comparison between the European and the Tartarian spiritual supremacy is yet more intimate, for if we look into the history of both, we shall find that a like progression has taken place. Time has been, when Emperors of China and Tartar Princes repaired to the Lama, to pay homage, make presents, and receive back benedictions; whereas of late they have been regarded as little more than convenient appendages to a general religion; and instead of homage and visits to them, all kind of accommodation and visits from them, have been the order of the day; and if the Chinese were to place a fortunate soldier like Napoleon upon the throne, and coronations were a part of Chinese costume, the Lama could or would no more refuse to crown him, than Pius VII. refused to crown Bonaparte. These resemblances are at least amusing, and so far instructive, as they indicate general principles, and prove that although Paley may be right to a certain extent in calling man a “bundle of habits,” there is a something beneath these said habits which is common to the whole species.

We have observed that theory is bolder in regard to the Tartarian Lama than the Roman Pontiff: this is certainly the case at the first appearance, but scarcely more so, looking back to the time when His Holiness gave away Ireland by a *Bull*, and quartered the New World like an orange between his obedient sons of Spain and Portugal. In fact, their pretensions differ much as Dryden divides the musical claims of Timotheus and St. Cecilia,—the Roman exalted a mortal to the skies, the Tartarian calls a divinity down; each new Lama being deemed the reappearance of the last, and a special incarnation of the Creator. Gravity, let it be the essence of what it may, is often very capriciously exhibited, and while we treat the inspiration of the Com-clave with befitting reverence, we may be allowed to smile at the secret springs which actuate the operative priesthood in the choice of a Lama, who is usually an infant; in whom the spirit of his deceased predecessor is detected by indications known only to themselves, who, when they deem it convenient, declare his *reappearance*. In the present instance, it seems

these marks have not been discoverable for five years, owing to the profane interference of the government of China. On the face of the earth, there is possibly nothing in the form of government so arrogant and assuming as theocracies, which truth a study of the history of every thing that has borne the name will make manifest. Happily, however, there is a correspondent weakness in spiritual power, which in the long run uniformly places clerical sway under physical domination, a result which frequently sets the pretension and the fact in very ridiculous opposition; and such opposition has occurred in both the instances to which we have been alluding. The Vicar-General of Christ upon earth is evidently the same political plaything in Europe, as the Dalaï Lama in Asia, and a like decline usually attends mere priestly power in all places. Its very assumption is self-destructive; for wherever the royal and sacerdotal character has been united, under the notion of a participation of divinity, the poor God has almost uniformly been shut up, in the sequel, to the promotion of an efficient and really governing deputy, as in Japan and other places. The substitution of an union between church and state, if less splendid in appearance, is therefore in fact infinitely more profitable to the priesthood of every persuasion; of which truth, to do the whole of them justice, they now seem to be duly sensible. There has been some chance, indeed, that by this arrangement the monarch would, in another way, be reduced into a silly and puppet-led pagod, but the danger is at length fortunately subsiding, even in such places as Spain and Portugal; and the chief thing to be guarded against at present is, a too intimate agreement between priest and sovereign, at the expense of all the rest of the world.

Unfortunately we cannot supply a regular account of the routine by which the reappearance of a deceased Lama upon earth again is adjusted in the Tartar Conclave, to set off against the virtual *Congé d'Elire* at Rome; but the following extract from Turner's Account of his Embassy to the infant Teeshoo Lama * very pleasantly describes the gravity and keeping maintained by the friends of religion and social order in Thibet. It is a narrative of one of his audiences:—

"On the morning of Tuesday, the 4th of December, 1783, I was allowed to visit Teshoo Lama, and found him placed in great form upon his musnud; on the left side, stood his father and mother; on the other, the officer particularly appointed to wait upon his person. The musnud is a fabric of silk cushions, piled one upon the other, until the seat is elevated to the height of four feet from the floor; a piece of embroidered silk covered the top, and the sides also were decorated with pieces of silk, of various colours, suspended from the upper edge, and hanging down. At the particular request of Teshoo Lama's father, Mr. Saunders and myself wore the English dress.

"I advanced, and, as the custom is, presented a white pelong scarf, and delivered also into the Lama's hands the Governor-General's present of a string of pearls and coral, while the other things were set down before him. Having performed the ceremony of exchanging scarfs with his father and mother, we took our seats on the right hand of Teshoo Lama.

"A multitude of persons, all those who had been ordered to escort me, were admitted to his presence, and allowed to make their prostrations. The infant Lama

* There are now three Lamas in Tartary, of which, under the more especial patronage of China, the Teeshoo Lama is the principal, an honour which formerly belonged to the Dalaï Lama. China, with extreme piety, condescends to interest itself in the affairs of all three.

turned towards them, and received them all with a cheerful look of complacency. His father then addressed me in the Thibet language, in words which were explained to me by the interpreter: he said, 'that Teshoo Lama had been used to remain at rest until this time of the day, but he had awoke very early this morning, and could not be prevailed upon to remain longer at his repose; for,' added he, 'the English gentlemen were arrived, and he could not sleep.' During the time we were in the room, I observed that the Lama's eyes were scarcely ever turned from us; and when our cups were empty of tea, he appeared uneasy, and, throwing back his head, and contracting the skin of his brow, continued to make a noise, for he could not speak, until they were filled again. He took some burnt sugar out of a golden cup, containing some confectionary, and, stretching out his arm, made a motion to his attendant to give them to me. He sent some, in like manner, to Mr. Saunders, who was with me. I found myself, though visiting an infant, under the necessity of saying something; for it was hinted to me that, notwithstanding he was unable to reply, it is not to be inferred that he cannot understand. However, his incapacity of answering excused me many words, and I briefly said, that 'the Governor-General, on receiving the news of his decease in China, was overwhelmed with grief and sorrow, and continued to lament his absence from the world, until the cloud that had overcast the happiness of this nation was dispelled by his re-appearance; and then, if possible, a greater degree of joy had taken place than he had experienced of grief on receiving the first mournful news. The Governor anxiously wished that he might long continue to illumine the world by his presence, and was hopeful that the friendship which had formerly subsisted between them would not be diminished, but rather that it might become still greater than before; and that, by his continuing to shew kindness to my countrymen, there might be an extensive communication between his votaries and the dependents of the British nation.'

"The little creature turned, looking steadfastly towards me with the appearance of much attention while I spoke, and nodded with repeated but slow movements of the head, as though he understood and approved every word, but could not utter a reply. His parents, who stood by all the time, eyed their son with a look of affection, and a smile expressive of heartfelt joy at the propriety of the young Lama's conduct. His whole attention was directed to us: he was silent and sedate, never once looking towards his parents, as if under their influence at the time; and, with whatsoever pains his manners may have been so correctly formed, I must own that his behaviour on this occasion appeared perfectly natural and spontaneous, and not directed by any external action or sign of authority.

"Teshoo Lama was at this time eighteen months old. Though he was unable to speak a word, he made the most expressive signs, and conducted himself with astonishing dignity and decorum. His complexion was of that hue which in England we should term rather brown, but not without colour. His features were good; he had small black eyes, and an animated expression of countenance; altogether, I thought him one of the handsomest children I had ever seen."

So much for one of those voluntary prostrations of human reason to education and habit, which all people are disposed to smile at when placed at a due distance from home; when with extreme complacency they overlook the most conspicuous absurdity to which they have been innured by their early associations. If the above child survive at this moment he must be in the prime of his maturity, and it would be curious to know what such a mental mummy—such a mind-be-swaddled and ligatured piece of divine mortality, has become; although, to be candid, Turner describes his predecessor, who died at the age of forty of the small pox, while on a forced honourable visit to Peking (just as Pius VI. visited Vienna, and Pius VII. Paris), as an amiable and even sensible man.

Q.

COMMON PLACES.

XIX.

The greatest proof of superiority is to bear with impertinence.

XX.

No truly great man ever thought himself so.

XXI.

Every man, in judging of himself, is his own contemporary.

XXII.

Abuse is an indirect species of homage.

XXIII.

From the height from which the great look down on the world, all the rest of mankind seem equal.

XXIV.

It is a bad style that requires frequent *breaks* and marks of admiration.

XXV.

It happens in conversation as in different games. One person seems to excel, till another does better, and we then think no more of the first.

XXVI.

Those who can keep secrets, have no curiosity. We only wish to gain knowledge; that we may impart it.

XXVII.

Genius is native to the soil where it grows—is fed by the air, and warmed by the sun—and is not a hot-house plant or an exotic.

XXVIII.

All truly great works of art are *national* in their character and origin.

XXIX.

People are distinguished less by a genius for any particular thing, than by a peculiar tone and manner of feeling and thinking; whatever be the subject. The same qualities of mind or characteristic excellence that a man shows in one art, he would probably have displayed in any other. I have heard Mr. Northcote say, that he thought Sir Joshua Reynolds would have written excellent genteel comedies. His *Discourses* certainly are bland and amiable (rather than striking or original) like his pictures.

XXX.

The same kind of excellence may be observed to prevail in different arts at the same period of time, as characteristic of the spirit of the age. Fielding and Hogarth were cotemporaries.

XXXI.

There is an analogy in the style of certain authors to certain professions. One writes like a lawyer: it seems as if another would have made an eminent physician. Mandeville said of Addison that he was "a parson in a tye-wig:" and there is something in the *SPECTATOR* to justify this description of him.

XXXII.

Salvator Rosa paints like a soldier; Nicolas Poussin like a Professor at a University; Guido like a finished gentleman; Parmegiano with something of the air of a dancing-master. Alas! Guido was a gamester and a madman; and Parmegiano a searcher after the philoso-

pher's stone.—One of the happiest ideas in modern criticism was that of designating different living poets by the cups Apollo gives them to drink out of: thus Wordsworth is made to drink out of a wooden bowl, Lord Byron out of a skull chased with silver, &c.

XXXIII.

Extreme impatience and irritability are often combined with a corresponding degree of indifference and indolence. When the eagerness of pursuit or the violence of opposition ceases, nothing is left to interest the mind, that has been once accustomed to a state of morbid excitement.

XXXIV.

Artists and other studious professions are not happy, for this reason: they cannot enjoy mental repose. A state of lassitude and languor succeeds to that of overstrained, anxious exertion.

XXXV.

It is the custom at present to exclude all but Scientific and Mechanical subjects from our fashionable Public Institutions, lest any allusions to popular sentiments or the cause of humanity should by chance creep in, to the great annoyance of the polite and well-informed part of the audience.

XXXVI.

People had much rather be thought to look ill than old: because it is possible to recover from sickness, but there is no recovering from age.

XXXVII.

I never knew but one person who had a passion for truth—and only one who had the same regard to the distinction between right and wrong, that others have to their own interest.

XXXVIII.

Women are the sport of caprice, the slaves of custom.

XXXIX.

When men are not favourites with women, it is either from habits of vulgar debauchery, or from constitutional indifference, or from an overstrained and pedantic idea of the sex, taken from books, and answering to nothing in real life.

XL.

The object of books is to teach us ignorance; that is, to throw a veil over nature, and persuade us that things are not what they are, but what the writer fancies or wishes them to be.

XLI.

My little boy said the other day—"He could not tell what to do without a book to read—he should wander about without knowing what to do with himself." So have I wandered about, till now, and waking from the dream of books at last, don't know what to do with myself. My poor little fellow! may'st thou dream long amidst thy darling books, and never wake!

XLII.

Political truth is a libel; religious truth, blasphemy.

XLIII.

The greatest crime in the eye of the world is to endeavour to instruct or amend it.

XLIV.

Weighing remote consequences in the mind is like weighing the air in scales.

XIV.

A hypocrite seems to be the only perfect character—since it embraces the extremes of what human nature is, and of what it *would be thought*.

[To be continued.]

ERRATUM in last No. page 157, third line of paragraph XVI. for
"they have," read "he has."

TABLE TALK.

Having, in past numbers, dilated upon the *heroines* of the novel, we may possibly be indulged with a word or two on the vicissitudes of fashion, in relation to the heroes of the same class of invention, speaking, however, more directly of those of feminine manufacture. Passing over the robust and indelicate creations of Fielding and Smollet, the literary novel leaders for some years past have vibrated between the Lovelace of Richardson and a sort of insipid sentimental man of virtue, like the Lord Orville of Evelina; in reference to whom a lively widow once observed to us, that she somehow or other felt a much greater regard for Sir Clement Willoughby. To these varieties succeeded a stately, reserved, but honourable sort of English Spaniard—an incipient notion of which was possibly broached also by Miss Burney, in the young Delville of her Cecilia, but still more fully developed in the decayed gentlemen of ancient family, of Charlotte Smith, who to a man abounded in stateliness, chivalry, and English *morgue*. A something of this kind had its day, until Miss Porter gave a new notion or two in Thaddeus of Warsaw; and at the conclusion of the late war, at which era, setting aside such *lusus naturæ* as Cœlebs, and a few more of that school, the unspeakable *He* for the most part consisted of a tall, well-made personage, with a somewhat of German dignity of *mein*—his eyes dark, and at once bright as a sunbeam and soft as moonlight; his gait a little soldierly because he frequently commanded a company in an Hussar regiment. Magnanimous as Hector, but provoked, as fiery as Troilus: unutterably mild and benignant to young ladies, and open-handed as Shakespeare's Hal to melting charity. A remnant of the reserve of the Charlotte Smith class was still preserved; this sort of hero seldom talking to the crowd, and although abounding in wit, like Hudibras, very shy of using it; but when made to talk, that is to say, to the heroine—ye Gods how he does talk! To crown all, he was created exceedingly prudent, always living within his pay or pittance if under adversity, and, as a fixed rule, he was never to be beholden to man, woman, or child, until within half an hour of expiring through hunger. If rich, he had nothing to do but to give away three quarters of his rentroll in charity: to say nothing of an estate or two occasionally. Germany was a very fashionable country at this period for a hero, and he had always fifteen quarterings at least, and six or eight orders of knighthood. The regiment he belonged to, at that time of day, always bore a death's head in front, emblematic of hatred to the French. If an Englishman, no particular direction in this respect was necessary, a commissioned hussar in England then, and ever since, usually changing his uniform once a year, by

royal order. Such was the *beau-ideal*, while we were feasting the despots, and for a month or two afterwards. Of the absolute thing at this moment, a lack of recent diligent reading in the line makes us ignorant, but we suspect that the Scottish novels have routed all the previous idea-ology, and that our fair scribes are rather unsettled in their present notions. Sir Walter, indeed, makes his Masters and Misses—his Oroondateses and his Statiras perform such mawkish and subordinate parts, all ancient notions are at sea, and nothing is yet settled in the way of succession. When quite satisfied of the termination of the interregnum, we will duly announce it. A.

HENRY AND EMMA—GRISELDA.—There is something in the idea of the absolute devotedness of a beloved object, maugre adversity, reverses, and even ill treatment, which we are sorry to say, in contemplation, is much more grateful to the imagination of man than of woman. Whether it is that this implicit yielding is more out of character in the latter than in the former, we know not; but certainly, except in books of knight-errantry, which are altogether fictitious, we never hear of a man exciting *la belle passion* in a stronger degree, by extreme subserviency, nor in ideal portraiture are these submissive heroes treated by female pens with peculiar favour. A touch of Russian feeling, we suspect, prevails on these occasions, subdued and refined however, for it does not go so far as to regard a non-use of the whip as passionless and ungallant; but we firmly believe it extends to the desire of witnessing a little impetuosity now and then in proof of the masculine gender. On the other hand, the Griseldas and Emmas with poets and novellists of the opposite sex are highly admired. They are not so with us; for although there is something dramatic and picturesque in the contemplation of an all-devouring passion, which like the rod of Aaron swallows up all the rest,—and while we can truly sympathise with a strength of attachment that will encounter danger, suffering, and distress, rather than forsake a beloved object,—we cannot perceive the beauty of so much perseverance when the heroine is apparently spurned, insulted, and calumniated, like the aforesaid Grissel, and the Nut-brown Maid. The unity and intensity of the picture, supplied by unresisted passion, may be very forcible, but all the master touches—all that can render it permanently interesting arises out of the struggles with reason and principle. Compare the Clementina of Richardson, for instance, with the Emma of Prior, or rather of the original ballad, and which excites the most genuine sympathy?—Which again, as a portrait, is the most exquisite conception, the obtrusive Olivia, or that ideal victim of concealment and hopelessness, which the same master-hand describes as sitting “smiling at grief”?

We have observed, that an all-devoted man is not so attractive to the opposing sex, as in the reverse instances. A striking proof of this truth is to be found in one of the Plays on the Passions by Miss Johanna Baillie. The heroine of the play absolutely hesitates to marry her lover, because she fears that he is attached to *her* more than to honour, rectitude, and consistency; and the business of the piece is made up of experiments to prove, whether he is so arrant and self-abandoned a Mark Antony as he appears to be. This is curious from a female pen, and may pair off, by way of contrast, with the *History*

of the Chevalier de Grioux, founded on fact, and written, we believe, by the celebrated Abbé Prevost,—the Daniel Defoe of France. This work, translated into English under the title of *Manon L'Escaut*, describes the infatuated passion of a young and noble Frenchman for a youthful, bewitching, but utterly worthless and vicious girl, whom he protects under all fortunes, and finally accompanies to Cayenne, where she is transported as a convict,—quitting her only in death. The tale is simple, but is forcible from its singleness of passion and of interest; and the eccentric author of the *Lounger's Common-Place Book* pronounces it to be natural and possible from experience of his own. Be this as it may, the idol of the young Frenchman was as worthless a jilt as Cleopatra, and so it generally happens. Further to prove the secondary estimation, on the part of woman, of so much devotion, we may observe in a great variety of novels (from which, after all, much more is to be gathered than certain affected sages imagine) that the passion of the mild, plaintive, all-adoring swain, although acknowledged to be the best creature in the world, is almost uniformly rejected in favour of some *preux chevalier* of more boisterous and manly properties. Having appealed to authority, there is no more to be said.

LE MISANTROPE OF MOLIERE.—There is a traditionary anecdote in relation to the first performance of this excellent Comedy. In a scene of infinite humour, the plain-dealing Alceste is attacked by a Poetaster of rank, who begins with a profession of eternal friendship, and ends with requesting his opinion on a love song, which resembles some of those, by persons of quality and of honour, which were routed, horse and foot, by the excellent burlesque of “Fluttering spread thy purple pinions” of Pope and Swift. The equivocal of the scene requires a solemn reading of one of these non-entities by the presumed author; and so admirably had Moliere caught the prevailing tone of nonsense of the day, the Parisian critics were completely taken in, and loudly applauded a tissue of no-meaning which the hero of the Comedy, in the plenitude of his sincerity, proceeds to pull to pieces as tinsel stuff, which good sense despises—

“De ces Colifichets, dont le bon sens murmure.”

This was too deep a wound for French self-love, and for this reason alone the play was for a considerable time discountenanced. We observed last week, that in the School for Scandal about to be acted in Paris, the French would recognize a portion of their own drama. Such is the fact in regard to a scene of fashionable scandal in *Le Misanthrope*, which clearly supplied the ground-work of a similar spirited conversation in the School for Scandal.

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THE INDICATOR.

No. LXXXV.

There he arriving, round about doth fly,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye,
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.—SPENSER.

LA BELLA TABACCAIA.

(*For the Indicator.*)

I WISH this tale had more of the romantic, or was more akin to the every day occurrences of domestic life. As it is, it may chance to please nobody. There are none of those wonderful incidents, which, without the aid of genii and fairies, prove that the tighter we stretch the chord of possibility, the more it vibrates to our extraordinary hopes and fears. Nor has it any thing like a misdirected letter, creating a volume of dilemmas, and then lost, and then getting, in worse hands, worse and worse interpreted; or a lady not at home on that unfortunate Monday, when affairs might have been set on a right footing; or the seeing a loyal servant-maid, quite by mistake, with a bad sovereign; or the doubts, deliberations, and delays of lawyers over a plain, straight-forward last will and testament; or an amorous gentleman blundering on the aunt's name for the niece's; or a husband seeing his wife embrace a long-lost brother, and calling to Thomas for pistols for three;—alas! I can offer nothing of this interesting nature. It is merely one of those tales, the best parts of which, for the honour of human nature, ought to happen oftener; and perhaps they may be in fashion, when men and women grow a great deal wiser. The utmost I can say in its praise is, that it is true as affidavits and a court of justice can make it. By the by, being somewhat allied to the favourite Newgate Calendar, it strikes me it may be twisted, with considerable additions, into a tolerable melo-drama, and that is no mean recommendation. Let Drury and Covent-Garden look to it. They can get it crammed full of "good sentiments," so palpable, a child may pen them down. And if at a loss for a title, to prepare the audience for a stronger dose than usual, why not call it "The Queen of Hearts?" Besides, they can introduce an Italian vineyard, the best that can be had in London.

Nina was an orphan, and, at the age of fifteen, mistress of a snuff and tobacco shop in Pisa, under the discreet guidance of an aunt, who boarded and lodged with her by virtue of her experience. The stock in

trade, a little ready money, and two houses in the suburbs of Leghorn, were her patrimony. She had the fairest complexion with the darkest ringlets that ever were formed together; and though no one ever criticised her lips as rather too full, yet some fastidious admirers objected to the largeness of her eyes—but they could not have remarked their lustre and expression, nor the beautiful jet lashes which shaded them. She was called *La bella Tabaccaia*. The students of the University, as they returned from lecture, always peeped in the shop, to see if Nina was behind the counter; and, if she was, nine out of ten walked in and asked for segars. There they lighted them one after the other at the pan of charcoal, and by turns, puffing awhile for invention, ventured on some gallant compliments. If these were received with a smile, as they generally were, and often more roguishly than would be considered within the rules of a bench of old English ladies, then away they went to strut on the Lung'arno with a much gayer notion of themselves. The grave ones of the neighbourhood thought it a pity she should encourage such idle talk; and the aunt constantly advised her to go into the inner room, whenever those wild young fellows made their appearance. But Nina had all the vivacity, the joyousness of youth, almost of childhood, and defended herself by saying, "La! aunt, there can be no harm in their merriment; for my mother used to tell me, young men with serious faces were the only dangerous ones." And the mother's authority never failed in silencing the aunt.

Late one evening a student entered while Nina was alone in the shop. After a single glance, he sat down by the side of the counter, took up a knife that lay there, and began seemingly to play with it, but with a countenance that betrayed the most violent agitation. The poor girl, never having witnessed any thing like despair, imagined he was intoxicated; and, as the safest means of avoiding insult, remained firmly in her place. On a sudden, the youth, grasping the knife in his hand, seized her by the hair, and threatened death if she did not immediately, and without a word or a scream, give him her money. Instead of complying, quietly and on the instant, in her fright she shrieked for help, and struggled with him. Had not the youth felt a touch of pity, even in that moment of frenzy, she would have been destroyed. For her struggles were in vain, and the knife was at her bosom, when some passengers, hearing her cries, together with the neighbours from the adjoining houses, ran in and seized him. Without further question, they placed him in the hands of the *Sbirri*, who led him directly to the Police, and Nina was required to follow. Her evidence was written down, and she was ordered to sign the paper. To this she complied, with no other thought than that she had not been guilty of the slightest exaggeration. As she laid down the pen, the officer assured her she might rely on the utmost redress for such an outrage; as her evidence was not only the clearest, but it completely tallied with the prisoner's confession; and ended with—"Be under no apprehension, my good girl, for you will shortly see him in yellow," alluding to the colour which those convicts wear who are sentenced to hard labour for life. It was not till these words were uttered that she, still trembling in her fears, had once reflected on the punishment; when starting as she heard them, she looked piteously in the officer's face, and said, "I hope not, Sir; he has not robbed me,—not hurt



me,—not in the least. Pray let me have that paper again; and I— I am sorry I came here,—indeed I am!” She was told he was now in the hands of the law, and it was neither in her power, nor in theirs, to release him; and that as it was the law, not the individual, that punished a criminal, she need not accuse herself, in the slightest degree, of severity, whatever his sentence might be. Incapable of replying to this argument, she could do nothing but repeat her request for the paper, when she was answered by a smile, and told she was quite a child. “Do, do give me that paper,” she continued; “let nothing more happen; If I can pardon him, why cannot you?” At this she was called a silly child. Nina looked round for the prisoner; but he had been led to his dungeon. “O God!” she cried, “how unhappy does this make me! I know, Sir, I am, as you say, a child; but can you make a child so miserable?” The officer then spoke with greater kindness, reasoning on the impossibility of his yielding, and thus she was dismissed.

The aunt was waiting at home in a thousand ecstasies at so providential an escape from a robber and a murderer; to all which Nina scarcely replied, but went to her pillow weeping, “and pity, like a naked new-born babe,” lay in her bosom. Thus in two short hours was the laughing gaiety of this young creature gone for ever. She was the means, it mattered not how innocently, of driving a fellow being into wretchedness and infamy. That her sorrow was unreasonable, few, perhaps, will deny. However, Nina had never learnt to take enlarged views of the duties of citizenship; nor did it once enter her head to ask herself whether she was right or wrong. Before sun-rise the old lady was surprised at being wakened by her niece, and to see her hastily dressing herself to go once more to the Police. This created a long discussion. “Well, well,” said the niece, “I will go alone; but then I can have little hope. You, aunt, that know the world, may find some method of softening the hearts of these cruel officers. I have but one friend, now that both my parents are dead; and sure she will not refuse the first earnest prayer I make!” This appeal could not be withstood. Nina ran to the looking-glass, to put on her bonnet, when she perceived several bruises on her neck, the marks of his rude hands,—they would be observed, and could not be mistaken. Instantly inquiring if it was not rather chilly that morning, she at the same time, without waiting for an answer, took up a large shawl, pinned it close under her chin, and then waited, in the mildest manner in the world; for her friend.

At a very early hour the convicts employed to clean the streets begin their labour. When Nina arrived at the corner of the *Borgo*, she heard the clanking of their chains; and clinging with both hands on her aunt’s arm, remained motionless while they slowly passed. Though accustomed to the sight from her infancy, she now, for the first time, regarded them attentively. They were accompanied, as usual, by their guards, armed with muskets and cutlasses, and came heavily chained together in couples; the two first with brooms, followed by those who drag on a cart, and then two others with their shovels. One was clothed in yellow; the girl looked at him with tears in her eyes. “I never thought,” said she, “these men were so wretched!” “Santa

Maria!" exclaimed the aunt, "and what did you think? Would you have them as comfortable as good Christians like ourselves? You will see, as I told you before, the gentlemen of the Police will call me a simpleton for going to them on such an errand." In this she was mistaken; nobody noticed her. Nina's earnestness astonished the officers. They had never seen or heard of any thing of the like, and could not understand it. That she should be in love with the prisoner was out of the question, as it appeared in her evidence his person was unknown to her until the evening before; and a young woman never makes a present of her heart (so they argued) to a ruffian who comes to take it with a knife. In the absence, therefore, of this suspicion, she seemed of a more human, if not a more heavenly nature, than any Saint in the Calendar. And as they sympathised in her distress,—for how could they help it?—their compassion was startled into something favourable to all sorts of criminals. The worst was, they could not grant her request.

It is high time to talk of our student—poor Gaetano in his dungeon! He had been noted by the Professors for his application at the University, and endeared to his companions by his never-failing cheerfulness and good temper. What a dreary change! And he was the favourite of his father, who, though not rich, still represented, with some attempts at dignity, an ancient family in Pistoia. Young Gaetano's story, I am sorry to own it, is a very bad one; as it bears a resemblance to that doleful tragedy, *George Barnwell*. Italians, to their praise be it spoken, seldom put faith in that love which is to be purchased by costly presents,—they know better; yet when guilty of such folly, their extravagance is often boundless. It was so with this youth. After having, on every possible pretence, obtained money from his father, and lavished it on his Milwood, she began to put on her cold looks; then, in a short time, her door was closed against a penniless suitor. Why he attacked Nina seems inexplicable. Had Pisa no respected Signor, with a heart full of self complacency as his pockets were of money, walking in his own orchard, and moralizing on his own goodness? It is certain, however, none but this innocent, defenceless girl struck his brain at that desperate moment. Perhaps there was a feeling of revenge against the sex. Your only true woman-hater is he who becomes trammelled in the magic of one whom his reason bids him despise. If this hint at an explanation should be objected to, I willingly refer the whole case to a general assembly of Scotch metaphysicians,—they can settle every thing. My business is with facts. When Nina heard the story, she pitied him more than ever; and if this is sneered at as an immodest kind of pity among the cruelly virtuous, let her inexperience in their ways be considered in her favour. So deep an impression did it make on her mind, that it stamped her character for ever. Instead of a laughing, thoughtless girl, she became, at once, a woman. Her brow was more tranquil, a milder brightness shone in her eyes, a far sweeter smile played upon her lips. Happiness, she thought, should not be divided; and, as the thought came over her, not a living being but shared in her sensibility. There is not a greater mistake than to imagine the characters of either sex are formed solely by the first impulses of love. Any of the passions, if thoroughly roused, or even pain of

body, will have the same effect, and sometimes at a very early age. Grief, as I myself have witnessed, will act like inspiration; suddenly converting a childish docility in a lad into a manly fortitude and self-decision. The soul of Nina was awakened by the throbs of pity.

The trial came on, Gaetano's father hastened to Pisa, busy with his advocates in the defence of his son, but without seeing him. Insanity was attempted to be proved. Every effort availed nothing. When pronounced guilty, the father returned to Pistoia, thanking Heaven he had yet another son, and he should be his heir—a boy whom hitherto he had scarcely noticed, and who was at that time educating for the Church. Nina did better; she privately went to the houses of the Judges, and knelt before them, and implored the most lenient sentence. Whether her intercession was of some value, or whether there appeared to be more of passion than depravity in the prisoner, the sentence was certainly milder than was expected—three years' hard labour.

When Gaetano appeared among the other convicts, every body ran to Nina and officiously pointed him out. Without some information it is probable she never would have recognized him. He passed before her door with that dull eye which those who have any shame instinctively acquire, seeing, as it were, every thing and nothing at the same time. She gazed at him fearfully and solemnly by turns, but did not utter a syllable. Always to see, or what is the same thing to the imagination, always to be liable to see a fellow-creature who has injured us, suffering for his crime in toil and in chains, must, after a while, excite the compassion of the sternest. It may be supposed that Nina's humanity could not have endured it. Not so; instead of avoiding him, she would walk through those parts of the city where he was employed, and frequently cross before him, in the hope of attracting his attention, merely that he might see how sorrowful she was, and then, she thought, she would be happier. But when, after some time, she suspected—and the reader cannot but be prepared for so natural a transition—there were other emotions in her bosom of a more tender nature than pity, she feared to watch him but from a distance. It ought not to create surprise, that as she could never drive him from her mind, he should win her heart even in a convict's clothes; though possibly in the gayest dress, and with the handsome lively countenance for which he was once admired, he might not have raised the slightest interest in her affections.

Still she retained the name of *La bella Tabaccaia*; yet it was commonly followed by a whisper that once she was far more beautiful; and indeed her cheeks and her lips grew paler every day. This, together with the change of expression in her features, and her always choosing the earliest hour to go to mass, gave rise to many rumours. Some asserted she had been shamefully deserted by some one whom nobody knew; others, that she looked forward in terror towards the day when her enemy was to be released; and others, that she lived in constant dread of assassination—among which last was her wise aunt. Only one person, a lover of Nina's, discovered the secret; and he, as he has often declared, traced in her artless conduct the gradual progress of her love for Gaetano, from the first moment she saw him in the street. This may be going too far back;—yet it is no matter. He behaved generously, nobly to her; carefully avoiding to hint at

his discovery, and offering his services to alleviate the hardships of his rival's fate. What a delight to speak of him! I wish I might give his name! Money is sometimes slipped into the hands of the convicts by their friends, while the guards pretend not to observe it, or turn their eyes another way. This was attempted by that young man with Gaetano, but nothing could induce him to receive it. To every offer of kindness he neither replied, nor evinced by his manner that the words were understood. He was told that Nina was unhappy, and still he retained the same lethargic look. Every sense, his very soul, appeared to be fettered more heavily than his limbs. Failing in this, the young man visited the prison, and hoped to afford some relief to Nina in speaking of the attention paid to their health and cleanliness; and he described the discipline within the walls, not more severe than the mildest Government could suggest; and Nina, as she listened to him, silently laid her cheek upon his hand. She too, in her evening walks, would lead her aunt towards the *Ponte a mare*, and there lean upon the parapet, as if watching the rushing of the Arno through the arches. The prison stands at the end of the bridge. At the *Ave Maria* she heard them at their prayers; and sometimes her ear was startled at loud singing and laughter through the barred windows; for men, whether in a prison or a palace, however wretched their crimes or their follies ought to make them, will still, as in defiance, give loose to a wild jollity; and alas! it is the only enjoyment that remains for them.

The three years crawled drearily away, and at last the hour arrived for Gaetano to be set at liberty. A parcel was left for him at the prison door, with a message that it came from his father. Gaetano seized it from the keeper's hands, and throwing himself passionately on the ground, pressed it to his breast, for he had feared he was abandoned by every one he loved, and then he covered his face with it, and bathed it with his tears, the first he had shed within those walls. Suddenly he started up and tore open the parcel, eagerly searching for a letter—there was none—it contained nothing but a common sailor's dress. The cruel meaning in this present could not be misconstrued, and the son looked at it with a mixture of grief and indignation. "Yes, he shall be obeyed!" he muttered to himself; and at that instant Nina's lover, with his unwearied goodness, came in to warn him of his father's anger, and to advise not to seek a reconciliation too hastily. "Besides," he continued, "your father is ill and weak—bed-ridden for these five months,—in great pain,—and, it is thought, his disease is incurable." "Then," replied Gaetano, "I must see my father ere he dies, and he shall bless me—I know he will; and then, since he commands it, I will fly my country!" He hurried to put on the sailor's clothes, and instantly, with his free unfettered feet, speeded towards Pistoia.

When this news was carried to Nina, she trembled with apprehension. From all she could learn, the father's rage was implacable, and the crime of staining his family pride was never to be pardoned. She dreaded that Gaetano might be driven to some other act of despair, worse than before—suicide perhaps—and therefore, quietly avoiding observation, resolved to follow. A coach, similar to a stage-coach in England, was on the start for Lucca. There was yet a single place vacant, and when she entered it, the driver gladly whipped his horses

forward. "Have I not done wrong?" she asked herself, "for no doubt he has taken the nearer path across the mountains. This silly coach—how it loiters! My own feet were better!" At Lucca she impatiently left her company, forgetting all ceremony, to the astonishment of a gentleman with a ribbon in his button-hole. She sought not for another conveyance, certain that her pace would be quicker than the lazy trot of such horses as had borne her from Pisa; and somewhat touched with shame at riding at her ease while Gaetano toiled on foot. On she walked, and in a few minutes came to that tedious part of the road, where the eye sees, in a straight line, and on a flat, full three miles in prospect, between two double rows of trees. She strained her sight, but could distinguish no one in a sailor's habit. She quickened her steps. The road then takes a slight turn, and there is again a similar prospect, and for the same extent. Still not seeing him, she cried out—"Oh! where is he? Dear Madonna, Queen of Heaven, do but preserve him in his right mind, and I will be content! Let his father's arms receive him, and I will return—happy—and he shall never know that he might find a home in mine!" Coming into Pescia, she observed some children building their clay-houses on the side of the bridge; and perceiving that their work must have lasted from the morning, she hoped they could give her some information. From them she learnt that such a one had passed, though they disagreed as to the time, and described him very doubtfully; however, one among them, a little creature with a sharp thin face, satisfied her it could be no other but Gaetano, by his wonder at his long quick strides. Now she felt more light of heart, and gazed upon the mountains, clothed in a thousand varieties of trees and shrubs, and forming a kind of amphitheatre above the city, and her eyes wandered over the rich, luxuriant plain, till her soul was elevated by the beauty of nature, and, forgetting the Madonna, she prayed direct to the Creator.

At that moment, Gaetano knocked at his father's door. The servant who opened it, though a stranger to him, looked confused, as if he had been taught to expect such a visitor; and without asking any questions, left him on the threshold. Presently he returned, and in a low voice told him he was threatened to be dismissed from the house, if he did not immediately close the door upon him. "Then do your duty," said Gaetano, "and shut me out,"—and as he spoke he retired one step backward,—"but tell my father I only desire to touch his hand before I leave him for ever." No reply was brought, and the son waited there without motion, like a statue. At last the window of the room where the father lay, was opened. The wretched old man, on a sick bed, his bed of death, with a voice scarce human, shrieked at his once beloved boy in curses. His fury was exasperated, instead of being subdued by his own sufferings, I will not, I cannot repeat his words. Gaetano stood firmly, and heard them with a painful smile. But when they ceased, and there was silence, he sunk upon his knees, with his body supported against the door-post. The window was closed. Passengers stopped in their way, and whispered, and knew not how to act. At last a little girl from a neighbour's was sent with food, and as she said "Dear Signor, eat! eat!" Gaetano laughed. One circumstance I must not omit: his brother, the now favoured son,

stole softly round from the garden door, and kissed him, but for a short moment, and then fled swiftly back, lest his love should be noticed by any one in the house. Towards night-fall the sympathy of the town's people increased, and collecting there in a crowd, they began to talk loudly and impatiently. This still more enraged the father: he ordered the window to be opened again, but his curses were answered by a cry from the people in the street; and a poor cripple, a beggar, exclaimed "Peace! peace! irreverent old man!" and they heard him no more.

Nina was then forcing her way through the crowd. She had just arrived, pale and heartsick, but not weary. Regardless of the bystanders, or rather, not giving them a thought, she knelt down close to Gaetano, with her arms crossed upon her breast, like one of Raphael's angels, and prayed to him to forgive her. He heard her gentle voice as a voice from heaven, and lifting his feeble eyelids, saw who it was. "Forgive you!" he replied, "I forgive all—all—even my father! every one but myself!" And striving to raise himself from the door-post, he sunk senseless into her arms. She believed his heart was burst,—that he was either dead or dying,—and screamed for help. The window above her head closed against her cries.

Many among the crowd sprung forward to her assistance, and they bore Gaetano to an inn, while Nina walked by his side without a word, his hand fast locked in her's. On the following morning he was in a high fever, which, after a few days, became so violent, it threatened speedily to destroy him. All the while Nina was his kind nurse; and in spite of the restraint laid upon unmarried women in Italy, she alone attended him. "Entire affection scorneth nicer hands." The brother often visited him, but secretly and at night, with all the circumspection of a gallant to his mistress. At length Nina had the joy to see his health return, hanging over him with her sweet, quiet smiles, till he gazed upon her, forgetting he was unhappy. In a few days he wondered if it was possible to be unhappy again. And the roses began to blush on her cheeks more beautifully than ever they had blushed before. Yet they never talked of loving each other—it was a waste of words,—neither of them had a doubt of it. One evening, the brother, as he paid his stolen visit, was not in the least surprised to hear they were married,—why should he? And he wished them joy, and embraced Gaetano, and kissed the hand of his sister-bride, with a happiness almost equal to their own.

There was a good opportunity for opening a snuff-shop at Pescia, so the young couple resolved to fix themselves there. The aunt and all the stock in trade were removed from Pisa in the same cart to the new shop. Gaetano was presently initiated into the mysteries of weights and scales and canisters; delighted with his industry as his wife stood by his side. Yet at times a pang came across him as he thought of his father. At the end of six months a priest called, and said his *genitore* had forgiven him. This was merely effected by the horrors of his faith; and therefore the greatest bigot could have received but little comfort from it. In fact, he did no more than forgive him as a Christian; with this proviso, that he would never see him or leave him a farthing. Soon after this the old man died. Immediately the

brother offered to divide the property ; and upon his repeated entreaties, Gaetano did receive a part. " I cannot take half," said he, " because you, with a large house and no shop, are a poorer man than I am."

The aunt is more demure than ever. There are so many stories abroad of the infamy of an *Illustrissimo* becoming a shop-keeper, and of a respectable girl marrying a convict, that she is nervous. She goes about protesting she had no hand in the matter, that nothing of the kind ever entered her head, and thus gets suspected, most undeservedly, as a sly, good-for-nothing, wicked woman.

True love, they say, must be " itself alone," not the offspring of any other passion ; and that affection springing from gratitude or pity is by no means love ; with many more wise sayings, which I forget. To all this I have nothing to reply,—I only refer such dogmatizers to the principal snuff-shop in Pescia. Gaetano and Nina have now three children. The youngest is the most beautiful infant I ever saw, " especially at the mother's breast ;"—mind, reader, these are the husband's own words, and you are not to make me accountable for so dainty an observation.

CARLUCCIO.

CONVERSATIONS OF THE DEAD.—No. II.

Mercury presents his compliments to the Editor of the *Literary Examiner*, and informs him, that such communications as the present will be made from time to time ; but he must insist on their being more carefully printed than was the last. In the middle of p. 44, he finds the words, " perseverance and economy are the *two summits of modern historical painting*," &c. whereas the MS. has " the two summits of the *Olympus* of, &c. where alone it can sit independant and sublime. Barry could hurl his thunder strokes from hence, unhurt and unassailable." Mortals well know that Olympus is a " bi-forked hill," in place of which the Editor has left a sad hiatus in the meaning of the whole passage. Again, towards the close of p. 45, Mercury finds " Moore on my Amelia has written

Passion all tranquil, and error forgiven," &c.

Now Mr. Moore never wrote any such thing on Mrs. Opie, but the shade of Mr. Opie had affectionately confounded every tender recollection with that of his wife, and did not remember at the moment, whether the verses were Moore's or his Amelia's. In the next page Mercury finds (within three lines of the top,) " *bitter reflections*" instead of *better* reflections, which entirely subverts the sense of the Elysian sentence : and lower down in that page, the name of the founder of the Society of Arts in the Adelphi is repeatedly spelt *Shepster*, instead of *Shipster*.

[The errors pointed out by our Mercurial Correspondent shall be corrected in a future Edition.—EDITOR.]

Interlocutors.—SIR THOMAS BARNARD, OPIE, BARRY.

Sir T. I shall begin to call this bank of Asphodel,* our Lyceum. I must confess, my friends—and you, Opie, in particular—that when we met here last, you seemed to carry matters somewhat triumphantly on the score of our inefficient patronage of Haydon :—by our inefficient patronage, I, of course, mean that of the British Institution, whose representative in the *present Parliament*,† I consider myself to be.

O. Not of your inefficient patronage of Haydon alone. That was but incidental. I regretted that there was either a voluntary winking

* —" those happy souls who dwell

" In yellow meads of *Asphodel*.—POPE.

† This is properly a French or Norman word, signifying to speak the mind, and was originally spelled *parle-d-mont*.

of your eagle eye; or that first principles were too bright for your organs of vision: as at present I regret to put you to the alternative of now making your own election between these assumed springs or causes of your conduct, if I was wrong in asserting that you blenched at what you saw. But I meant to speak of principles, considering persons but as my illustrative examples.

Sir T. Well, well—I too shall cease to speak of persons, in imitation of your example. But if you disallowed us that leading principle of your's, of patronising the highest manifestations of pictorial talent in the first place, methinks we might have obtained some credit with you for what we *have* done—on *Principle*; and you said nothing of our Exhibitions, our market for Modern art, and our School of painting.

B. School of Painting!—By the Lord Harry, but that is *my* measure—the very thing that I, as Professor of Painting at the Royal Academy, was many years contending for.

Sir T. Yes. We calmly and at once accomplished, what you boisterously contended for (as I have heard) for so many years.

O. But for your Exhibitions—before we can say much in their praise, you should at least have learned something of the art and mystery of picture-hanging. “*Motley's* your only wear,” would, in this respect, have served as a general motto for your exhibitions of my time. I hope you have since done better; but, as a matter of curiosity, I should like to know upon what *principles* those pictures were hung?

Sir T. Hung! your question surprises me. Why—knowing the dimensions of our walls, and having measured the outside edges of the frames of those pictures which we intended to exhibit, we took paper, and compasses, and scissars; and by cutting out cards to a small scale, we contrived to fit the pictures in very dextrously; and really, I think this method might be worth recommending to the Royal Academy.

O. Recommending to the Royal Academy! What! was your concert avowedly without counterpoint? Had you no regard to juxtaposition? No consideration for the colours?—How did you manage with regard to the *colours*, I should like to know?

Sir T. Oh! why we cut *Court* cards, and then, we had colours and all—you know.* [*The painters smile here.*]

O. I believe you did cut *Court cards*; and that may account for the trumps you turned up. I suspect too there was some shuffling—

B. Whist!—

Sir T. We won a rubber, however, of you Royal Academicians. That you must allow.

B. You did, by G—! when you established a school of painting: and they richly deserved to lose it. I say *they*, because I had the honour of being expelled, you know, for attempting that within the

* These are facts from nature. Mrs. Opie, and probably Mr. Prince Hoare and others, will recollect that something very like this part of the conversation between Opie and Sir Thomas Bernard, took place in this transient world of ours; while Mr. Flaxman and the rest of the New Jerusalem Church (or disciples of Emanuel Swedenbourg) will see in it fresh confirmation of the truth of his favourite dogma, that, the world here, and that hereafter, are in strict analogical resemblance, or correspondency, even down to the modes of human thought and action—one being but the shadowy semblance of the other.

walls of the Academy, which the British Institution, it appears, has safely accomplished without, and which (by St. Patrick! this is a high joke) the Academicians themselves have at length felt the imperious necessity of *seeming* to accomplish! though after a strange Caliban-like fashion—growling reluctance, whilst they are goaded: grunting forth “I must eat my dinner,” while they are compelled to take up the burthen: but, Sir—they are a set of brutes “whom stripes must move—not kindness:” a small-minded, narrow-based, toppling, proud, fawning, dinner-giving, tontine, benefit-society: and happy am I to hear that your Institution is now proving them to be the very parenthesis of British art—contaminating all who get between its crochets. Quick to all selfish, tardy to all public, purposes.—“Oh, for a forty-Curran power” to trumpet forth their hypocrisy toward the public!—O glorious Public! why dost thou longer impart light and heat to that “God-kissing carrion,” when thou se’est the strange maggots it has engendered?—But, Sir Thomas, I was the Prospero of that magic Tempest. I was the dethroned Duke; and my spells they were that conducted your Lords to the enchanted and enchanting island of Art. I was anxious that the tontine benefit-club and drawing-school of which we speak, should really become an Academy of Fine Art. I was nominally Professor of Painting; but being without exemplars, and the Academy without even the shadow of a school of instruction in that art, I was obliged, in my lectures, to talk to the students of pictures I had seen abroad, but which, as they could not see, the evil-ones easily destroyed the seed that I scattered, or the tares sprung up and choked it. For years, I exerted myself,—somewhat a little roughly at times, perhaps—but that was my Irish, earthly nature: I strenuously exerted myself, however—first, in the Council, where I always found myself unsupported, and of course, in a woful minority—and afterwards in a more public manner—to lay the foundation, at least, of an English School of Painting; but I was always counteracted, mortified, and my wishes and my plans frustrated, or undermined, by Farington, and that heartless, calculating crew of his, whom my countryman Tresham (as I understand) afterwards blew up by a point blank application to the king upon the subject of their crafty retention of the executive power. During the period which preceded this blowing up, no select parish vestry was ever more specious, jobbing, selfish, and unprincipled, than was the body which pretended to be acting for the public, under the title of the British Royal Academy of Arts. They succeeded each other in the Council by what they termed “election,” and filling up every vacancy that occurred, with their own partizans, they were always sure of a large, and ever increasing majority. By this specious and infallible process, they were enabled, when my truths were becoming too strong or too notorious for their manœuvres, to strain off eleven of their thickest heads, and form them into the shape of an anomalous Committee, which set in due form on my thoughts, words, and actions, and immortalized themselves by my expulsion.

For *what*, Sir Thomas, was this recoiling ignominy incurred? For attempting the very thing, which, as you inform us, was calmly and at once accomplished by the British Institution. Let Truth and Principle at least be now heard, if they were not then felt. Indulge the expelled Irishman in his Elysian triumph. But ~~the Ghost which~~

brought us the information about Haydon—[I wish Haydon was an Irishman]—tells me that my earthly triumph also has taken place—and, as I can now paint a “Final Retribution,” better than I did at the Adelphi, I promise you in my next Tartarus not to forget Farington—Iscariot, and the other ten. But the honest ghost says, my London triumph is complete, and that the shameless Academy itself has been shamed by your proceedings, into the adoption—or the *seeming* adoption—of my wishes. For fervently endeavouring to accomplish, then, the very thing which your circulating gallery of Old Masters has compelled them to imitate, did they expel me from the Royal Academy, with such reproach and such ignominy as such heartless reptiles had it in their power to inflict. England cannot be blind to this—but England may justly distrust their sincerity. I hope we shall soon hear more about the administration of instruction in their new school; and that I may find a station from whence to send a penetrating glance thither, from time to time.

Sir T. No doubt the practical results will reach us here. I can only report as far as I had opportunity of observing; and as far as I did observe, perfectly harmonises with your inferences; for no sooner had the British Institution established its circulating gallery of Old Masters, with its other facilities and inducements to pictorial study—among which I think should be mentioned the unfettered freedom which it affords to the wills of the students respectively,—than the Somerset-house establishment seemed to sink at once into a mere cradle-nursery. The occupants of its forty *low* chairs became so many old-women:—“Rockers” and “Necessary woman,” if you like the refined language of the Court Calendar; or wet-nurses, at the best, from whom, as soon as the infants were weaned, and could go alone—away the younger ones waddled, and the elder boys rushed, *pell-mell*, to the British gallery.

(*The Painters laugh, and Sir Thomas resumes, sympathetically laughing also*)—This—He! he! he!—this, you know, Barry—He! he!—this was not to be borne. Such a state of things, not only touched the honour—or that querulousness and squeamishness which passes for the honour—and the delicacy, forsooth, of the old ladies of the nursery, but it seemed to threaten their future emoluments also—their board-wages, and good things of the kitchen, and accordingly we beheld them through our opera-glasses (laughing in our sleeves the while), all upon the stir and all upon the gossip—Such summoning! such grave looks! such late and early deliberations! “such a pucker” was seen among them, as never was!”—A monstrous birth had taken place! or something had been surreptitiously introduced in a warming-pan!—in short, Barry, to confess the truth, we irrigated your ground, though some of us fancied it our own; and your seeds, which the evil-opes and the tares seemed to have sprung up and choked, suddenly and vigorously began to vegetate. I now plainly perceive all this; and, for my own part, though without knowing much about the arts during my mortal probation, I always had a high respect for your various attainments in Painting, Etching, and Literature; in particular for your great work on Human Cultivation. I am now satisfied that you *was* the Prospero of the artistical Tempest, and are the rightful Duke; and I beg we may shake hands.

B. I shall always be *at home* to you, Sir Thomas, with pleasure.

O. Before we part, Sir Thomas, permit me to say that you mistake about the future emoluments of the Academicians. On that score they have little to care. Having already, in their hour of legislative folly, given away their revenues by wholesale, they have nothing left for themselves but a little petty retailing, of which, for their respective lives, they are tolerably secure—But we will talk of these matters, and of the academical school of Painting, another time.

TABLE TALK.

FEMALE INTELLECT.—In our reflections upon the conduct and influence of women in public affairs, we have remarked two or three curious facts. One is, that although by no means incapable of sovereignty in their own persons, their influential ascendancy in politics is usually unfortunate. Does this arise from the necessity of ostensibly keeping behind the curtain, and of operating by intrigue; or is there any thing more sexual in the cause? Something, very likely, of both. The petty, contemptible, and secret machinery which must be employed in the first case, encumbers and impedes the genuine march of action; all is juggle, disguise, and trickery. History, as it regards female sway, either direct or indirect, we think, will bear out our opinion. When women even of acknowledged capacity have been allied to weak monarchs, and in consequence impelled to act from a sense of superiority, their interference has generally been unfortunate, because it never could be open and acknowledged, and intrigue and baseness formed its very essence. Marry the same women to able men, and not only are their talents serviceable, but their regulated interference eminently beneficial. In our own history, we have Isabel, the wife of Edward II.; Margaret of Anjou, and Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I., who, however accomplished as a man, was conspicuously weak as a sovereign and a husband. In France and other countries, Isabeau de Baviere, Joan of Naples, Catharine de Medicis, Catherine II. of Russia, and many more, may be quoted as examples of capable, or at least of enterprising women, married to weakness or inferiority, the result of which was exceedingly deplorable. Oppose these instances to an Eleonora, wife to Edward I., a Philippa, queen to Edward III., Mary, wife of William III. and many more, and we at once perceive the beauty and utility of feminine capacity in its proper place. France furnishes us with nothing exactly in point, because the helpmates of the kings of that nation have generally been their mistresses, as, when social order is perfectly restored, they are likely to be again; but, generally speaking, history furnishes innumerable examples. There is a sort of prudent women who manage these matters the most passably; such as Caroline, wife of George II., and several more; but even in these instances, the necessity of acting behind the curtain, and operating by intrigue, and with all kind of petty and contemptible machinery, encumbers and impedes the genuine march of action, and all is juggle, disguise, and artifice. The art of good writing has been defined, 'proper words in proper places;' and reading 'persons' for 'words,' we are sure that the art matrimonial is no.

As we descend in rank and station, the instances become at once more numerous and less conspicuous; but it is very necessary to peruse a few such writers as Horace Walpole, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, and the compilers of the French Memoirs, to be aware of the wretched consequences of that female ascendancy, which is produced by the dereliction and weakness of the male. Belisarius and Marlborough were miserable examples of self-abandonment; but the old court of France possibly formed the finest exhibition of this sort in all history; almost every woman being at once a wife, a mistress, and an intrigante, to the utter confounding of all order, all decorum, all dignity of character; and to the production of a stagnant pool of heartless sensuality, intrigue, and corruption, of a nature to make the sty of Circe appear decent by comparison. Nothing less than the gale of a revolution could break up such a state of social degradation, in a great degree the result of a total neglect of all regulation of that feminine influence, so healthy in its proper operation, and so injurious in every other.

We believe it will be found, that until we reach the very lowest artisans and labourers, female influence in wedlock increases as we descend; and arriving at that point, that it as suddenly declines; but in all these grades, the active and self-willed man, corrected and softened by the qualified influence of the careful and observant woman, supplies the best specimen of matrimonial well-being. Reaching the extreme point, where both sexes labour hard, we fear it is throwing away time to dwell on the point of mental superiority; but short of that, we think that woman gains upon man as they descend in life; for neither being much educated, and the sphere of the man being confined, the native quickness of the woman is comparatively in her favour; but even here it had better be otherwise, for the shrewdness too frequently becomes shrewishness; and no rank of society oftener exhibits the sneaking husband and the termagant wife.

In a word, look which way we will, from the throne to the cottage, we shall find the social union respectable, in proportion as man is active and decided, and woman subordinate but influential. In no case can one usurp the place of the other with equal advantage; and although frequently a case of necessity presents itself, still the tax for counter-acting a general law is incurred. Having furnished a clue, we must leave our readers to find their way through the remainder of the labyrinth; otherwise we might shew that even with exalted character on each side, man and woman cannot exchange parts without manifest inconvenience: but we have already reached our limits, and postpone an additional page to another opportunity.

THE PLANTAGENETS.—The family so fantastically surnamed Plantagenet, as a royal one, produced a due proportion of very respectably gifted sovereigns. Henry II. Richard I. Edward I. Edward III. Henry IV. Henry V. Edward IV. and Richard III. whatever may be said of the vices of some of them, were indisputably men of energy and capacity. Place these against John, Henry III. Edward II. Rich. II. and Henry VI. and the balance is tolerably creditable. The Tudors, again, were an able and energetic dynasty; and if we regard the general tenor of English history, we shall find that race of *Faineants* never prospered among the robust spirits of the English soil. John

was miserably put down, and the tottering crown of Henry III. was only kept on his head by an adult and able son. The sceptre again shrank from the puny grasp of the second Edward and Richard, and the sixth Henry. The Tudors all of them held it fast; but look at the Stuarts! Times are exceedingly altered, but not so much so, but that extreme weakness and waywardness might again change a dynasty, if coupled with consequent disaster and unprosperous times.

HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.—The Bourbons are extremely fond of referring to Henry IV. and with reason, for he is the only sovereign of the branch who, in reality, conveys a notion of that mixture of levity, magnanimity, and *bonhomie*, which mingles more or less in the *beau-ideal* of a sovereign in estimation of Frenchmen. Louis XIII. was a miserable creature, and Louis XIV. always puts us in mind of the King of a Pageant—all canopy and elbow-chair. Louis XV. was one of the lowest of the animals in the sty of Circe—a Charles II. without his wit—and Louis XVI. an unequivocal simpleton.* Louis XVIII. according to all accounts, is of the train of Circe too, a kind of Grillust†; his better qualities it will be time enough to dwell upon when they are discoverable: he is called a man of literature, and a sayer of good things, but if so, they exhibit any thing but the frankness and general sincerity of Henry IV.—We say general sincerity, for Henry could play the politician to secure partisans as well as other people, which, by the way, reminds us of a pleasant anecdote. His protestant partisan, the honest and open-hearted D'Aubigné, as a gentleman of his bed-chamber, slept with another in the same capacity called Frontenac, in the antichamber, or Garde de robe; and when Henry was flattering the Count de Soissons and many others, with the hopes of giving them his sister Catherine in marriage, by which he allured them to his service, D'Aubigné being in bed near Frontenac, whispered him, "How many brothers our master makes out of one sister." Frontenac not having heard him distinctly, asked what he had said, when Henry, who was remarkable for the quickness of his ear, replied, "Are you deaf, Frontenac? he says I make many brothers out of one sister." D'Aubigné, with great nonchalance exclaimed, "Go to sleep, Sire, we have a great deal more to say yet"—It must be confessed that the manly carelessness of the king to hear more, and the prompt humour of the imprudent whisperer, bestow a *naïveté* upon this anecdote, which is extremely pleasant.

SIMILES.—It has been quaintly observed, that nothing is usually more unlike than the objects of comparison in a simile; an observation, however, which only tends to shew that it is seldom the objects themselves, but some obvious qualities which are compared. The remark is, notwithstanding, substantially correct in reference to much hyperbolic illustration of female beauty; a defect, in good taste, which is

* We know not what allowance may be made for kings, but we are quite sure that the account given by Madame Campan of the cause of the fluctuation of high and low spirits in poor Marie Antoinette for some months after her marriage with Louis, would be quite conclusive in reference to other people.

† See Masque by Ben Jonson.

pleasantly reproved in the following speech from Shirley's Comedy of *The Sisters*. A lady thus remonstrates with a high-flown flatterer :—

I pity men of your high fancy
Should dishonour their own names by forming
Prodigious shapes of beauty in our sex.
If I were really what you so commend,
Mankind would fly me. * * *
Two *sun*s instead of eyes, and they not melt
The forehead made of *snow* ; no cheek but two
Roses inoculated on a *lily* ;
Between, a pendant *Alabaster nose* ;
Lips cut out of *coral* ; and no *teeth*
But strings of *pearl*, &c. &c.

The compound of these tasteless flatteries reminds us of the misfortune of poor *Frankenstein*, who, although he culls the finest materials and proportions to make his man-monster, turns him out a very frightful and forbidding personage. By the way, Mr. Gifford's Shirley is a long while on hand, but we hope the restored health of the veteran will allow him to complete the promised edition of this pleasing dramatist ; in which labour he will serve literature much more effectually than by his quarterly criticism—sound port, in comparison with aloe juice.

SONNET TO PERCY SHELLEY.

HAST thou from earth, then, really passed away,
And mingled with the shadowy mass of things
Which were, but are not? Will thy harp's dear strings
No more yield music to the rapid play
Of thy swift thoughts, now thou art turned to clay?
Hark! Is that rushing of thy spirit's wings,
When (like the skylark, who in mounting sings)
Soaring through high imagination's way,
Thou pour'st thy melody upon the earth,
Silent for ever? Yes, wild ocean's wave
Hath o'er thee rolled. But whilst within the grave
Thou sleepest, let me in the love of thy pure worth
One thing foretell,—that thy great fame shall be
Progressive as Time's flood, eternal as the sea!

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REVIEW OF BOOKS.

A View of France.—1604.

IN the paucity of new books possessing that particular sort of interest which is adapted to the light and unpretending nature of this publication, we intend occasionally to notice any old productions, an attention to which may be retrospectively amusing. The short sketch, the brief title of which heads this article, appears to us to be of that description, not certainly from the extent or depth of its information, but as furnishing a characteristic, John Bullish account of France, by an Anti-gallican Englishman, who seems to have travelled there in the latter part of the reign of Henry IV. It is, in truth, merely as conveying a tolerably accurate specimen of prevalent English sentiment in regard to France, about the close of the reign of our own Elizabeth, that we meddle with it; so that our observations and extracts will tend rather to exhibit impressions than facts, and to illustrate the opposing points of French and English character and nationality at the interesting period in question, than to throw any additional light on particulars which may be better gathered from higher sources.

The first thing we shall remark in our honest countryman, is his truly national adherence to certain English points of honour. The Salique law, he asserts, is decidedly modern and unjust; and to say the truth, upon the principles of pure legitimacy, such is indisputably the fact. This law, our author observes, was never heard of before the time of Philip the Long, "who caused it to be ratified by all the nobles of his kingdom;"—an arrangement, which is defensible upon a constitutional principle alone, and consequently null, for since the death of Cardinal York, every body knows the indefeasibility of legitimate succession. We shall not be suspected of any desire to revive our English claim upon France by these observations, but we like to point out remote conclusions, especially as attachment to the House of Stuart has now become a family boast, and a Court humour. It is delightful, indeed, to read of the magnanimity of our Gracious Sovereign in allowing the monument erected by him to the aforesaid Cardinal to record him as Henry IX. To be sure, there is no great merit in conceding a principle and retaining three kingdoms in breach of it;

or in approving it when its adoption is profitable.* But this is merely by the way; our more laudable purpose is to shew, from a grave writer of 200 years ago, that, *legitimately*, his Majesty is entitled to the throne of France; and to say nothing of the performances of Hugh Capet, that the House of Bourbon are, after all, but pure usurpers. Our author, however, consoles himself with this observation, that Salique law would not have been maintained but for the wars of York and Lancaster, as also that the French

"May now thanke God and our late Queene,† *the nurse of peace and the refuge of the afflicted*, who (as it is sayd of the great Earle of Warwicke, that he thought it as great an honour to make a king as to be a king), to cancell with the speares poynt the forged law of the Saliens, tooke not suche opportunity, but raysed the afflicted lowenesse of the desolate King of *Dieppe*, to the peaceable possession of the great realm of France."

Upon this shewing, the first and the latest of the Bourbon Kings of France owe their thrones, in a great degree, to English assistance; but never were principle and policy, both civil and religious, more opposed than in the two instances. As the subsequent revocation of the Edict of Nantz proves, even the policy of Elizabeth ultimately failed, and the pending transactions in Spain form only the commencement of a developement, which will shew the establishment of Bourbons to be any thing rather than a fortunate result of an exertion of the energies of Englishmen.

The following portrait of Henry IV. is lively:—

"The king of whom I am now by course to relate, is about forty-eight yeeres of age, his stature small, his haire almost all white, or rather grised, his colour fresh and youthful, his nature stirring and full of life like a true Frenchman. One of his own countrymen describeth him thus:—'He is of such an extremely lively and active disposition, that to whatsoever he applies himselfe to that he entirely employs all his powers, seldom doing above one thinge at once. To joyne a tedious deliberation with an earnest and pressing affair, he cannot endure; he executes and deliberates both together. But in counsels that require tract of time, he hath in truth neede of helpe. He hath an admirable sharpnesse of wit. In affayres of justice, of his revenues, forayne negotiations, despatches, and government of the state, he credites others and meddles little himselfe.'"

Henry IV. of France was indisputably a sovereign of genius, but it was peculiarly of French concoction. We question if the character would have turned out great any where, except in France.

The following is a precious fact for the lovers of heraldry; Napoleon, with some plausibility, would have our English lions to be leopards; and spotted as they are, we prefer them to what is here asserted to be the *original* arms of France:—

"Concerning the arms of France, they have divers times, as it appears by history, been altered: for the first arms were *three toades*; after that, changed to three crescents; then to three crowns; and lastly, there were sent them *from Heaven*, say their fabulous writers, 'the floures de luce, or, in a field azure.'"

In speaking of the military forces of France under Henry IV. our Englishman supplies the following anecdote, which is an amusing

* The adoption of high tory legitimacy and divine right by a monarch of the House of Brunswick, would beat at all times inconsistent; but it is laughable thus timed. For ourselves, we doubt if the merit of the king, in regard to this inscription, be any thing more than the good-natured one of allowing it to pass; but ultra-toryism is doing its best to make more of it.

† Elizabeth died the year this book was published.

proof of the puerility of the reasoning of such writers as Sir William Gell, and others,* upon national degeneracy. The Spaniards, then the leading soldiers of Europe, it will be seen, in those days spoke of the French infantry much as the latter, at present, are in the habit of speaking of them :—

“ It followeth that I speak of his forces (those of Henry IV.) as well horse as foote, of which this country is very well furnished, and indeed vaunteth (and I thinke worthily), to be the best and greatest *Gens d'armes* of any realm in Christendome ; but on the other hand, their foote hath no reputation ; insomuch as the last yeare before *Amyens*, we should heare the Spaniard within the towne speake over the walles to our English souldiers in their trenches, after we had saved the King's cannon, from which the French were shamefully beaten, by them within sallying out upon them.

“ You were tall souldiers (said they), and we honour you much, not thinking any foote to come near us in reputation but you, and therefore when you of the English come downe from the trenches, we double our gard and looke for blowes ; but as for these base and unworthie French, when they come, we make accompt we have nothing to doe that day but play at cards, or sleep upon our rampart.”

We know not that it is for the honour of human nature that Alexanders at a groat a day, as Voltaire calls them, should be manufacturable, but that they are so, is a demonstrable truth. It is more consolatory, that they are seldom to be made out of an utterly neglected and misgoverned population.

The following extract is of the same character : the reply of Sir Roger Williams has often been quoted. Napoleon, however, has probably altered some of our notions in respect to the merits of quick marching :—

“ Their march it should seem is more sharpe than ours, for I remember I have heard say, that upon a time the olde Marshall Biron should bid Sir Roger Williams bring up his companies faster, taxing the slow march of the English—‘ Sir (sayth he), with this march our forefathers conquered your cuntry of France, and I meane not to alter it.’ A memorable answer of an honourable soldier.”

We have heard one Spanish military opinion of the French, and we now supply another which the author quotes from *La Noue*. It is amusing from its quaintness, and the extraordinary reversal of the case at present, in regard to the military capability of France and Spain :—

“ The French infantry (say the Spaniards), skirmish bravely afar off, and the cavalry gives a furious onset at the first charge ; but after that first heate, they will take eggs for their money.”

We think that we perceive from this, and other authors, that the great defeats which the French endured from the English in the reigns of Edward III. and Henry V. were produced by the superiority of the English infantry—(that of the bowmen is an admitted fact) speaking both of the materials composing it, and of their relative importance in our military system. The noblesse of France would have deemed it dishonourable to fight on foot, and, in consequence, the infantry were comparatively a mere rabble ; for while the nobles would not head them, those who did so possessed neither influence nor importance

* The scribbling Messieurs who talk of the impossibility of renewing the energies of Greeks, Italians, Spaniards, &c. &c. are the most extraordinary of all reasoners, and Sir William Gell, the most extraordinary among the extraordinary. The ancient fame of the Greeks standing in the way of his hypothesis, he denies that the present race are their descendants. That point established, the philosophical Sir William opines, that he has settled the matter.

sufficient to maintain the necessary efficiency and discipline. We quote the following passage in illustration and support of this opinion :

" Commynes sayth of the nobility of Burgundy in the wars with Lewes XI. that they all quit their horses, for they were then most honoured that lighted on foot, to the end the people might be more encouraged, and fight more valiently, *and this they learned of the English*. And for the opinion which the world hath of our foot, ye shall observe what the same writer elsewhere sayth :—' They were good footes, and better than their neighbours, as we may say now-adayes of the *English* and *Swisses*.' "

The author further observes, that the English foot never wanted men of noble houses for leaders, which was a main cause of their victories over the French—A poor reason is thus nakedly expressed, but quite satisfactory, as proving the honourable nature of the service. Honour is a sentiment; and where none is to be obtained, none will be sought after.

Of the Gallican church of that day, our author thus forcibly pre-mises. It must be a pleasant subject of speculation to the crew who are operating towards its full re-establishment :—

" The Church Gallicane is holden the best privileged of all those of Christendome that hath not yet quit their subjection to the Pope. It hath alwayes protested against the Inquisition; it is more free from payments to the Pope than the church of Spain; as also to the King, for here in France they only pay the *Disme*; but in Spain, the King hath his *Tortias*, *subsídio*, *pela*, and *excusado*, in all a moiety of the Church living. Indeed, it is reported of this Catholike King, that he hath founded many abbies and religious houses; but what saith his subjects—' *He steals the sheepe and gives the trotters for God sake*.' "

A blessed state for the people, whichsoever was the greatest thief; we know who was crucified between two thieves.—Again—

" In this Church of France are 12 archbishopricks, 104 bishopricks, 340 arch-priories, 1,450 abbies, 12,320 priories, 567 nunneries, 130,000 parish priests, 700 convents of friars, and 259 commendams of the order of the Knights of Malta. There are, saith the *Cabinet du Roy*, three millions of people who live upon the Church of France.

The author proceeds to quote Bodin, who asserted that out of twelve parts of the revenue of France, the clergy possessed seven. There is nothing in logic which exceeds the force of the *reductio ad absurdum*; and we would ask those who talk of the inalienability of Church property by the State,—some of whom even now affect to lament the freedoms taken by Henry VIII.—what must gradually become of any country under their own advocated regimen but an eternal increase with no possible alienation? The grave impudence of these assumptions is very ridiculous.

But the seven out of twelve, it is to be understood, was the temporal revenue of the church only :—

" Besides the temporal, they have their *Baiseman*, that consisteth in churchings, christenings, marriages, burials, indulgences, vows, pilgrimages, feasts, processions, prayers for cattell, for seasonable weather, for children against all manner of diseases, and infinite such purposes; for which the superstitious people will have a *messe* said, for which they pay the priest particularly. Over and above all this, there is scarcely that arpen in all France upon which there is not some dirige, or *De profundis*—some *libera me domine*, or some reckoning or other liable."

Such was the state of things, in advertence to which the education of the youth in France is to be once more modelled. The attempt is only silly; but the very idea of such a *beau-ideal* is a monstrous piece of impertinence, especially in the face of the fact, that it was in a pro-

gress through this system of fraud and rapacity, that the French have become the most religiously indifferent people in Europe.

The observations of our author on the nobility and the privileged orders, are very piquant, especially in reference to the distinction between the French noblesse and the English nobility. The former were estimated at *thirty thousand* at this time, and the fact is credible, as all who could prove the possession of a fee and Knight's service in their family for a certain time, were noble; and their children, and childrens' children, to the latest generation. The French noblesse was, in fact, a *caste*, rendered less rigid, in some respects, by a certain number of corrupt and bye-ways of gaining admission to it, but operating upon the body of people with most of the baleful consequences of that insolent species of assumption. A privileged body of people, independent of public services or functions, except voluntary soldiership, whatever its origin, must necessarily be insolent and oppressive to all the rest of the people; and the French being proverbially so, have paid the penalties which are sooner or later incurred by insolence and oppression. When this view was written, they were, as a body, most miserably impoverished by the wars of the League; but at all times the great mass of them were necessarily very poor, which rendered the operation upon the people still worse; for of all classes, we regard hereditary gentlemen of insufficient means as the most insupportable sort of superior. Birth, with property, may act upon its own theory; but without it, there is an eternal contradiction; not to mention that in a political sense, such nobility are either nugatory or injurious. With the exception of the Princes of the blood, and the great feudatories who previously to the administration of Cardinal Richelieu, bore hard occasionally upon the Crown, the privileges of the French noblesse were all at the expense of the people. Had the revolution effected nothing more than the abolition of a *caste* so injurious, it would have amply atoned for the horrors of the concussion. Faction is indisputably aiming to revive the distinction or sentiment; but that will go a little way; and as to a resumption of the odious distinction of nobleman and *roturier*, we are satisfied that, in the ancient sense, it is done away for ever. The immense subdivision of landed property among the latter class, and the astonishing improvement in the condition of the French peasantry, will never allow of the restoration of these miserable shackles.

The French nobility, by confining themselves, almost exclusively, to the military profession, in proportion as the science of government advanced, prepared the way for their own insignificance. The operative politicians of France have generally belonged either to the priesthood or the Long Robe; a fact which at all times formed a striking distinction between the Courts of England and France, but especially during the reign of Elizabeth, although Sully constituted a fine exception in the service of Henry. Such instances in French history are however very rare, as the profession of arms will never form a political nobility in modern times, even if it could wholly employ them. It is gratifying to read an English writer of the days of Elizabeth, so sensibly glance at causes, the effects of which are now a matter of history. But enough in this line of observation, our remaining remarks will be of a lighter description; and, in the first place, it is amusing to hear the following observation from an Englishman on the French liberty of

speech. It smacks of the age in which poor Stubbs, for what was called a libel, upon the presumed marriage of Elizabeth with the Duke of Alençon, held up his bloody arm after the amputation of his hand, and exclaimed *God save the Queen*. Times are changed in both countries :—

"It is incredible to believe, and odious to heare, how the Frenchman will talke and impudently utter, what he foolishly conceiveth, not only of all foraine states and princes in the world, but even of their own state and king himselfe, of whom he will not spare to speak whatever he heareth, and sometimes also more than the truth ; which insufferable vice of thefts I have put in the *first* place, because I hold it, of all others, the most disloyall and unlawefull. Hereof the wisest sort of them much complaine, and wish reformation. The Duke of Espernon complained of the disorders of the times, and of the infamous liberty of the French in detracting from their king."

This was in the reign of the frank and good-natured Henry, who was idolised by his free-speaking subjects, and lost his life by a miserable monk of the growth of a system of fanaticism, which his existing descendants are doing their utmost to restore. "The wisest sort" produced a great alteration in the free-speaking of the French after this time.

A curious dissertation upon French feeding follows, in which our Englishman, who never gives up a point against his country without a struggle, somewhat weakly oppugns the reproaches of our neighbours on the subject of deep potations :—

"A Frenchman, of all others, except the Dutch, hathe the leaste cause to taxe us of drinking, for we may see by many of their noses what pottage *they* love ; and they have among them a proverbe of their priests, when they will note a matter of difficulty : '*Tis a harder matter than to drawe a cuntry priest from a tavern.*'—This, it must be confessed, is conclusive."

Our author then proceeds to remark upon the French pastimes, exercises, and gaming. The passion of the common people for tennis produces the following comparison, which adverts to a very ancient source of grave English moral complaint :—

"There is one great abuse in this exercise that the magistrates, &c. suffer every poore citizen and artificer to play thereat, who spendeth that on the holidaye at tennis which he got the whole weeke for the keeping of his poore family ; a thing more hurtfull than our *alehouses* in England, though the one and the other be bad ynough."

But one of the most characteristic passages, is a description of the French passion for *dancing*, which this grave writer regards as a principal obstacle to the progress of the reformed religion :—

"Yee will give me leave, for methodes sake, having undertaken to speake of the French exercises, not to omit that of *dauncing*, wherein they most delight, and is most generally used of all others. And, I am perswaded, that were it not for this, that they of the reformed religion may not dance, being an exercise against which their strait-laced ministers much inveigh, that there had not long since been many of the Catholikes turned to their side ; so much are they all, in generall, addicted hereunto. For yeeshall not only see the damoiselles, and them of the better sorte, but every poore *chapperonniere* (draggetayle). even to the cobler's daughter, that can dance with good measure and arte all your *guarantes*, *levallies*, *brantes*, and other dances whatsoever. And rather than faile, the old women themselves, both gentle and base, who have moe toes than teethe, and those that are left leaping in their heads like lacks in Virginnalls, will beare their part."

The candour and pedantry of the sequel are very entertaining :—

"This argueth, I will not saye, a lightness and immodesty in their behaviour, but a stirring spirit and livelynesse in the French nature, whereof also the musike and

wongs they have is no small argument. For there is not almost a tune in all France which is not *Ionicke* or *Lydian*, of five or seven tunes as note forbidden youth by *Plato*, and *Aristotle*, because, said *Bodin*, it hath *grande force et puissance d'amollir et lascher les cœurs des hommes*. The tune *Doricke*, which is more grave musike, and was commanded for the singing of psalms in the primitive church, their inconstant and stirring humour cannot brooke by any means."

On the subject of dress, our author remarks of the French apparel, that the nobles of France were very expensive and changeable, but after all, not so costly dressed as the English; quoting from *La Noue*, he quaintly remarks that

"Every (French) gallant, forsooth, must have many suits at once, and change often in the yeere, and, therefore, if in the Court they spie one in a suit of the last yeere's making, they scoffingly say, 'We know him well enough; he will not hurt us; he is an apple of the last yeere.'"

The following complaint, borrowed from the same writer, while it establishes the early fashionmongering of the French, will appear very singular to our modish contemporaries. A change once in two years! Those of the olden time were poor Corinthians:—

"Every two yeere the fashion changeth. And hereof it cometh that when ye see all other nations paynted in the proper habit of their country, the Frenchman is alwayes pictured with a pair of sheeres in his hand, to signify that he hath no peculiar habit of his own, nor contenteth himself long with the habit of any other, but according to his capricious humour deviseth daily new fashions."

The Frenchman of later days may answer,—'Which fashions all Europe very soon after acquired the habit of following.'

We have neither time nor space to quote some truly English strictures on the French language; nor for a grave censure of the national levity. From Cæsar to Eustace, the fickleness and unsteadiness of the Gaul is always the principal feature in his picture, as witness—

"His making and revoking of so many edicts against the *reformed religion* in so few yeeres; by the winning and losing of Naples and Millaine in so short a time; and by many other his actions appeareth. For yee must observe of the French, that hee entreth a countrie like thunder, and vanisheth out again like smoke: hee resembleth the wasp, who after the first stroke loseth her sting, and can hurt no more."

We know not that a writer of the present time could express himself much more to the purpose.

This little book contains some very grave remarks on the (then) preponderance of Spain, which contrasts extraordinarily with the experience of after times; but this false and misplaced apprehension lasted even so low down as the time of Cromwell. As to France at this time, the result of the wars of the League is thus described:—

"More than halfe the Noblesse is perished, the people diminished, the treasure exhausted, the debts increased, good order overthrowen, religion languished, manners debauched, justice corrupted, and men divided."

Yet how rapidly France then recovered, and how rapidly has she since recovered from similar exhaustion! being in this respect the most elastic nation on earth. We strongly suspect that in all cases the destruction of "more than halfe the Noblesse" was an incidental benefit. Certain it is, that their depression enabled Richelieu to master them more easily, and thereby exalt the efficiency of that monarchy, which, in the hands of Louis XIV. became so rapidly formidable. Nor are we disinclined to believe, that the dispersion of this frivolous and oppressive body cleared the way for a more effective exertion of the

Bonaparteau energies ; for after all, the existing buoyancy and prosperity is of that great man's creation.

We shall conclude with a few Antigallicisms by the learned author, delivered in the erudite taste of his day. A curious specimen, as Falconbridge says, of "bethumping with words," is supplied by them.

In the first place, the French humour is incompatible with patience and modesty ; secondly,—

"He is such a one as Theophrastes calls *Duscherds*, i. e. *imundus*—uncleanly. He is *Adolesches*—*loquax*—talkative. He is *Acairos*—*intempestivus*—troublesome. Also, *Microphilotemos*—*inepté circa res parvas*, *superbus*—proud of trifles. And lastly, *Alazon*—*ostentator*—a cracker or boaster ;"

which never being the case with Englishmen, we take this favourable opportunity to conclude.

CONVERSATIONS OF THE DEAD.—No. III.

Scene—*ELYSIUM*.

Interlocutors.—BARRY, TRESHAM, WEST, OPIE.

B. I'm happy to see my old friend and countryman, Tresham, present at this meeting. He is one of those who obtained little encouragement in the world as a Painter ; but then his ill health prevented, or at least crippled, his exertions. Yet he was always a choice spirit ; and now he has "shuffled off that mortal coil," he will, doubtless, raise his easel and perform wonders. His honest voice, he was always ready to raise ; and I regretted his remaining in Italy, whilst I was fighting the battles of art in England ; let us, therefore, congratulate ourselves that he is present now that we meet to talk over the state and principles of modern patronage.

T. I thank you, Barry ; and shall certainly, in one respect, not disappoint you. There is nothing here in Elysium to "sickly o'er with the pale cast of thought, the native hue of" our sentiments ; I shall, therefore, of course speak freely ; and there certainly does appear to be in the state of British patronage, some mystery yet to be developed. It would seem that either its sources are capricious and irregular, or that the artists are topographically ignorant how and where it bubbles up, have no divining rod, and know not how to avail themselves, with settled advantage, of its irrigating properties. Talent does not command patronage ; yet it sometimes obtains it, as well as flattering worthlessness. These appear to be points for our discussion, if I have rightly conceived your meaning.

B. Yes. I got little or none of it, you know, any more than you ; for my left-handed friends in the Adelphi are any thing but patrons of *great* works. Haydon, it seems, is no better off ; royal partiality was almost the sole source of encouragement to you, West ; yet Turner, as we hear, is prosperous, and has got a good house over his head, notwithstanding that the noble patrons of the British Institution do not promote his exertions, more than they promote those of Haydon—nay, not so much ; neither has he had an exhibition of his own. Of ourselves, it may be said that we are gone by, and that a new generation has since arisen ; but this does not apply to the twin stars, Turner and Haydon, of whom one is clouded and the other bright. How happens

this? Since we all know that the former was born to no fortune, there must be some other mode of deriving encouragement than has yet entered into our speculations.

W. Why, yes. But with regard to Turner and Haydon, I'll tell you, Sir. There were two students, you see, who, travelling together for improvement and patronage, we may suppose, came to a statue with an inscription, you see, which stated, that at a certain time mentioned, the head of that figure would be turned to gold. One of the students was incredulous, or else his mind being possessed by another species of credulity, was unwilling to wait the time of transmutation, and pressed onward; the other suspected some mystery, anticipated some profit; and stopping to observe where the shadow of the head fell at the appointed hour, he dug in that spot, and possessed himself of a golden treasure. Turner, you see, Sir, is that wise student; he reflected, he watched, he waited; he was always a great observer of how shadows fall, and he possessed himself of the treasure so mysteriously promised.

B. Ah, Bravo! By the Lord, you never told a better story, West; nor a story better.

T. But there is another version of it, you know, by Le Sage, which ends rather more pointedly to the present purpose. One student (according to him), went from the mystic spot with hasty and erroneous notions in his head; the other "proceeded to Salamanca, with the soul of the doctor in his pocket"—where Turner has ever since kept it, safely buttoned up. And this may remind us of what Mrs. Macaulay has written of the mercenary soul of another great genius.—By the way, it would be a curious subject of discussion, whether in such cases the fault lies with society itself, or with the individuals whose souls are thus sordidly compressed?

O. It would. But what does Mrs. Macaulay say? for I forget.

T. She says—what you, Opie, will not be very forward to believe, or at least to repeat, for during your mortal career, you were not entirely free from the reproach of stinginess; which inclines one to the opinion that the fault in question is that of the mal-constitution of society; or of the imperfect stage of it at which man has arrived. She says, however, of the Lord Chancellor Bacon, that "Philosophy herself was degraded by her connection with a soul so mean;" so that

"If parts allure thee, think ~~how~~ Bacon shines."

And after all it may be a moot point, taking all attendant circumstances and future consequences into the account, whether it was not better for Haydon to have proceeded without the soul of the doctor in his pocket.

W. But what say those recent events which have been reported to us? Do they not forbid our coming to any such conclusion? Think of his depredations on the pockets of others; and besides—he is not yet at Salamanca, if by that learned University, we understand the Royal Academy with its titles, honours, and advantages.

B. Ah—Bah, Bah!—He cared not for Salamanca. Whilst Turner was engaged, as you say, in measuring the shadows projected by the sun, Haydon was gazing at, and winging his way toward that luminary itself, with the eye and the soaring spirit of an eagle; but, alas! with the wings of an Icarus. ~~And as to the advantages of the Aca-~~

demy, as that body is at present constituted, where, and what are they, I wonder, except to men of the merest mediocrity? Turner would have been far better without them, like Romney. His great name and merit as an artist, which have grown from the stock of his own talent, confer much more honour on the Academy than he derives from it; and his foolish Professorship, while it swells but little the soul of the doctor in his pocket, must be a great draw-back from the better employment of his time and attention; to say nothing of its effect on his literary and mathematical reputation. If the state of British patronage were any thing better or more certain than it is, I should have no scruple in asserting, and no difficulty in maintaining, that Turner erred in the opposite extreme to Haydon, and that they afforded a good contrast for philosophical speculation, like Plutarch's Fabius and Marcellus.

T. Why, yes. And your reservation is right. Let us not mistake parsimony of motive for grandeur of sentiment. We must not, in this case, seek to cover selfish feeling with the garb of disinterestedness; nor let a mere consequence usurp the purple of a cause. Who, as they approached the door of this academician, has ever met smiling countenances and thread-bare coats? What broken soldier or artist has ever been kindly "bade to stay," or "claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed?" What generous indiscretions have shewn that his friends were welcome, or stained his carpet with wine?

B. Your Persian proverb comes in beautifully, and is in good keeping with the rest of your picture; but really, Tresham, you go too far: at least I should say so in the world of mortality, where motives are inscrutable. You have before shewn a disposition to criticize our friend Opie on this score, with a charitable reservation to be sure, but without knowing what were his internal feelings at the time. I sympathised with him as you spoke, and I give him credit for his forbearance in retorting no allusion to the prodigality of health and fortune which distinguished the days of your youth. But we breathe freely in Elysium. Brutus, we see, feels here no flinty collision, and has no occasion to repress his "hasty spark or two." Perhaps we should always allow credit to a man of decided talent, for the positive good which he effects under any circumstances of external appearance. At least, let him mingle *endurance* and *forbearance* with an active display of talent in a good cause, and I shall not excite you to question that they are virtues. Heaven forbid!—On the contrary, whatever enables an independent mind to persist in a noble appeal to the tribunal of the British public against oligarchical discouragement or neglect, or in contravention to Fashion's usurping the judgment-seat of Taste, shall have my meed of praise.

O. And mine, too. But what, after all, have you been talking of, and what is the amount of your talk?—That he who contemplates the dazzling orbs above, should stumble where the cautious traveller of Earth would escape obstruction, is but what happens every day; and, in a *public view*, is all that has happened in the case before us, except indeed, what may eventually prove of more importance—the opening of the eyes and attracting the attention of the community—perhaps of the House of Commons, towards the comparative states of the patronage of superior and inferior art. We ought not to despair

on this point: Neither of these geniuses has had his fair proportion of encouragement; but I do not despair for them, or that the less cautious student, who is at present beneath the horizon, shall again arise, and with him "the sun of *patronage* with healing on his wings." The arts, and the patronage of the superior arts of England, are by no means beyond the hope of future remedy, because some lofty aims have unfortunately missed. Neither their active nor their passive energies are exhausted; and Patronage is but ill worthy of that Roman name, unless it *sympathise* with the loftiest successful flights of the patronized. Neither Turner nor Haydon has yet met with this species of appreciation; where indeed is the English painter who has, if we except a very few who have dedicated themselves to portrait-painting? Perhaps the country may not yet be ripe for it.—Patronage is not to be doled out like charity to paupers, nor lavished like the wages of prostitution; and high art had better not exist, than be obliged to bow down, and take on itself that servile, dependant, flattering character, which nourished the rankness of Coytel and his confederates in the court of Louis; to say nothing of Napoleon and his prostituted set of artistical flatterers, some of whose gross, affected, laboured, and despicable productions, West and myself have seen. An age and a court requiring such servile submissions, are unworthy of those transcendental efforts in the arts, which challenge the respect of unborn centuries, and which have been the evident object of Haydon's aspirations. If in any country a king should arise, who should see nothing in the duties of his high magistracy, but a privilege—a privilege did I say?—rather the power of assuming what can never be a privilege—to squander with reckless impunity the hard-earned property of his subjects, sound and superior art cannot find, and cannot expect to find, in such a country, *rootage* at court. Under such a dispensation, the histories* of men like Haydon, and the *Poems* of such artists as Turner (if other such can be found) must make way for the *Allegories* (forsooth) of the Wards, the Stroelings, and the Matthew Wyatts of the hour. As our friend Barry there observed with Shakesperian energy at our former meeting, the dirtiest and dullest of the remains of mortality are sometimes permitted to vivify and bask in the brightest of the rays of Heaven,—

"And morning insects that in muck begun,
Hum, buzz, and fly-blow in the *setting Sun*."

And since *rootage* at court is not, under circumstances so inauspicious, to be expected in any country, for the nobler species of Painting, both Nature and Philosophy would direct it, if possible, to follow the example of those British oaks to which I alluded on the occasion of our first meeting at this place, whose intuitive property it is, when they are unfortunately planted where two soils meet, to turn away their fibres from the base clay, and cling to the hardy gravel.—But we will talk of this matter again, when we can disengage Reynolds from the Coterie of Madam Piozzi and Johnson, for I incline to think

* ————— a hand, an eye, by Hilliard drawn,
Is worth a *History*, by a worse painter made.—DOWNE.

that much of the original sin which we deplore, is to be ascribed to the defective constitution of the Royal Academy.

T. I'm sure of it. Nor do I despair, more than you, of eventual reform. In England, Art, as well as arms, has had its heroes to form, through a course of arduous probation; and its victories to achieve through surrounding difficulties and darkness: and though our Marcellus has recently lost a battle, he has "fought a good fight" for historical painting on the whole, and has not "finished his course;" while our Fabius is still on the heights, watching his opportunities. Their timely and noble daring, if wisely seconded, may yet open the way to those higher destinies, which are

— "amidst the deathful field,

By godlike chiefs alone beheld.—

See, Virtue, see!

Before thy shrine our Country's genius stands,

And decks thy altar still—tho' pierced with many a wound.

COLLINS.

[To be continued.]

"THE INN AT UPTON."

I was travelling, not long ago, in Worcestershire, in a part of the country where I had never been before, when I came to a hand-post which pointed "To Upton." I had no knowledge that I was so near it, and my heart bounded at the name. Honest Fielding! thou art, indeed, a man after the said heart—and the spots filled with thy persons, and thy adventures, are to me truly classical! How much more do they deserve to be so than half the puling places which are thus revered by every sentimental and critical Miss Molly! What hearty, sterling, English feeling there is in all his scenes! What intimate and magical knowledge of our poor human nature! No one ever was skilled in it like him. Every inmost nook and most inaccessible corner were to him laid bare. Every gradation of hue and heat, from gloom and iciness, to the full radiance and fervency of passion, are reflected on his glass—are noted on his unerring thermometer. To use his own expression, in "the great book of human nature, page almost the last," where the writing is inscribed, "in almost illegible characters," his learning is as accurate and familiar as is that of the very ablest of us all in its broadest and plainest outlines.

"The Inn at Upton!"—it was reaching Shakespeare's birth-place, it was visiting Virgil's tomb, when I crossed its hallowed threshold! And worthy is the priest of the sanctuary!—the castle has an appropriate lord! Let me give all publicity to the name of the admirable *Bembow*, who is the present occupant of the famed hestelry. For not only is he justly proud of the mansion in which he is so fortunate as to dwell, but he shews all its hallowed spots, and venerated places, in full credence of the deeds there done being recorded in a veritable history. The "battle of Upton" fought in the kitchen—the muff sent to the unoccupied dormitory—are incidents narrated, in what is to him an unquestioned and unquestionable chronicle. Seriously, he believes that all the events, of which his inn is the *locale*, positively took place; doubting them no more than Mr. Banks does the early history of Rome. And, in good faith, I do not wonder that it should be so—for all Field-

ing's scenes have a reality, which makes it almost matter of surprise when reflection tells us they are but fable. The inn (which evidently Fielding must have visited), was a smaller one than I expected, seeing that the landlady was so vain-glorious of all the "quality" that stopped at her house. But it had an old (not an *ancient*) air, which tallied well with that square-cut period, the reign of George the Second. The butcher's shop, whose quondam master could always "cut up a sheep warm," if his meat-consuming neighbours required it, is still close by, and I looked till I almost expected to see the whole grouse, with Jones and the immortal Partridge at its head, issue from the door.

The house is but a common-place sort of house after all—but then it is hallowed as the scene of great actions. The battle is, perhaps, like some others of Fielding's Homeric battles, rather over-wrought—but the whole of the subsequent doings!—the rivalry between Mrs. Waters and the powdered beef and bottled ale, each triumphing in turn—*See Cerere*, &c.—"the driver of horses," and the "leader of men" who would not submit to be a *non sequitur*—the landlord, "lord of this body and no land beside"—not even of his own kitchen, where his lady reigned paramount—and the landlady herself, the very Bondeur, the Zenobia of that ancient calling, the Thalestris of the Amazon race—Mrs. Honour's red hands, and saucy bearing, and well-stuffed portmanteau,—and poor Sophy's beauty, and muff, and jealousy, and assurances of perfect ease and satisfaction—and the Irish beau, reading one of Mrs. Behn's novels to cultivate his understanding—and, above all, the ineffable Partridge himself—what character! what grouping! what knowledge of every condition of human nature!

I wish to heaven that Hogarth had illustrated Fielding's works; I am sure the Inn at Upton would have furnished two or three of the principal pieces. In these days, we have such a craving desire to have every thing figured forth to the physical as well as the mental eye, that even the eternal Greek noses and lanky legs of Messrs. Westall and Stothard are sought after and relished, when grafted upon our favourite fictions. What would not, then, have been Hogarth's illustrations of Fielding! I believe Charles Lamb, in his remarks on Hogarth, has noticed the similarity of the genius of the two men; at all events, it is too remarkable not to strike one. Fielding was a great admirer, and I believe a personal friend of Hogarth; and it might well be so, on the principle that a man admires his own image in a glass. Both told admirable stories, and both painted admirable pictures; for who can deny that the painter is excellently narrative, that the author is strikingly pictorial? Are not the *Rake's Progress* and the *Marriage A-la-mode* histories,—in the lump and in the details? Are not the scenes at Upton, in bower and in hall, above stairs and below,—pictures? Truly they are so; the same quality of genius inspired both, but the mechanical organ of the one man was a pen, of the other, a painting-brush or a graver. There are, I believe, some people in the world, who consider the term 'genius' here misapplied, who are so unhappy as to regard Hogarth as a mere caricaturist, and Fielding as little better than a vulgar farcer. The reason of this I take to be—the staple of the productions of each is nature in a comparatively ble station. It is true, that both deal occasionally in lords and —and admirably too, when they trench upon them—witness

Bellaston, Lady Booby, and the Marriage A-la-môdè; but the great body of the creations of both are persons out of the pale of fashionable society; and dandy-like critics—the great vulgar—have accordingly, like the footman in Tom Jones, voted the introduction of such characters and feelings, *low!* But, perhaps, this very choice of station is one great reason which makes the works of Hogarth and Fielding such treasures as they are. They are not only a record, but a vivid and present embodying, of the manners, feelings, and personal appearance of the great bulk of the English nation, during the middle of the eighteenth century. Nor this alone—for, while the stamp of the particular period is individualized and preserved, the general and unchangeable laws of the heart are followed and rendered with a truth and minuteness to be found no where else.

Those whose admiration for these things is as warm as mine, should make a pilgrimage to Upton. Not only is it delightful to see the veneration and Catholic faith of the worthy host, but it is doubly so to be, from the very force of locality, almost bitten, as I was, by the same belief. Truly may I use the words of a popular writer, with reference to the banks of the Arno, instead of the Severn, "How real a thing is that which most men call ideal!"

The town retains its old appearance, as most country towns do where there is no stream of commerce to wash away the land-marks of time. Above all, 'the inn' is, as I have said, almost wholly unchanged. I do not know whether the people of the place share with the landlord the feelings of classicality attached to their abode; but certain it is, that all about the inn, down to "the non-descript animal yclept Boots," seem to claim their share of the importance derivable from the dwelling. They received, also, with a grin of delight, the questions of evident interest with which I accosted all and sundry. The landlord, in especial, warmed towards me, and rewarded me with some Worcestershire perry, so excellent, that I no longer regard with disrespect the taste of Jones and Mrs. Waters, in imbibing its ancestral liquor, in full confidence of its being generous and heart-stirring champagne.

A few days after my visit to Upton, I passed through Ross. I was able to stop there only a very short time, but I asked a sort of gentleman of the neighbourhood (as I found) whom I met at the inn, if they shewed where the Man of Ross had lived. "Really, Sir," he said, with an air of some surprise, "I never heard of him." Now why is this, that the fiction at Upton has become more real than the reality at Ross, although the latter speaks of the highest virtues of humanity? Gentle reader, I will tell thee. Pope, though no courtier, was a courtly poet, and wrote in strains fitted for the great, and for them only. He had no dominion over the great human heart; his sway was confined to its crimped and conventional existence. Fielding's works are for all mankind. Human nature was the book he read,—human nature was the book he wrote. The feelings, not of an artificial class, but of universal man, were his study and his theme;—and truly he has had his reward.

ON PARTING WITH MY BOOKS.

Ye dear companions of my silent hours,
 Whose pages o'er before my eyes would strew
 So many sweet and variegated flowers,
 Dear books, awhile, perhaps for e'er, adieu !
 The dark cloud of misfortune o'er me lours :
 No more by winter's fire—in summer's bowers,
 My toil-worn mind shall be refresh'd by you.
 We part ! sad thought ; and while the damp-devours
 Your leaves, and the worm slowly eats them through,
 Dull poverty, and its attendant ills,
 Wasting of health, vain toil, corroding care,
 And the world's cold neglect, which surest kills,
 Must be my bitter doom—yet I shall bear
 Unmurm'ring, for my good perchance these evils are.

I.

STANZAS.

Thou silver stream, that past me gliding,
 In silence windeth on thy way,
 Go, where my gentle love's abiding,
 And 'neath her bower a moment stay ;
 And let the murmur of thy billow
 Seem soft to whisper in her ear,
 As she reclines her on her pillow,
 Of one that would to her be dear.

Thou western wind, that idly playeth
 In the white bosom of my sail,
 Go, where the maid her locks arrayeth,
 And bear those words which ne'er should fail.
 Tell her, while with her fair hair playing,
 Her absence momentarily I mourn ;
 Then, as amongst its curls thou'rt straying,
 Whisper, and woo her to return.

I.

ODE TO AN INSECT.

I.

CHILD of the sunbeam, nurling of May,
 Plume thee thy light wings, hie thee away,
 Over the meads where the flowers are blowing,
 The odours awaking, the new grass growing ;
 Sail through the air while the rainbow is glowing
 Thwart the azure vault of day,
 Where the opal-armoured legions play,
 Where the dream-like-murmuring springs are heard,
 The grasshopper's note, the song of the bird,
 And the whispering boughs by the zephyrs stirred,—
 Voice and accent, sound and tone
 Soft or piercing—swift or slow,
 Like a wave of crystal every one
 Springing up, and eddying on
 From the emerald earth below,
 Where the musical echoes float and stray :
 —Plume thee thy light wings,—hie thee away.

II.

Ere the tints of the veined young leaves fade,
 Thy horn is heard no more,
 Under the woof of the green-wood shade
 Thy delicate limbs will be folded and laid,—
 Thy dream of rapture o'er !

The shroud of the petals of spring flowers made
 Ere the balmy breeze grow frore,—
 Never to see earth's colours dying,—
 Never to hear the desolate sighing
 Of the homeless winds in agony flying
 Round the crimson-clouded dome,
 With a hurrying sound, and a faint perfume
 Rained from their pinions o'er summer's tomb,
 When the chilly autumn evenings come:
 The sweetest is fleetest for ever and aye! *
 —Plume thee thy light wings, and haste thee away.

III.

Sport with thine image o'er pool and stream,
 In the kindling ray or the parting beam;
 Rest thee thy tender limbs at night
 In the moon-illuminated lime-bowers bright;
 And thy clarion sound at grey twilight,
 When the world is asleep and the forest is still,
 And there starts not an echo from valley or hill;
 And go to the chambers of beauty, and sip
 The love-burning sighs from a dream-shaken lip.
 Oh! what is the boon of existence in man
 To thine in its measure, though narrow the span!
 Thine is but a vapour, and his but a cloud;
 Thine shall never fade till it fall,
 His may walk in the sunless shroud
 Of sorrowing years, which Life we call;
 Both in the shadow of death are bowed,
 The mystery-veiling pall!
 But thine are the pleasures unfollowed by sorrow,—
 No care of the present, no fear of the morrow:
 All our joys that can ever shine
 Are not in ecstacy deep as thine,—
 Nought in memory so divine!
 Thy end is the calmest, unlooked-for, unknown,
 The swift change comes o'er thee,—thy spirit is flown!
 Thine is the morn of a sunny day,
 Thy year is all summer, thy summer all May:
 Go plume thee thy light wings, and haste thee away!

* All that's bright must fade,—
 The sweetest still the fleetest!
 All that's sweet was made
 But to be lost when sweetest!

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THE INDICATOR.

No. LXXXVI.

There he arriving, round about doth fly,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye,
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.—SPENSER.

(For the Indicator.)

THE SPIRIT SEER.

As thick and numberless as the gay motes
That people the sun-beams,
Or likest hovering dreams.

"THEN, in respect to spiritual agency, you are disposed to agree with the visionary Swede," said Doctor Alfman to Professor Risberg.

"I am inclined to believe in spiritual agency certainly," replied Risbergh, "but not exactly upon the plan or principles of Swedenburgh."

"You astonish me, my good friend; these are flights to which I supposed the calm rationality of your mental composition would never allow you to aspire. I am now convinced that man often varies less from his fellows than from himself, at different stages of his progress. For a vague admission, 'that millions of spirits unseen *may* walk the earth,' I can pardon a philosopher of any school, but a systematic confidence in the fact from my ancient fellow-student Risberg, I did not expect."

"Very likely; but suppose I give you the history of my conversion?"

"With all my heart."

"My story will commence very much in the manner of that of Aboul-casem of Basra, by a coffee-house adventure. You are aware that soon after I left college, I was engaged to finish the education and superintend the conduct of Albert Von F. the second son of the Count Von F., who headed the rich and noble Saxon family of that distinguished name?"

"I am, and recollect that your letters to me, without descending to particulars, expressed some dissatisfaction with that engagement."

"My uneasiness originated from a very common cause: my pupil, although a younger son, was of very great importance to his family, owing to the sickly constitution of his elder brother. Their extreme solicitude for his welfare and improvement was, in consequence, attended by an excess of indulgence which went far to render it fruitless. Albert, at that time about twenty, was a young man of great quick-

ness and vivacity; ardent and romantic in temper, and, for one brought up with the highest German notions of the unassailable superiority of rank, kind, courteous, and condescending. He had passed through his college courses with credit, and even with éclat; and might have been still more distinguished but for a defect most perplexing to a tutor, and unpromising to future eminence,—he was capricious and unstable in all his resolves, and uniformly the slave of the last impression. This unfortunate habit, the fruit, in a great degree, of a mother's weakness, was not unperceived by Count von F., who was thereby induced to assign him a director, somewhat later than usual, in the hope that close observation might counteract a mental imperfection so destructive to respectability of character. Imagine my situation as the ostensible governor of a young man of quality, with this quicksilver temperament, in a city like Dresden. I was a thousand times on the point of giving up a charge so onerous and so irksome, but was still prevented by the ingenuous temper of my wayward pupil,—his frank acknowledgment of error, and repeated promises of amendment. At length I was so much chagrined at the facility with which he was led into some dangerous excesses by certain libertines of a riper age than his own, who clearly cherished designs both upon his purse and his principles, that I finally determined to retire from a superintendence so useless and disagreeable."

"But why not state your apprehensions to the Count von F.?"

"I had done so more than once; but whether he thought my notions too rigid, or was led by the Countess, who was avowedly of that opinion, I know not; he certainly never backed my authority, and remonstrances with desirable energy, and I could not bring myself to follow the very common example of receiving remuneration, and court-
ing patronage, for duties that it was impossible to perform. Still the resolution to resign a post, which, under different circumstances, might have been at once honourable and advantageous, cost me many hours of bitter cogitation. The day in particular, which ultimately determined me, was one of very gloomy and distressing reflection; so much so, that when the evening arrived, I found myself impelled to escape from my own thoughts, by repairing to a neighbouring coffee-house; where I occasionally met a few learned and literary characters, who resorted thither for the amusement of conversation, and the perusal of the public journals.

"Among the guests who frequented this coffee-house, was an elderly Hungarian—a man of lofty demeanour, of severe but handsome countenance, and of very reserved manners. His erudition was considerable, and he seldom broke silence but to display it, by pronouncing upon some point of learned difference. At such moments he not only evinced immense research, but a peculiarity in its application, which always excited considerable interest. From the whimsical tenor of some of his remarks, and his evident leaning towards mysticism, the wits who attended the coffee-house usually spoke of him to one another under the title of the Rosicrucian. This remarkable personage happened to be present, during the evening of the day on which I had worked myself to the important decision of quitting the family of Von F.; and as occasional observation will involuntarily receive a tinge from internal disquiet, without alluding to the cause, I insensibly turned the

discourse of the company upon that perplexing instability of temper, which had caused myself so much anxiety. As I felt the subject intensely, I was more than usually animated, and had, I fear, somewhat splenetically summed up, that it was most likely a constitutional defect, arising out of faulty organization, when I was suddenly startled by an emphatic '*humph!*' from the stranger.

" 'You seem to differ with me, Sir.'

" 'I do.'

" 'You will oblige me by stating exactly in what manner.'

" 'That is not so easily done, unless you were acquainted with much of which you are ignorant.'

" 'I am answered.'

" 'I wish not to offend; but when I add, that I only mean to state your absolute want of acquaintance with the great *spiritual* agency by which the human will is governed, you will regard the imputation of ignorance as a compliment.'

" The foregoing observation was made in a dry caustic manner, and something like a smile lighted up the dark eye of the speaker.

" 'If you suppose,' replied I, 'that I deem ignorance of any thing honourable, you are mistaken. I am quite satisfied that we can know little of human nature, without an acquaintance with theories, of the correctness of which we may be more than doubtful. I have heard much of what you term spiritual agency;—have pondered over the efflux and influx of both the older and younger Platonism; have waded through an infinite number of demonologies, not forgetting the comprehensive Reginald Scott; and finally, I have read both Emanuel Swedenburgh and the *Compte de Gabalis*.'

" 'Enough; you convince me that you have much to learn, and something to unlearn; and a part of the latter may consist in a disposition to indulge in some very indifferent humour. But it might be difficult, probably impertinent, to convince you of this truth, and therefore we will drop the subject.'

" This speech, with which I was not overpleased, was delivered rather more pleasantly than its tenor imported; and was, moreover, accompanied by the offer of a conciliating pinch of snuff.

" I accepted of the civility, and bowed without reply, to the great disappointment of several auditors, who were prepared for some curious disputation. For controversy, however, my then state of mind was by no means favourable; nor, to say the truth, was I altogether satisfied with my own *Organic* proposition. More than all, I had no inclination to indulge several pert young students and wittlings, with the exhibition either of myself, or of my opponent. The conversation, therefore dropped, and the stranger soon after withdrew. He had, however, scarcely departed five minutes, when I received the following singular note.

" 'When I tell you that I am fully acquainted with your present inquietude, on account of the conduct of an unsteady young man, and consequently with the state of mind which led to our recent conversation, you may possibly be induced to accept an offer which I now make, to convince you, promptly and efficaciously, that things may exist, of which all the Colleges in Europe are *more than doubtful*,

I reside three doors to the right of the house in which you are now seated; where, if disposed for conviction, you will call on me to-morrow morning, precisely at nine.—

ZAPORO.

"I read this billet once or twice, and confess that I began abrewedly to suspect that my learned antagonist was a designing adventurer, with whom it would be advisable to have nothing more to do. Yet how could he so well fathom my state of mind in regard to Albert, the particular mention of whom strongly excited my curiosity; possibly some disclosure was intended of a nature to serve him. The appointment too, was to take place in the day time, in a public, creditable neighbourhood; in addition to all which, it was impossible so entirely to disregard Lavater, as not to be impressed with the noble physiognomy of the extraordinary stranger. Contrary, therefore, to my first impression, I determined to accept the invitation; and conformably to the inconsistency usual in similar conflicts of mind, I could scarcely sleep during the night, owing to my anxious wish for morning, and the solution of the mystery.

"The next day I rose early, and leaving a note for Albert, to announce my reluctant intention to seek an interview with his father before it was over, I proceeded, at the appointed hour, to the stranger's lodgings. To my surprise, they were not only handsome, but magnificent; and on giving my name as a visitor to Mr. Zaporo, I was told that the Count had left orders for my admission. I was accordingly ushered into his presence without delay. He received me politely, but with more of dignity than ceremony; and when I had seated myself, with the air of a man who scarcely knew on what account he was present, he thus promptly addressed me:—

"You are welcome, Sir; and not the less so because I can read what is passing in your mind. You fear that I may be a *Chevalier d'Industrie*, and the supposition is excusable. My motive for wishing to see you is, notwithstanding, very simple. I found you free at least from the arrogance and conceit of modern learning, and less injured than many others, by the dull dabbling with matter which forms its degrading pride and distinction."

"I bowed, and looking incredulous, muttered something about engagements precluding new studies, or any laborious examination of erudite systems—

"Be not alarmed, I wish to propose nothing of the kind; I have no intention to combat reason, but to command belief?—This was uttered with inconceivable *sang froid*, and I suppose that I again looked suspiciously.

"When, in the language of the great English Dramatist, you are satisfied that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy, you may possibly wish to know more of mine. Therefore to convince you, and that summarily, is all my present purpose.—You have left your precious ward in bed?"

"I have."

"He will soon rise, and you will be absent. Do you wish to witness his conduct for a day?"

"I fear that I am but too well acquainted with it."

"Psha! That you are generally well acquainted with the follies

of a boy of quality, indulged into more than usual imbecility, I am aware; but reverting to our last night's conversation, would you wish to be acquainted with the influences which surround him?

" 'Certainly, if—'

" 'Nothing conditional, follow me and behold them.'

" The stranger led the way to an inner apartment: it was a noble library, but no otherwise remarkable, except that one end of the room was concealed by a magnificent black silk curtain, before which stood a kind of elevated throne, or canopied chair, decorated with similar silken and sable splendour.

" 'I am studiously anxious to avoid alarming you into an apprehension either of trickery or mummery,' said the Count, 'and therefore when I tell you, that all I require from you is, a quiet observance from that seat of the scenes that will present themselves when the curtain is withdrawn, nothing more will be necessary to satisfy you that I am no disciple of Reginald Scott. When I add, that you are not to look behind you, which indeed the form of the chair renders difficult, you are only to understand, that the penalty of doing so will simply put an end to your entertainment; nothing more.'

" Now the Charlatanism commences, thought I to myself, or else the intellects of my new friend are somewhat disordered. No matter, he can have no object in personally injuring me; and I may as well carry off appearances with a good grace. With this reflection I stepped on to the chair.

" The moment I took my seat, the stranger moved towards the curtain, and placed his hand upon the large silken tassel which was designed to draw it up. His face was averted; but his whole frame appeared in tremulous agitation, and a few inarticulate and scarcely audible accents reached my ear. He then turned round, his fine countenance beamed with emotion, his dark eye shot inexpressible fire—

" 'Risberg, behold your Telemachus!'

" At that moment the curtain drew up, and conceive my astonishment at discovering that the entire end of the room was apparently composed of looking-glass; which, however, instead of reflecting the objects opposed to it, presented to my scarcely-believing eyes the dressing-room of Albert Von F. into which the imprudent youth appeared to have just entered from his bed-chamber, his person exhibiting all the fatigue and listlessness which usually attend a preceding night of excess and dissipation.

" 'Great God, what do I behold?' exclaimed I, half starting from my seat.

" 'Be calm and attentive; and no more exclamation, as you value the gratification of your curiosity.'

" I obeyed these directions by remaining silent; but I was extremely agitated, and a tremor seized my whole frame.

" 'A few words more, Risberg. Temporarily endowed with the most precious gift of the divinest philosophy, you will shortly behold appearances, which you must endeavour to comprehend by your own unaided sagacity. Your success I doubt not, because it will be materially assisted by your knowledge of your pupil. Once more, and finally,

I conjure you to be firm, for I must now retire, and the scene will be extraordinary.'

"I bowed assent by a slight inclination of my head, and Zaporó, repeating his admonition to silence by significantly placing his finger to his lip, deliberately proceeded to the door, and left the room.

"I cannot say that the retreat of my mysterious host added to my composure; but I had no time to waste in vague conjecture upon the purity of his motives, being called upon to attend to a species of phantasmagoria of the most whimsical yet awe-inspiring description.

"Whilst looking earnestly at the shadow of the conscience-stricken Albert, I beheld the visionary room which he occupied gradually pervaded by a bluish silvery mist, so light and attenuated, that it in no respect obscured either the person of my pupil, or any other object in the apartment. At the same time, although perfectly distinguishable by any sense of vision, Albert and his attendants seemed altogether unconscious of its existence. Whilst pondering upon this phenomenon, to my infinite surprise, I thought that I could discern the lineaments of human countenances occasionally peep through the mist, and as capriciously retreat again. Sometimes these features, which presented every variety of expression, were nearly distinct; at others, so faint as to be scarcely perceptible. For several minutes I discovered countenances only; but after awhile, I could perceive winged forms entire, which at will seemed to step in and out of the cognizance of my eyesight. Not only did I distinguish them separately, but in parties, most fantastically linked together by means that the peculiar atmosphere, in which they appeared to envelope themselves at pleasure, would not allow me to ascertain. The effect was various beyond describing; now beautiful; now half-disgusting; now solemn; now whimsical; now grotesque. Features the most grave, the most mirthful, the most composed, and the most vivacious in their expression, often mingled in one grouping; but when this was the case, the serious were usually very distinct, and the gay proportionately faint; and, *vice-versa*, although even this remark will not generally apply. In one or two instances, I detected an arch countenance peering by the side of a severe one, and a lowering set of features strangely connected with a constellation of gay ones. I have already observed, that for the most part the faces only were distinguishable; but in the instances where more of the form became visible, the vestment and costume were as capricious as their features. The motes in the sunbeam could not shine with more vivid hues, or changeable lustre, than some of these sprites; and the habiliments of others were equally sombre and gloomy. Their most surprising property, however, consisted in their gradational and ever-varying distinctness, which bore some resemblance to the approach or departure of the human figure in a dewy fog, or the form of sportive fish in a glassy stream, which is more or less obscure, according to their distance from the surface. The extreme delicacy of the fainter apparitions conveyed an idea of tinted air; whilst the more strongly marked shadows assumed the outline and force of substantial physical existence. I have informed you that Albert seemed utterly unconscious of the intelligences by which he was surrounded, but, left to my own unaided conjecture, as I was, I was quickly convinced that they were intimately connected

with his mind and conduct. Upon the slightest motion of his, a species of evolution took place; some that were distinct faded, and others, before invisible, started into visible being—”

“ ‘Guardian angels, I suppose,’ said Alfman to his friend, with a smile!”

“ ‘Say attendant spirits,’ replied Risberg, gravely.”

“ ‘Whatever you please, Risberg.’ ”

“ ‘Await the sequel.’ ”

[To be concluded next week.]

DR. BURNET'S APOLOGY FOR MOSES.

In a former number we gave a specimen of Dr. Burnet's dramatic talent in the dialogue between Eve and the Serpent, extracted from his *Archæologiæ Philosophicæ*. As this book is but little known, and has never appeared in an English dress, we shall proceed to give a few more extracts from the chapter in which he examines the Mosaic account of the creation. The freedom with which this subject is treated by one of the most pious and orthodox divines of the Church, and the most intimate friend of one of its greatest ornaments, Archbishop Tillotson, may afford a salutary lesson to those who imagine that no part of the Scriptures can be safely impugned, and that free inquiry cannot be indulged in without endangering the whole fabric of our religion. Dr. Burnet's sole aim in this and in all his writings was, as he himself declares, to promote the piety which is founded in truth. In the prosecution of this object he sometimes uses language and arguments, which, we doubt not, Dr. Southey and the Chancellor would declare to be blasphemous, if they could be entrapped into giving an opinion upon them without knowing that they proceeded from one of the pillars of the Church. The Doctor (not the Laureat) seems to have had a strong sense of the ludicrous side of an argument, and perceiving the advantage which some parts of the first chapters of Genesis might give to the enemies of Christianity, if the whole narrative of Moses were maintained to be historically true, he has dexterously anticipated his opponents, by displaying, in the strongest light, the absurdities to which we should be driven by adopting a literal interpretation. Fully acknowledging the divine inspiration of Moses, and retaining the essential part of the narrative (namely, the prophesy that the Devil, of whom the serpent is symbolical, should be bruised, or that mankind should be redeemed by the seed of the woman) he rejects all the details against which reason and common sense revolt, and has not hesitated to admit that they might be considered fabulous, if found in a profane writer. Secure of the strength of the foundation, he has not scrupled to throw down the artificial fabric which has been raised upon it, in order to accommodate the apprehensions of the vulgar. By employing the most unsparing ridicule against the champions of a literal interpretation; he has deprived the Infidel of his most formidable weapon, and by admitting that such an interpretation is against reason, he has left him nothing to attack, except that which is “*above human reason*,” and which (as Gibbon remarks) cannot therefore be affected by his assaults:

“ Eve gave the apple to her husband, and urged him to eat it. Adam, too indulgent to his spouse, complied, and as soon as he had

eaten it, he and his wife, for some reason which is not explained, began for the first time to be ashamed of their nakedness, and sewing together some fig-leaves, they made themselves small-cloaths (*fecerunt sibi subligacula*) to conceal it. In the evening, God came down into the garden; whereupon our parents fled, and sought to hide themselves in the bushes, but in vain; for God cried out, Adam, where art thou? Adam came forward, trembling, and said to God, When I heard your voice in the garden, I was afraid, because I was naked, and hid myself among the bushes. Who has told you, said God, that you were naked? Have you eaten of the fruit which I forbade you to eat?—The woman whom you gave me, said Adam, brought it to me, and I ate it.—You and your wife* have attended prettily to my commands. What have you to say for yourself, woman?—Your serpent gave it to me, and I ate it.—This apple will cost you dear; not only you, but your posterity, and the whole human race shall suffer for it. For this offence I will curse the earth, and destroy the whole economy of nature. Thou, wicked beast, shalt be punished for thy malice, for thou shalt henceforth go upon thy belly, and shalt eat, not apples, but the dust of the earth. Thou, Eve, as a punishment for thy curiosity, shalt bring forth children in pain, and bear the yoke of thy husband. As for you, Adam, since you have hearkened to your wife instead of obeying my commands, you shall obtain food for her and her children by the sweat of your brow, instead of enjoying the spontaneous fruits of the earth. Henceforth the earth, accursed for your offence, shall yield thistles, and thorns, and noxious weeds, and when you shall have closed a painful and wearisome existence, dust you are and to dust you shall return. In the mean time I will take care that you be expelled from this garden, that you may not eat of the tree of life, and so live for ever.—However, that they might not perish by the inclemency of the weather, God made them garments from the skins of animals, and after he had clad them in this manner, he expelled them from Paradise. Lastly, to prevent the possibility of their return, he placed Angels at the entrance of his garden, who, waving about a flaming sword, guarded the way which led to the tree of life.”

This is the substance of the Mosaic account of Paradise, and the fate of our first parents, which I have given in language somewhat different from that of the sacred historian, strictly adhering, however, to the sense, in order that we may judge of the whole story with as much freedom as if it were related by a modern author.

The narrative consists of five or six parts:—First, the origin and formation of man; secondly, the description of the Garden of Eden; thirdly, the account of the two trees of life and of death; the fourth part treats of Eve's conversation with the serpent, or snake; the fifth, of God's anger and the curse which he pronounced upon all mankind, because the forbidden apple was eaten; the sixth gives an account of the expulsion of our first parents from the garden of God, and how God made them garments out of the skins of beasts, and placed Angels, with flaming swords, at the entrance of the garden to prevent their return.

* The original has been somewhat softened. The divine's words are—*Probe non carasti, tu et tua! Heus tu muliercula! Hark'ye, my little woman!*

The force of habit and preconceived notions on the human mind is surprising. We receive this short account of the origin of the world and of mankind from the mouth of Moses, and we acquiesce in it upon his authority without pause, or examination. If we had read such an account in any other writer, in the works of a Grecian philosopher for instance, or of a Rabbinical or Mahomedan doctor, the mind would have stopped short at every period, and started a thousand doubts and objections. This difference does not arise from the nature of the subject, but from our opinion of the credit and authority of a writer divinely inspired. I readily admit the divine inspiration of Moses, nor is it the object of this inquiry to question his authority, but to consider the *animus* or intention with which he wrote this account, and whether he has employed a popular or a philosophical style of composition; I say a popular, not a fabulous style, although the term fabulous might be appropriately used, if we were considering the works of a profane writer.

That man was created between five and six thousand years ago, is a fact which rests upon the authority of Scriptural chronology, and which I have never doubted; but of what material the first man or woman was made, is a point of somewhat greater difficulty. If God chose to make a woman out of Adam's rib, it certainly seems an inconvenient material, but God could no doubt make a woman out of a stick, a stone, or any other material. It is a subject of inquiry among the curious, whether this rib of Adam's was a supernumerary rib, and one which was not required in a perfect body. If it were not a supernumerary rib, Adam would have been maimed by its subtraction; and despoiled of a necessary part of his body. I say a *necessary* part, because we suppose that there was nothing superfluous in the structure of the human body, and that no bone or part could be taken away without injury to the whole. If, however, it is contended that this rib of Adam's was supernumerary and useless, and that he had thirteen on one side and twelve on the other, this would make the first man a sort of monster, such as he would have been had he been created with three feet or three hands, or with a greater number of eyes, or other members than was necessary to the usefulness and perfection of the human body. I do not pretend to settle this question, but there is another difficulty which gives me more anxiety, namely, how the whole female body could be made out of a single rib? for a rib does not equal the hundredth or thousandth part of the whole body; and if it be said that other materials were employed, then Eve would be more truly said to be formed of those other materials than of Adam's rib. I am aware that the Rabbinical doctors explain the whole matter in a different manner. They say, that the first man had a double body, part male and part female, one sticking to the sides, or, as some other divines contend, to the nether ends of the other, and that God cut him asunder and gave Eve, after her separation, in marriage to Adam. Plato has a story very similar to this in his *Symposium* about the first man Androgynus, who was afterwards divided into a male and female.

We pass over the examination of the difficulties about the locality of God's garden in Eden, which some suppose to be the same as the *Δενδρον* in Plato, and proceed to the analysis of Eve's dialogue with the serpent.

This story of the serpent, which addressed Eve, and tempted her to

disobey God, is certainly very marvellous. We know not whether the serpent had naturally the faculty of talking, or of producing any sound, beyond the hissing noise which is all it can achieve in these days. What shall we suppose Eve to have known about this matter? If she considered it a dumb animal, the very circumstance of its entering into conversation with her must have alarmed a timid female, and deterred her from continuing so monstrous an intercourse. But if the serpent talked at its creation, and lost the gift of speech for its wickedness in corrupting Eve, Moses would not have failed to mention this punishment, nor would he have substituted in its place the lighter inconvenience of being condemned to lick the dust. Again, will it be contended that the race of serpents alone, or that all beasts had the gift of speech in Paradise, like the talking trees in the grove of Dodona? If they all talked, what have the rest done, that they too should lose the gift of speech? If serpents alone enjoyed this privilege, how shall we account for this distinction having been specially conferred upon an animal of such a nasty description, and so utterly unlike the human species?

But I can easily conceive that the champions of a literal interpretation will be ready to solve this difficulty in another way. They will tell us that the devil or an evil demon concealed himself under the form of a serpent, and that using the mouth and other organs of that animal, he addressed the woman, as if with the human voice. But on what testimony or authority is this assertion made? Certainly the literal text of Moses, of which they are so tenacious, does not warrant it. The text ascribes the ruin of Eve entirely to the natural cunning of this animal. Now the serpent, says Moses, was the subtlest beast of the field which the Lord God had made; and then adds, 'and he said unto the woman, Yea hath God said,' &c. Besides, if the serpent spoke by the agency of an evil demon, Eve would have fled with terror when she heard a dumb animal address her. But so far is she from shewing any alarm, that she receives it with perfect familiarity; they enter into conversation, and discuss the question of the forbidden fruit as if nothing new or extraordinary had happened. If it be said that all this proceeded from the ignorance and weakness of the woman, surely it would have been but fair, that some assistance should have been given by good angels to a weak and ignorant woman against the wiles of the craftiest animal of the creation. Impartial spectators of human affairs would not have permitted so unequal a contest. Was it surprising that a weak woman, who had not yet seen the sun rise or set (as will be afterwards shewn) just brought into the world, and wholly destitute of experience, should be overcome by the craft of an evil demon, skilled in the exercise of the treacherous arts which he practised against her? Surely so cherished a being as the first woman formed by the hand of God, on whom the prosperity of the whole human race depended, deserved the protection of his angels.

But, it may be said, the woman ought to have taken care not to violate a law, to the breach of which was annexed the punishment of death. 'The day you eat thereof you shall surely die.' But what could Eve understand by the punishment of death, who had never seen any thing dead, not even a flower; and upon whose eyes sleep, the image of death, had not closed, as she had not yet passed a night in Paradise?

The punishment of the serpent again involves us in further difficulties. If the devil transacted the whole business in the form of a serpent, and compelled that animal to be the ostensible deceiver, why should the serpent suffer for the crime of the devil? Then with respect to the mode and form of the punishment inflicted on the serpent, it is not easy to explain what this means. It can scarcely be supposed that the serpent was erect, and walked like a quadruped before this transaction; and if it went upon its belly from the beginning, like a modern snake, it seems absurd that its natural mode of conveying itself from place to place, should be declared to be the punishment of its treachery. But enough of the Woman and the Serpent; let us proceed to the Trees.

There were two trees, we are told, in the garden; the tree of life, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil. The fruit of the last tree seems to have introduced our first parents to a new sense of shame or nakedness, as it is called. The order of things is inverted since the fall. Our first parents had no modesty (*nullum pudorem in rebus veneris*) before they were plunged in sin by eating an apple; in these days, a modest reserve in these particulars more commonly attends a state of innocence than a lapse from that state. Another peculiarity in this tree is noticed by God, when he says, 'Behold Adam is become as one of us, knowing good and evil;' meaning that this knowledge was acquired by virtue of the apple. Now the vicious passions and inordinate desires which the eating of the apple is supposed to have engendered, so far from rendering us like God, ought rather to have produced a totally opposite effect.

However, when they had eaten the apple, our parents, it seems, became ashamed of their nakedness, and made themselves small-cloaths. So says the text; 'they sewed together some fig-leaves, and made themselves small-cloaths.' Here we have the origin of the art of sewing; but where could they get the needles and thread on the first day of the creation, before the arts of making thread or steel were invented? It may be thought that I am pursuing this inquiry with too much freedom; but freedom is necessary, when we are endeavouring to investigate the truth. To proceed, then; when they made themselves small-cloaths, God also gave them garments made out of the skins of animals. Here again we incur fresh difficulties. Let us suppose, in order to soften matters a little, that an angel did this instead of God. Then one of two things follow: either the angel must have slain and skinned the animals, or he must have stripped off the skins from the innocent creatures alive. But this is surely the work of a butcher or hangman, not of an angel. Besides, from this butchery whole races of animals must have perished, because only two of each species were created, and a single animal could not have propagated its kind, unless we are to suppose that the angel had special instructions to leave a pregnant female. Let us, however, suppose all this, and what follows? God drove our parents, thus furnished with skins, out of Paradise, and placed cherubim at the entrance of his garden, with a flaming sword, let they should endeavour, by force or stratagem, to re-enter the blissful abode. What man in his senses can interpret all this literally, and seriously believe that God placed angels to guard the entrance of a garden, like sentinels with drawn swords, or like the dragons which, in the fable of the poets, guarded the apples of the

Hesperides? But this and similar topics, lest they should seem irreverent, I would rather leave to be considered by others.

One other topic only remains, I mean the very small space of time in which all these transactions are supposed to have passed, namely, the space of one day, or perhaps of half a day. The most approved Divines suppose that Adam consummated his marriage with Eve on the first night. Then, they argue, that if Eve, while yet in a state of innocence, conceived her first-born son, that son would also have been innocent, and free from the stain of his mother's offence, as would also his issue have been, at least on the paternal side. Now experience shews that there are no people in the world in a state of semi-purity; we are all alike subject to disease and death. Therefore, say the divines, it is demonstrated that all these transactions took place on the first day of the creation, before the celebration of the genial rites of marriage. Let us pause for a moment, and consider the number of events which occurred on this busy day. On this day, God created all manner of beasts, birds, fishes, and reptiles; and lastly, he created Adam. When he had done all this, he summoned every species of animal before Adam, that they might all receive their names. What language Adam used does not appear; however, when we consider the immense variety in the several classes and species of animals, we may conclude that it took a considerable time to form an estimate of all their peculiarities, and apply a judicious nomenclature to every living thing. This being accomplished, however, God cast a deep sleep upon Adam, and while he was in that state, took one of his ribs from him, and made a woman out of it. On the same day, the man and the woman thus made out of his rib were married without any of the bridal ceremonies, or frigid delays of modern courtships (*sine frigidis sponsorum ambagibus*). On the same day, the new-married lady rambles into a remote part of the garden, and happens to meet a serpent. The serpent and the woman enter into a conversation about eating the fruit of a certain tree, which finishes by her yielding to the solicitations of that animal, and by her persuading her husband to participate in the crime of eating an apple. Immediately a great change takes place. They both become conscious of their nakedness, and make themselves small-cloaths, by sewing together some fig-leaves. This must have been the work of some hours. In the evening God comes down into the garden; our guilty parents attempt to conceal themselves, but in vain; for God cites them into his presence, and punishes all the parties, as we have before seen. All this is done in the space of a single day; and one cannot but feel some affliction, when one sees the whole order of nature inverted and destroyed in so short a space of time, and for a cause, to our apprehensions, so trifling and ridiculous. In the morning, we are told, God said every thing was good, and in the evening every thing was execrable. Frail indeed is the glory of created things, if a work which cost Omnipotence six days to perform, was subverted and destroyed in little more than the same number of hours; because a serpent persuaded the first woman to eat an apple!

When I candidly revolve all these considerations in my mind, I confess that I cannot be displeased with those ancient writers who have endeavoured to represent the account of Paradise and our first

parents in the light of a popular story, or parable. I am undoubtedly displeased with Celsus, who has called it 'an old woman's story,' *μυθος τινα ως γυναικι διηγουμενον*;—to which Origen replies with becoming piety, that these things are to be understood *tropically* (*κατα τροπολογιας*). Indeed Celsus himself is afterwards obliged to admit that the more judicious interpreters, Jewish as well as Christian, were ashamed of a literal interpretation, and resorted to allegory. With regard to these and other particulars in the narrative of Moses, let every man enjoy his own opinion, provided he do not destroy the foundation. By the foundation, I mean the doctrine of the creation of the world and of mankind within a given time; of man's subsequent degeneracy, and the prophecy of his redemption through the seed of the woman. We are all liable to error in this our blind state of mortality, and among the various offices of charity, mutual indulgence to the errors and failings of each other is not the least. In the mean time I call God, who knows the hearts and thoughts of men, to witness, that I have had no other design in this, or in any other of my writings, than to promote the piety which is founded in truth.

TABLE TALK.

HUDIBRAS.—Some curious literary correspondencies occasionally take place; the reason Butler gave for calling his poem *Hudibras* was because the old tutelar Saint of Devonshire was *Hugh de Bras*. Colonel Rolle, however, a Devonshire man, is believed to have been the real original of the redoubtable knight; which tradition, if correct, recalls to mind *The Rolliad*, the satire of which was a gratuitous favour bestowed on a member of the same family now become noble. We could mention more families than the Devonshire, Somersetshire, or Cornish Rolles, who might furnish hereditary objects of satire.

OLD STYLE IN RUSSIA.—"Why is the old style still preserved in Russia?"—Answer by a witty foreigner: "In order that they may believe themselves only twelve days behind the rest of Europe, whereas their arrears exceed a century."

CLOCKS.—Dante is said to have been the first author who has introduced the mention of a clock that struck the hour, in the following lines—

"Inde come horologio che ne chiama,
Nel hora, che la sposa d'Idio surge
A mattinar, lo sposo, perche l'amì."

We know of no invention which has added more largely to our domestic associations than the striking clock. In the silent hours of the night, how impressive is the notice which it conveys, marking the fugitive present, and proclaiming the never-to-be-recalled past, with simple but most emphatic eloquence! "We take no note of time," says Young, "but from its loss;" he means in the day time, and in full occupancy; but he who from worldly anxiety, sickness, or other causes, cannot secure the visits of "tired nature's sweet restorer" in due season, forms a perfectly distinct idea of duration—an idea, by the way,

which when it ceases to be abstract, becomes purely relative. Shakspeare informs us with whom time lags, gallops, and so on; and we all recollect the Turkish tale quoted in the *Spectator*, of a Sultan, whom a Dervise induced to dip his head in a tub of water; and who, in the momentary interval before he took it out again, was made to conceive the events of half a life time. This was to convince the honest Sultan, who was slightly sceptical, that Mahomet could see all the fine things in one night, which might be supposed to occupy several. The thought is ingenious; and, if time be measurable by the succession of ideas in the individual, philosophically grounded. But to return to the clock—the most forcible rhetorical use ever made of it in our estimation, was by a certain French Abbé (we write from recollection) who wishing to impress upon his auditors a more complete idea of everlasting torment, requested them to suppose its endurance in awful silence, with the single exception of a clock, the ticking of whose pendulum would eternally seem to exclaim *ever, ever, ever, always, ever*—An oratorical trick, but under the theory, a well imagined one; a clock, not to mark time, but to pronounce *Eternity*. Madame de Stael quotes a German dream possessing a similar sort of interest; both the notions being founded on privations; the one, of time properly so called; the other, of all kind of guardianship in the form of God, or Providence. Lord Byron's *Darkness*, again, is of a kindred class of powerfully conceived negation—But where are we wandering to? The clock strikes, and we conclude.

WISDOM AND LOVE.—“The ancients,” says a Prussian author, “were strange people in their mythology,—they exalted *Woman* into *Wisdom*, and mistook *Man* for *Love*.” We may possibly add, and thereby pleased neither side.

BOTTLED VITALITY.—That half-madman Paracelsus, when people began to doubt the existence of fairies, *et hoc genus omne*, boldly undertook to make one. The process he laid down was curious, if not very delicate. The *elementary matter* was to be collected in a phial, and deposited in fuming dung; but even this plan we prefer to the charnel-house doings of the student Frankenstein. In due time the vivifying principle would burst the glass, in the manner of an egg-shell, and, like Asmodeus from the phial of the Spanish magician, the elemental mannikin or fairy would appear *in propria personâ*. At Dr. Farmer's sale, this recipe for making a fairy in the works of Paracelsus, was doubly folded down by the learned commentator; and had they been purchased by Dr. Darwin, there is little doubt but that the experiment would have been made. To prove the existence of this elemental vitality, one Gaffarel asserts, that a heavy rain in Poitou showered down ‘*petites bestioles*,’—little creatures, like bishops with their mitres and monks with their capuchins over their heads, who all subsequently turned into *butterflies*! We suspect that a similar shower once fell in Ireland, with the exception of the change into butterflies. In that unhappy island, the ‘*bestioles*’ remain grubs to this hour, and make a sad havoc with the produce of the land.

THE RISE OF NATIONS AND LANGUAGES.—The following parallel, published by Sismondi in his *Literature of the South of Europe*, is ingenious and correct:—"Charlemagne and all his court spoke German; whilst the Romance was, very generally, the dialect of the people throughout all the South of France. Nothing can give a more correct idea of the mode in which a new language is thus formed by a barbarous nation who inherit the institutions of a civilized people, than the process which we see, at the present day, taking place at St. Domingo. There the French is what the Latin was in Europe till the 8th century; the African languages are the Teutonic dialects; and the Creole is the Romance. If, in future times, the Creole should become a polished language, abounding in orators and poets, its history in these times will present the same obscurity and the same contradictions which perplex us with regard to the origin of the Romance. We see, in like manner, in St. Domingo, the Jaloff, the Mandingo, and the other African languages, abandoned by the conquerors, whose mother tongues they are; the Creole universally employed without being written, and the French reserved for the acts of Government, its proclamations, and its journals."

GOOD WITS JUMP.—Paley has been called the Protestant Jesuit; and it must be admitted, that we are now and then reminded by him of that jesuitical casuistry, which Pascal so admirably put down. Paley, for instance, discountenances the weak notion, that it is better that twenty guilty persons should escape, than one innocent individual suffer. Due care, he candidly observes, should be taken *not* to hang innocent persons lightly; but all the proceedings being legitimate and proper, it amounts only to this, that the said innocent persons have "*died for the good of their country.*" For the credit of the Church of England, we exceedingly regret that the doctrine is not original; for it seems that during the war against the Albigenses, Arnold, Abbot of the Cisterneaux, was so impressed, like Dr. Paley, with the folly of letting the guilty escape out of tenderness to the innocent, that when he was asked, before the city of Beziers was stormed, how he could separate the heretics from the Catholics, he meekly replied, "Kill them all; God will know who belongs to him;"—that is to say, he was for making *martyrs* by the same recipe as Paley would make *patriots*. What things men in gowns have said and done!

DEVOTION AND BUSINESS.—We seldom meet with a finer instance of honest and primitive simplicity, than the recorded practice in the churches of Finland. Previous to the concluding prayer of divine service, the ministers read out with an audible voice, a list of the births, deaths, and marriages; after which follows a statement of the sales of houses made or about to be made, and an account of the unclaimed letters at the Post-office. From all this we gather that the Fins want nothing in the world but a newspaper; but their new Sovereign Alexander dislikes newspapers, so they must continue to mingle heavenly and earthly speculation as before.

I.—CASTLE.

With a warm heart o'erthronged with many a fear,
 In childhood I beheld this lonely pile
 Stirring poetic thoughts—from year to year
 It caught the evening moon's pale silver smile,
 And seemed enthroned in mystery; the while
 The ascetic owl poured forth his sullen shriek,
 And from its crannied base or chappelled aisle
 Forth darted the dim bat, with vision weak,
 Skimming along the wave which at its foot did break.

And close upon the skirt of eve there came
 The fisher's skiff, with soal or turbot fraught,
 Cleaving the wave crested with phosphor flame,
 Which, leaning o'er the prow, his urchin caught
 In unburnt hand—the sire, with riper thought,
 Eying the pole-star or the glittering wain,
 Or, in his rude mythology, the grot
 Beneath the turret, peopling with the train
 Of fairy elves who haunt the margin of the main.

Just then the visions of far Araby
 Had spread their fibres round my fancy's spring,
 And struck deep root; and forth I stole to be
 Free to indulge my fond imagining:
 The oar's light dip—the rustling vulture's wing
 Brushing the ivied tower—the far-off sail
 Glancing athwart the moonlight,—failed to bring
 Other than magic tropes, without the pale
 Of whatsoever of true in nature doth prevail.

Genii, magicians, filled the moaning wind
 That came at fits full thro' the ruined wall,
 Which seemed an isthmus reared up by the mind,
 To part the unreal from the natural:
 And if a lapse of sound, perchance let fall
 In the dusk woods behind, at eve were heard,
 Strait 'twas the spirit of the breeze's call
 Mustering his brethren, and his very word
 Noted, distinct became, as song of well-known bird.*

But time subdues romance:—by slow degrees,
 Like the bright tincture of an evening cloud
 Through which the light is lapsing, on the breeze
 Floated the fairies off—the genii bowed
 Their heads, and, shuffling on their midnight shroud,
 Escaped into the darkness.—All alone,
 At early manhood's dawn, I stood, not proud
 That these my boyhood's visitants were gone,
 But chosing Truth's stern lap to lay my head upon.

R. PERCY.

* A superstition peculiar to that part of the country.

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(For the Indicator.)

There he arriving, round about doth fly,
And takes survey with basic, curious eye,
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.—SPENSER.

THE SPIRIT SEER.

[Continued.]

“ WHEN by a strong mental exertion I became sufficiently calm to enter into something like a study of the varying scene before me, a sudden perception of the theory of my new acquaintance broke in upon my understanding. These are the spiritual influences, thought I, of which Albert is the temporary slave.

“ ‘ That is obvious, Risberg, but what did you make of them.’

“ I have told you that the leading failing of my pupil was a facility at receiving new impressions, and a constant self-abandonment to the most recent. With this predominant caste of character the scene was in perfect accordance.

“ ‘ Cannot you be more particular in your description, Risberg?’

“ I will endeavour Alfman.—On attending more closely to the extraordinary assemblage by which Albert was surrounded, I observed that in proportion as his appearance denoted a recovery from the langour consequent upon a preceding night of dissipation, the airy grouping around him assumed a sort of pictorial interest and unity—the versatile youth himself occupying the foreground, and his attendants arraying themselves, ‘ above, about, and underneath,’ mutably indeed, but according to the laws of the strictest perspective. They were numberless, but I can attend only to the most prominent.

“ Suppose a handsome young man habited in an elegant morning gown, with a moody and melancholy air, carelessly seated in an armed chair; his legs crossed, his head reclining on his hand, and his uppermost foot unconsciously marking time by an undulation like that of a pendulum. Imagine, at the same time, a nondescript being of a severe and contemptuous aspect, whispering into his ear that which, if there be truth in physiognomy, could be nothing but a tissue of stinging reproaches. A tincture of blue, like the bloom on a plum, was diffused over—

“ ‘ I comprehend you, Risberg—a *blue devil*.’

“ If you will have it so, I have no objection; the countenance of this tenacious sprite was certainly disagreeable, not to say bilious, which with a clothing and costume almost *en capuchin*, rendered it extremely forbidding. But although acid and sombre, the expression of the figure and features was not malevolent.

“ ‘ May be so, yet not the most pleasant guest in the world at a morning levee, Risberg, notwithstanding.’

“ Immediately behind this apparent reprover hovered a pair of very dissimilar shadows. The one shewed an aspect of fierce restlessness, and appeared to yield with reluctance to the ascendancy of the sprite in front, whose predominance seemed to produce a forced acquiescence in a temporary restraint. A low, sly, peering, catlike selfishness glistened in the eye of this disagreeable sprite, in spite of an air of vivacity and *enjouement* which at first sight conveyed a very contrary impression. How different the figure that stood rather before it, which although of the lightest possible texture, was upon the whole exceedingly fascinating. The face displayed I know not what of bland, but indefinite voluptuousness; the eyes alternately melted with languor and sparkled with fire; and an expression of tenderness was diffused over the whole countenance, which would have been exquisite, except that it partook a little too much of the sensual, and bespoke a something of animal self-abandonment. It was, however, a very beautiful piece of incorporeality, and although kept back for a moment by the sombre influence of the spirit in front, it was evident that it was on the point of getting foremost, and possibly would have succeeded, but for the restraining power of a shadow which seemed to operate, in some degree, in accordance with its sombre companion. The features of this latter spirit were cold, but dignified, and its form, which was visible from head to foot, was very stately and imposing. Its most disagreeable expression was that of inflexible hauteur, which it exhibited most forcibly, whenever the insinuating sprite just described seemed likely to press beyond the cynical monitor, which for the present stood foremost. Yet except in this single circumstance, there appeared no alliance with the latter, but, on the contrary, the lofty spirit seemed to yield the *pas* with a portion of sullen and resentful disdain. Further in the rear, but with more or less indistinctness, a variety of shadows were seen flitting in misty evolution, the appearance of which was for the most part graceful and imposing. I was particularly struck with one that seemed eternally intent upon soaring out of sight, and which assumed by turns a martial expression, as if inspired by the sound of a trumpet;—a lofty, ambitious, and saturnine air, as if managing the destinies of millions;—and a rapt and inspired self-engrossment, like a being lost in the regions of thought, or afloat on the gay wings of imagination. Myriads of intelligences still more faint and indefinite remained behind, which to designate by particular description would be impossible, although some of the most faint and remote would now and then unexpectedly dart forward, and shew their features with comparative distinctness. Few of these were absolutely disagreeable; but the most well favoured seemed repressed by the harshness of the temporary leader. Some of them, however, presented lineaments, that if grave, were not disagreeable, although

many of them during their moments of prominence looked extremely capricious and petulant. Upon the whole, the scene was pregnant with significance, and I thought that I began to understand it."

" ' Why, time, place, and circumstance considered, it was tolerably readable; but proceed: '

" The brown study of my wayward pupil was interrupted by the entrance of his valet, who seemed to announce the approach of some one (for I did not hear as well as see), and now a new object of wonder presented itself. The servant seemed almost as well attended as his master, in respect to distinctive spirituality, although much less so in that which was more vague and indefinite. You must, however, excuse me from any attempt to describe the shadowy train of a fashionable valet, as I have enough to do with that of the master.

" ' Willingly, Risberg. Without being too fastidious, although I can conceive the spiritual attendance of valets and chambermaids to be very busy, intriguing, and amusing nonentities. I fear a particular description of them would too much impede the march of your narrative. '

" I perfectly agree with you, Alfman; I therefore only mention the fact in justice to the spiritual system, and to illustrate a singular result. No sooner had the servant made his announcement, than a rapid evolution took place in the whole of the phantasmagoria attendant upon Albert. The austere spirit still stood forward, but retreated into comparative obscurity while an unusual fire sparkled in the countenance of the sprite, to whose fascinating, but somewhat equivocal loveliness, I have done so little descriptive justice. Escaping the now faint restraint of its former tyrant, the latter rushed forward with tumultuous vivacity. At the next moment my eyes were offended with the appearance of an individual in the highest degree offensive to me, one of the libertine companions of my pupil, called the Baron Carlostein."

" This man, who assumed the character of an Austrian of a noble but decayed family, had found the means of being introduced to the high-playing circle of the Countess Von F., whose favour he sought by the most assiduous address, which I often suspected was aided by the constant good luck that attended her adventurous gaming when acting under his advice or influence. The card-purse of the vain and haughty countess was however replenished at a dear rate; for I had received more than one hint that it only enabled this adventurer to mature schemes, which abstracted ten times as much from the reckless spirit of gaming adventure excited in her son. In conformity with my duty, I had exerted myself to convince Albert of the obvious designs of this man, by every means in my power, not omitting some information I had obtained, which rendered his pretensions to rank or nobility extremely doubtful. In some humours, my pupil seemed struck with the intelligence, and half promised to drop him as an intimate friend; but as I never could positively substantiate my suspicion, to my infinite mortification, his influence always prevailed in the sequel, and that by means I could never altogether understand. Albert gamed, and play was becoming habitual with him, but it had not yet become an all-engrossing pursuit. That Carlostein possessed some other source of ascendancy, I was satisfied, but all my attempts to solve the mystery had hitherto proved vain. In short, this man headed the association

threatened a total destruction of the hopes of the Von F. family, without any ability on my part to establish the fact, or to make that apparent to them, which was so evident to me.

"When Carlostein appeared to enter the visionary dressing-room of Albert, what an extraordinary scene presented itself!

"Contrary to what I had witnessed, even of the valet, the atmosphere that surrounded him was peculiarly circumscribed; and the forms which hovered about him were limited to half-a-dozen, all of them displaying a physiognomy on which were depicted in different proportions craft, rapacity, and daring. The singularity, in respect to the shadowy attendance on this man, consisted in their comparative steadiness and immovability. When he entered, and with affected cordiality stepped forward to salute Albert, little or no fluctuation took place; and although the more versatile forms around the latter rushed forward, as if to mingle societies and reciprocate, the repulsive principle so philosophically elucidated by Boscovich, seemed to keep them as distinct as oil and water. I wanted no Hungarian to interpret this, Alfman, my suspicion and hatred of the disgusting designer, explained the whole to me."

"The state of the case was tolerably obvious certainly."

"An earnest conversation appeared to take place between Albert and Carlostein, of which, as I said before, I heard not a word. This mysterious exhibition was intended to instruct me by the eye alone; through which medium, to my infinite surprise, I gathered enough to convince me that mere dissipation and gaming did not so much engross Albert as I had imagined. As the conference proceeded, almost every spirit disappeared but that which seemed to typify the first love of an amorous boy. Monsieur *Bleu* in particular, had utterly absconded, and as my wayward and vacillating pupil listened to the plausible eloquence of his ill chosen Achaetes, this single spirit alone was visible. At length the conference was interrupted by a hasty summons of his valet on the part of Albert, who proceeded to dress, while Carlostein waited. During this process, I was much amused with the coming and going of a number of the spiritual forms and countenances I had observed in the first instance, which seemed to recur at every interval, only to be chased away by the overpowering fascination of the triumphant sprite, which had been roused into such uncontrollable animation, by the conversation of Carlostein. At length Albert appeared equipped in appropriate costume for the round of morning visits and dissipation, which were so inconsistently allowed to interfere with my authority, and the studies I was nominally appointed to superintend; and without further ceremony, the ill-assorted friends left the room.

"My extraordinary host the Hungarian was no bad machinist: a thickish mist seemed gradually to obscure the dressing-room of Albert, which as suddenly disappeared, and exposed to my wondering gaze the magnificent apartments of the Countess Von F. The Countess appeared reclined on a magnificent Ottoman attended by the young and beautiful Ida Sternheim, her niece, who, seated on a Tabouret by the side of her aunt, to a casual observer, might appear intently occupied with a piece of embroidery, as her cousin Albert, accom-

panied by his friend Carlostein, entered the room to pay his morning respects to his mother; and kiss the hands of his lovely Cousin.

"Here a new scene presented itself: the atmosphere which surrounded the Countess was almost as spiritually barren as that which enveloped Carlostein. At the present moment a horribly disagreeable-looking spirit had perched itself close to her elbow, with yellow visage, half shut eyes, and coarse lethargic features, most ruefully expressive of discontent.

"'Even I can understand this, Risberg; Madame Ven F. had lost the preceding night at cards.'

"I must confess, Alfman, our interpretations agree. I had often seen her ladyship under the influence of this heavy-looking sprite, which in the present instance was almost alone; for I could discover a single companion only, which, with the exception of complexion, might almost have been taken for a spiritual twin. Conceive an aspect of marble rigidity, looking neither to the right nor the left, but lost in apparent self-absorption, without a single trait of sympathy or imagination, and you have the remaining attendant of our spirituelle Countess, whose intellectualities consisted of frequent ennui and eternal self consequence.

"'But the young lady, Risberg?'

"Aye, there indeed, Alfman. But before I describe the spiritualities of Ida Sternheim, allow me to sketch her as she had previously appeared to my unaided senses. At the time to which my narrative is confined, the fair Ida was about eighteen, having become the ward of the Count Von F. in consequence of the death of a highly-intellectual widowed mother, about a year before. Being an heiress and very rich, the prudent and calculating Count had designed her for his eldest son; but a languid and half-animated young man, who was scarcely ever in health, and otherwise by no means extraordinarily gifted, had utterly failed to interest her, and how could it be otherwise. I am not acquainted, Alfman, with your taste precisely in reference to the earthly celestials vulgarly denominated women, but as far as my observation goes, our suffrages are divided between two classes, one or the other of which, if individualized, forms the beau-ideal of enamoured mortality of the masculine gender. The primary notion which presents itself to the majority, I apprehend, is that of dove-eyed simplicity and yielding gentleness,—all-devoted Griseldas and Nut-brown Maids. My taste lies not that way, Alfman;—not but that, as a "lump of valiant marl," I feel all the beauty of lording it over this exquisite devotedness. There is a majestic simplicity in unity which no man of tasteful mind can resist: *one* idea, and *himself* that one—the notion is attractive in the extreme. But unfortunately, while dove-like eyes and other false lights are eternally to be found, the concomitants are the rarest things imaginable; and it is unpleasant in striving for one port to arrive involuntarily at another. On this account, my good friend, without disparagement to the idea which is so exquisitely taking, and which, aided by a felicitous course of events, has possibly before now been realized on this dim spot called earth, for three months together, I am induced to prefer the open war of an encountering yet ingenuous intellect, to the risk of a masked battery in the guise of unutterable softness and all-yielding sensibility;—a remark

brings me back like a Tassel from the clouds to *terra firma* and Ida Sternheim.

"You recollect what Handel exclaimed at the close of a similar flight in the musical way, of an eminent songstress, Risberg?—Welcome home, Madam.

"The leading characteristic in the mental composition of this beautiful girl, Alfman, was that species of lofty and intellectual frankness, which is seldom found in either sex, but scarcely ever in woman, cramped and swaddled in mind as she usually is by the perverse course of her education. Ida exhibited none of the *minauderie* of her sex and station, and set them aside in others with the most unaffected non-chalance, not always unaided by a considerable portion of arch humour and sportive wit. These manners, so opposed to the heartless formality of the Countess, were often a source of annoyance to the latter; but that passive magic,—to use the pithy defence of Leonora Galigai, in reference to her power over Mary de Medicis—by which strong minds gain an ascendancy over weak ones, prevented any other consequences beyond an occasional lecture on the greater reserve demanded from rank and station. But even with the Countess, Ida Sternheim was a favourite, while her ingenuous nature, and almost enthusiastic benevolence, rendered her the idol of every one else. I often wondered at the seeming insensibility of Albert to the attractions of his beautiful cousin; especially as, setting aside every symptom of love, they appeared on the best terms possible, and never more happy than when engaged in a contest of raillery and pointed *badinage*, at which both were excellent. That nothing more came of it, I always attributed to the known wishes of the Count and Countess in respect to the elder brother, which, by an early interdiction of the notion, might shield the heart of Albert; for very slight armour will frequently preserve hearts, if put on in due time. However this may be, these two young and handsome persons, so every way fitted to inspire a mutual prepossession, laughed, rallied, sported, criticised, and read poetry together, without displaying the slightest symptom of the usual consequences. Masculine twenty-two, and feminine eighteen, a something more than brother and sister; and less than lovers—it was passing strange! But enough by way of introduction to Ida Sternheim: I now proceed to the events of the magical mirror and visionary day.

" 'The episode will pass, but I prefer the main story.'

"I have already described the shadows in waiting on the Countess; the most prominent of which gave way in a slight degree on the appearance of Carlostein. Let me now attempt a faint description, *couleur de rose*, of the prepossessing appearances which hovered around the attractive form of Ida.

" 'How old were you, Risberg, at this time?'

"Not thirty, Alfman; but why the question?"

" 'Because the sensibility deficient in Albert seems to have abounded in his tutor; nor does the lady seem essentially different from the Amelia Wildenheim of one Mr. Anhalt.'

" 'You long-sighted people frequently deceive yourselves; Ida Sternheim was beloved by every one, and consequently by me; but it was with a pure and intellectual admiration, engendered by the most attractive qualities of mind, and the most generous properties of soul;

—for the *things* are to be distinguished. I must have been utterly insensible not to have loved her in *my* way.

“ ‘Abelard, in a certain stage of his love affair, I dare say, would have described the sources of his admiration in much the same manner.’

“ A truce with raillery, Alfman, or my story will be too long; and long stories, you know, are to be sustained by “nor Gods, nor men, nor Columns.”

“ ‘There is truth in that remark; so proceed.’

“ There was something extremely beautiful, but at the same time exceedingly mysterious in the spiritual intelligences which surrounded Ida Sternheim. The principal figure which, to my great surprise, seemed excited into extraordinary prominence on the entrance of Albert, was a shadow of a most pure and unearthly appearance, with a something of faded radiance of aspect, and a turn of features from which hope seemed departed, although the eyes shone with peculiar intensity, as if the sepulchral lamp to some fond idea which was buried in the deepest recesses of the soul. Next to this spiritual being stood another of a very feminine appearance and texture, which seemed blushing to reprove the former, and to attempt to check its too forward appearance. A third spirit, which perplexed me far more than the other two, was faint on the first entrance of Albert and Carlstein into the room, but exhibited a most determined existence before they quitted it. This nondescript bore something of the family features of the first of the two former, but gradually put on the appearance of a sternness of determination, mixed up with an indefinite expression of despair. Besides these leading appearances, there was a very attractive array of lighter attendants, who darted backward and forward from complete visibility, into the lightest tintings of air, apparently according to varying feelings of the fair centre of their system. Some of these were of a peculiar arch and vivacious description, and others glittered in form and feature so imaginative and fantastic, it is impossible to convey any notion of them by mere oral description. As the conversation with Albert, in particular, became animated, I observed that groups of the latter would join hands and intermingle in movements the most fanciful, evanescent, and graceful. Yet busy as these minor emanations became, they operated in a very slight degree upon the more fixed and constant attendance of the three presiding spirits, to one or other of which they seemed to pay implicit submission. To crown all, the appearance of the whole was extremely amiable, and with the exception of what I have already remarked, of an expression approaching to sternness in the countenance of one of them; the felicities, the affections, and the graces, seemed mingled in their every movement, and a result of all their combinations.

“ But gifted as I was with the power of perceiving immaterialities, I allowed myself to be aided in the way of interpretation by the more common-place indications which present themselves on the inspection of the usual intercourse of mortals with each other, and unassisted by the spiritual existences, the mere pantomime of this interview was to me as instructive as surprising. In Albert, indeed, I perceived nothing particularly remarkable or novel. His gestures and manners shewed that he reciprocated with his beautiful cousin as

usual—with lively and affectionate familiarity, and I observed that the most important shadow in his spiritual suite, was occasionally somewhat dimmed by the effect of the arch glances and delicate badinage of the lovely Ida. Carlostein, during this intercourse, appeared in earnest conversation with the Countess; but it would have been evident from his sidelong and uneasy glances, that he was annoyed by the familiarity of the cousins, if the tumult amidst his dusky coloured retinue had not put the matter out of doubt. The half closed eyes of the principal figure, dilated and shot forth glances of peculiar malignity. At length he seemingly reminded my pupil of an engagement, an intimation which produced much confusion among the delicate essences which fluttered round Ida, whose sparkling and intelligent eyes shot forth a momentary glance of the strongest disdain; while the spirit, whose determined features had excited in me so much curiosity, seemed suddenly to overshadow with his stronger presence the more fragile attendants which had a few moments before been sporting with indescribable vivacity. Such remained the state of the elemental atmosphere surrounding Ida, for the few minutes occupied in the salutation of leave taking, and the departure of Albert and his evil genius from this their not unusual morning interview.

[To be concluded in our next;—in addition to which intimation it may be proper to observe, that although misled by the volatile and unconfined nature of our subject, in the present instance, our future excursions of a similar nature will usually begin and end in the same number.]

GALILEO ON TASSO.

Considerazione al Tasso, di Galileo Galilei. Venezia, 1793.—Observations upon Tasso, by Galileo Galilei.

It has only lately become the fashion for persons of any ability to enter upon the task of criticism. And even now, the remarks of men of talent are seldom written with any other view than to point out the peculiar beauties of a favourite author, or to call the attention of the neglectful public to a light hid behind a bushel, which they would fain draw from its obscurity, and place on high among the stars which rule our literary course. Yet in whatever spirit criticisms on works of taste are written, if they are the work of one capable of understanding the subject, they are always valuable. They at least shew the feeling of the author for the work in question, and the sentiments of a gifted individual on any given subject, is ever an interesting acquisition. Shut up within ourselves, we in vain try to form opinions, whose growth does not spring from the nature of our own minds. But when we discover those of others, who have sufficient individuality to form peculiar ones, we enter upon a new country, with a different soil, and productive of a new series of ideas; we spring at once over the narrow boundaries of our own identity, enter into that of another, and the mind roves with as much delight over thoughts, views, and modes of speech, hitherto strangers to us, as the eye can possibly do over an unknown country, planted by a new species of trees, decorated by a strange vegetation, and watered by streams whose course we cannot guess. It is almost

immaterial whether we agree or not in the opinion expressed, whether we adopt them, or in our turn criticize the critic. We are certain to be improved by the view taken of the subject, and the arguments employed in the support of it. We may read with more pleasure the enlightened praises of one intent upon seeking the beauties of the author before him, but we shall be equally instructed by the severe strictures of one who is solely bent on discovering blemishes. The book now before me is a curious specimen of the latter kind of writing. A criticism of Galileo upon the "Jerusalem Delivered" of Tasso. A *cutting-up* which, save the absence of all personality, is as severe as we find in any of the pages of the *Quarterly*. I believe Tasso is sufficiently known in this country, in the original, or by translation, to make a disquisition on his merits not entirely uninteresting, and the name of Galileo sufficiently respected to excite a desire to know his opinion on the subject. The class of mind in which the faculty of mathematical acquirement is native, is usually extremely exclusive; and those names which have most adorned that science bear in themselves an anti-poetical image as their correlative. At least so it is in these northern countries; but minds may be more happily tempered, under the influence of a climate where the sun, and air, and the happy view of vigorous nature, excite a state of mind more facile of impression, though not less firm of tenure. Galileo loved architecture and painting; he played divinely on the lute; and in the work before us, he shews great justness of taste, and a true feeling for poetry. He was an enthusiastic admirer of Ariosto, and knew by heart almost the whole of the "Orlando Furioso." The "Jerusalem" appeared, and entered into a contest for priority of merit with this poem, and Tasso was by many preferred to his more copious competitor. Galileo was seized with anger; he wrote with all the fervour of a first feeling; spurred on by his admiration for Ariosto, he put no bounds to his contemptuous expressions in unmasking the pretensions of this new sprung rival; he read the entire poem warm and warming with indignation, and as he read he noted on the blank pages with which his volume was interleaved his overflowing disdain, sullenly passing over the beauties of his author, and pouncing with delight on all of tame, turgid, or pedantic, that diminishes the merit of the "Jerusalem." This is not a good spirit; his love for Ariosto must be his excuse; and let us remember, that his was a pure literary zeal, unstained by personal or party feelings.

These "Observations" were written about the year 1590, when Galileo was twenty-six years of age, and had already attained the rank of Professor of Mathematics in the then celebrated University of Pisa. They were afterwards copied by him from the original book (as I have said, an interleaved copy of the "Jerusalem") for the use of a friend, and were subsequently entirely lost, until the Abate Serassi (author of a life of Tasso) found them in a public library, bound up in a volume of miscellanies, but unmarked in the index, and thus withdrawn from all notice. Serassi copied them, but he was too jealous of the honour of Tasso either to shew them to his friends, or to point out the place in which he had found them. He laid them quietly on his shelves, until (as he wrote on the title page of his copy) he should have leisure to be able to reply properly to the sophistical and ill-founded accusations of a critic, who in other matters was of so great celebrity. This leisure

or ability never arrived, and Galileo's "Observations" were condemned to obscurity until the MSS. of Serassi fell into the hands of the Duke of Ceri, who published them, mutilated, as the editor says, by the hand of some zealous *Tassista*.

Galileo is merciless. The conduct of the Epic, the Episodes and the style, are alike judged and alike condemned. The first of these topics is unfortunately fair prey. Supported by his authority, it may not be presumptuous to declare, that Tasso was not only *not* an Epic poet, but incapable of conducting a long poem with dignity and interest; but let me quote from Galileo:—

"It has ever appeared, and it still appears to me," he observes, "that this poet is beyond all expression dull, poor, and miserable in his inventions, and Ariosto, on the contrary, magnificent, rich, and wonderful. When I turn to the consideration of the actions and adventures of the knights, as well as of the other petty fables of this poem, it seems to me just as if I entered into the pitiful study of some curious fellow, who has amused himself by adorning it with things, which, though they may possess a charm from their antiquity or other accidents, are in reality trifles. Having there, for example, a petrified frog, a stuffed animal, a fly, a spider preserved in amber, or a few of these little earthen images which are said to be found in the ancient tombs of Egypt;—or, in the way of painting, some sketch of Baccio Bandinelli, or Parmigiano; or the like. But on the contrary, when I begin the '*Furioso*,' I behold a grand repository, or royal gallery thrown open, adorned by an hundred ancient statues, the performance of the greatest sculptors; by the works of the most illustrious painters; or, by a number of vases of chrystal, or agate, or lapislazuli, and other jewels; in short, stored with rare, precious, and wonderful things of the first excellence. To prove this, let us examine the actions of these knights, and the conduct of the fable."

He then proceeds to remark on the conduct of Aladino, King of Jerusalem, who asking advice of a magician, is counselled by him to seize on a miraculous image of the Virgin possessed by the Christians:—

"Advised thus, the king impatient,
Flew in his fury to the house of God—"

"I think I see this king run off like a messenger, without replying a single word, to seize the image, and fancying that he had thus secured his success and relieved himself from all embarrassment. I do not now the character with which the poet designs to endue this king, but if he wishes to represent him foolish and nearly idiotic, he could not better succeed in his intention, as we shall see by many other of his actions."

In Book II. stanza 48, he says to Clorinda:—

"Be you commandress therefore, Princess, Queen
Of all our force—be thy word law."

"And thus he proceeds in his former silly and rash conduct. Scarcely has Clorinda arrived, known to him only by fame, and to whom he had never before spoken, than he gives her absolute command over all his warriors, not considering whether he injured or not his former champions by placing them under the command of a woman. True it is, that any one who would take up the defence of this poet may alledge, that if in this place Aladino gives up his sceptre to Clorinda,

nevertheless, finding out his error in the sequel, he makes no further mention of his concession, as if it had never been made, or as if he had taken it from her again, and thus makes a defect of memory remedy his heedlessness."

The main action of the "Jerusalem" is delayed by the council of the devils, and their machinations against the Christians. Galileo observes:—

"I allow this council of the devils to be excellent; but what displeases me in this hellish enterprise is, to see how ill the result corresponds with so great preparation, in which the whole inhabitants of Pluto's palace put themselves in array to plot against the Christian army, but we do not find that they execute a tenth part that Discord alone accomplishes in Ariosto. Even all the diabolical cunning shewn in dismembering the army of the Faithful of those who follow Armida, would not have sufficed, had not the poet resolved to make his heroes more base and effeminate than the lowest animals.

"The fault of taking a multitude of subjects in hand, and then leaving them imperfect, is so familiar to this author, that we may pardon it with a safe conscience, being a maxim so evident, that he must sin against it not through malice but ignorance. We have Idraotte, 'a wizard grave and sage,' who resolves to have a part in the glory of the intended enterprise against the Christians; to facilitate which, he desires to unite his troops with the Egyptians, and to send his niece to weaken the Christian forces. But after having sent off the damsel, he disappears; nor does he ever more think of war, of the union of the armies, of victory, nor what is worse, of his niece; in short, there is no more mention made of him. I pass over the extreme prudence and honourable design of a king and famous magician, in employing in this manner a noble damsel, his niece, of exquisite beauty, sending her into the midst of an inimical camp, giving her lessons by which she might prostitute herself, and the solemn account she makes of his lessons, things not equalled in the most infamous scenes of real life. And what glory does he expect from his heroic achievements? Oh, noble king! most noble magician! Signor Tasso, I have already told you ten times, this is no business of yours, and as many adventures as you would conduct, of so many follies are you guilty.

"And in the sequel, how credulous and silly does he represent his heroes. Scarcely has Eustazio seen Armida, than he foolishly runs to offer all he can, not only his own sword but the sceptre of Goffredo; from which we can only infer, that he was either a boaster and ranter, or a fool and an idiot.—And then we at length get rid of Madonna Armida, after she has caused this our poet to fill up a hundred and nine stanzas, in recounting how she drew away a few adventurers from the camp. Which I observe for the sake of those who celebrate the brevity of this inexpressibly long-winded author."

But the episode of Armida is treated with gentleness by the critic, in comparison with the history of the love of Tancred for Clorinda, which he pronounces to be the dullest and most insipid thing imaginable. "For this," he says, "is the progress. Tancred suddenly beholds Clorinda, all armed except her face. He does not speak to her, nor she to him; in fact, she is on the point of attacking him, when she suddenly departs, and he remains overcome. After this, he does not

seek to find her, know her, or obtain her, until meeting her another time in battle, he draws her aside under the pretence of fighting with her, when he discovers himself to be in love with her, saying with exquisite felicity, 'Tear out my heart,' and two or three more nonsensical lovelike sayings, to which she neither replies, nor, for aught one can observe, listens. Another time, being about to fight with Argante, he stops to look at her at the distance of about a mile, and at length having killed her, laments desperately over her. Such are the achievements of Tancred, truly worthy of being sung in heroic verse, that the memory of them may not be lost."

This is sufficient severe; but when the critic comes to details, he loses all patience. He quotes Stanza 27, Book VI.—

"He saw not where the Pagan stood and stared,
As if with looks he would his foeman kill,
But full of other thoughts he forward fared;
And sent his looks before him up the hill;
His gesture such his troubled soul declared:
At last as marble rock he standeth still,
Stone cold without, within burnt with Love's flame,
And quite forgot himself, and why he came."

"God give me patience with this man! Ah, thou vile Tancred! Are these thy heroic acts? What! wert thou chosen from among the rest to fight with Argante, and when you meet him, instead of attacking him, you stop to make love! Oh, what a hero! And then what an admirable position he has chosen from which to court his lady. He cannot be nearer than half a mile to her. Argante calls to battle; Tancred listens, and makes a fool of himself; in short, another must needs in pity advance and fight for him. Ah, God! Signor Tasso, are these your heroes? At least if this were a long-lived, reciprocal, and ardent affection. He loved one whom he had scarcely seen, who had never spoken to him, and was even ignorant of his existence, not to mention of his attachment; and yet he distinguishes himself thus advantageously for her sake." And then the angry critic, obliged to admit the merit of the combat between Argante and Tancred, and that the author deserves praises of which he ought not to be defrauded, still detracts from his niggardly allowance, by making a comparison between this and the single combats of Ariosto, preferring the latter to his rival.

Erminia is treated with a little more respect. After laughing at the long sight which permits her to recognize the Christian warriors at the distance of a mile, he continues:—"This episode of Erminia is, in my opinion, defective in many respects. Even omitting the absence of extraordinary events, because we need not seek them in this book,—and we already admit and pardon the defect of making all his fables cold and unattended by any marvellous circumstances;—omitting this, yet it appears to me to fail in decorum and verisimilitude. First, that a damsel should continue to love for so long a time one who had possessed himself of her kingdom, who had killed her father, and was of an adverse faith, if not to herself, at least to all her friends, and what is of greater consequence, without meeting with any reciprocity of affection. And then, not daring to avow her love while under his roof, and even for the preservation of royal honour, which ought never to be despised, having left him, and sheltered herself in Jerusalem with the king—then, I say, after the lapse of much time, without Tancred's re-

ceiving the slightest intimation of her attachment, she must needs fly from a place where she is welcomed and caressed, to go into the midst of the enemy's camp, at the risk of her life, or at least at the risk of being despised and driven away as unworthy;—all this concatenation of circumstances is equally defective in decorum and congruity; and the causing her to remain all day on a tower expecting to distinguish her Tancred among a thousand armed squadrons, is not only incongruous but impossible."

Now Galileo must here permit me to observe, that if he requires congruity in the actions of one in love, the science of mathematics must have had more power over his mind than I would willingly believe. It is probable that the enamoured Erminia could not distinguish her Tancred in the long array of a large army, yet that she should seek to do so is natural and not unbeautiful. The risk she runs in going to the Christian camp only enhances our idea of this excess of her passion. That she should conceal this misplaced affection while near her prosperous conqueror, and discover it when absence had shed that halo round him which absence ever sheds on one beloved, when she was free, and would appear rather to bestow than accept; when he is wounded and requires her assistance—is, I appeal to all lovers who read these pages, in the true spirit of an unfortunate but passionate attachment. It must be remarked also, that Galileo makes no observation on the flight of Erminia and her arrival on the pastoral banks of the Jordan, which affords a strong presumption that the whole of this lovely passage is faultless. Even the loves of Rinaldo and Armida are honoured with little remark. He is angry with the cavern under water, quarrels with the geography of her palace, and laughs at the idea of a knight with a looking-glass hanging from his arm. But many stanzas are passed over by him, and they are those which are distinguished by the highest poetical talent.

The style of Tasso affords a weedy field of large extent for the operations of the critic, and Galileo does not spare it. His strictures become acrimonious, ironical, and bitter to an extreme. He introduces his observations by saying, that "one of the commonest defects of Tasso, springing from a great narrowness of conception and poverty of ideas, is, that often failing in materials, he is obliged to patch together incongruous imagery, which has neither dependance on nor connexion with its different parts: hence his narration appears more like a picture in mosaic than in oil colours; because mosaic consisting of a joining together of small pieces of wood of various colours, which can never be united so perfectly but that their sides must be apparent, and this distinctness and want of mellowing in the colours necessarily renders the figures hard and crude, without either softness or relief."

His contempt of the conceits of which Tasso was too fond, is expressed without reserve, and he even dwells on mere verbal criticism. He angrily objects to the indiscriminate use of the word *thing* (*cosa*), which, he observes, is very dear to this poet, and means not only battles, sieges, arms, and armies, but also horses, carriages, machines, boots, boxes, and barrels. The epithet *great* also excites his pointed contempt: "This word serves as a seasoning for all dishes," he says, "for we have great bodies, great hearts, great power, great horses, great sons—and, above all, a great bull (*gran tauro*)—What can this

gran tauro ba? perhaps *Monte Tauro*—and this same seasoning, if I do not deceive myself, is, in the taste of this poet, fit to constitute a great style.”

Canto III. Stanza 1.—

“ *In voce mormorava alta e sonora—*”

Murmured with a loud sonorous voice.

“ A loud, sonorous voice, is no murmur, which is a soft, low sound.” (I am obliged in quoting these defects of style to leave the translation of Fairfax, from whom I before quoted. He somewhat ameliorates this verse, saying,

When through the camp a murmur shrill was spread.)

Canto III. Stanza 45.—

“ *Dura quiete preme, e ferreo sonno—*”

Oppressed by stupor dull, and iron sleep.

“ I think I see this exquisite pedant rejoice and weep with delight on discovering these dearest treasures of his elegant style; feeling a gentle thrill through all his members, even to the roots of his hair, not less than that which a fond mother experiences when she fancies that she sees her son surpass his comrades in song or dance, or any other pretty accomplishment. I wish thee joy of thy “iron sleep!”

He declaims justly against the speeches of the heroes as pedantic, turgid, and dull. This is the great defect of Tasso. His descriptions are beautiful, and his events, if they are not wonderful, yet are generally natural and pleasing; but his speeches fail; and we may echo Galileo, who says, “If I had to advise this author, I would counsel him, in gentle brotherhood, to make his people speak as little as possible, and not as he on the contrary does, often causing them to hold forth with the worst grace imaginable.”

These are a few of Galileo's strictures on a poet, whom he sums up as a dull, wretched, and miserable writer. Yet deficient as Tasso was for the task of an Epic poem, he was in the truest and most exclusive sense of the appellation, a poet. He felt, and could utter the sensations of his own heart with vividness and truth; he contemplated the grand theatre of Nature with the restless questioning of a poetic mind, and clothed her with the richest hues that imagination can bestow. He could penetrate the depths of passion, and draws tears of sympathy by the description of the emotions he imagined to be implanted in the hearts of his heroes; and there is often a gentle and rich flow in his language, which reminds one of the smoothness of Virgil, but which is more impassioned; and he feels with deep truth those almost unattainable sensations which lie in the hearts' core, which can be felt only by one overflowing with sensibility, and described alone by the most imaginative of creatures, a poet.

Penetrated as I am by the real beauties of Tasso, I should feel sorry if I had alienated any of his admirers by giving these generally just censures the weight of Galileo's authority. Let them remember, however, that he remarks defects only, and he is chary of all praise; so much so, that any passage is “more honoured in the breach than in the observance.” If, therefore, any reader shrink from a poem thus severely treated, let him, as an antidote, read in the original, or in Fairfax's translation, the flight of *Erminia*, the death of *Clorinda*, or the adven-

times of the two knights who seek Rinaldo in the gardens of Armida; nor let him forget to conclude this episode, and, if he be not of iron temperament, he will be moved by the repentance of the enchantress, and her reconciliation with her youthful lover; so he will close the volume almost forgetful of those blemishes, which, although they diminish Tasso's fame as the writer of an Epic, leave him in possession of all that he deserves as the creator of some of the most beautiful imaginations the poetic world contains.

COMMON PLACES.—(Continued.)

XLVI.

The Scotch understanding differs from the English, as an Encyclopedia does from a circulating library. An Englishman is contented to pick up a few odds and ends of knowledge; a Scotchman is master of every subject alike. Here each individual has a particular *hobby* and favourite bye-path of his own: in Scotland learning is a common hack, which everyone figures away with, and uses at his pleasure.

XLVII.

A misanthropic writer might be called *the Devil's amanuensis*.

XLVIII.

To be a lord, a papist, and poor, is the most enviable distinction of humanity. There is all the pride and sense of independence, irritated and strengthened by being proscribed by power, and liable to be harassed by petty, daily insults from every, the meanest vassal. What a situation to make the mind recoil from the world upon itself, and to sit and brood in moody grandeur and disdain of soul over fallen splendours and present indignities! It is just: the life I should like to have led.—

XLIX.

The tone of good company is marked by the absence of personalities. Among well-informed persons, there are plenty of topics to discuss, without giving pain to any one present—without submitting to act the part of a *butt*, or of that still poorer creature, the wag that plays upon him.

L.

Londoners complain of the dullness of the country, and country people feel equally uncomfortable and at a loss what to do with themselves in town. The fault is neither in the town nor in the country—every one is naturally unsettled and dissatisfied without his usual resources and occupations, let them be *what* or *where* they may.

LI.

Each rank in society despises that which is a step below it, and the highest looks down upon them all. To get rid of the impertinence of artificial pretensions, we resort to nature at last. Kings, for this reason, are fond of low company; and lords marry actresses and barmaids. The Duke of York (not the present, but the late King's brother) was at a ball at Plymouth. He danced with a Miss Byron, a very pretty girl, daughter of the Admiral of that name, and aunt to our poet. But there was a Mrs. Fanning present, who was a paragon of beauty. The Duke asked, "Who is she?" "A baker's daughter."

was the answer. "I don't mean that; but what is she now?" "A broker's wife." The lady did not perceive, that to a Prince of the Blood there was little difference between a tradesman's wife and the daughter of a naval officer; but that the handsomest woman at a ball was an object of admiration in spite of circumstances.

LII.

It has been asked, whether Lord Byron is a writer likely to live? Perhaps not: he has intensity of power, but wants distinctive character. In my opinion, Mr. Wordsworth is the only poet of the present day that is likely to live—*should he ever happen to be born!* But who will be the midwife to bring his works to light? It is a question whether Milton would have become popular without the help of Addison; nay, it is a question whether he is so, even with it.

LIII.

An anecdote is told of General Wolfe*, that he was out with a party of friends in a boat, the day before the battle of Quebec. It was a beautiful summer's evening, and the conversation turned to Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, which was just then published. Wolfe repeated the lines, "For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey," &c. with enthusiasm, and said, "I would rather be the author of those lines than beat the French to-morrow! He did beat the French, and was himself killed the next day. Perhaps it was better to be capable of uttering a sentiment like this, than to gain a battle or write a poem.

* See Mackenzie's *Life of Home*, the author of *Douglas*.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

(*From the Greek of Bion* *.)

O Hesper, golden light of gentle love!
 Dear sacred glory of the azure night!
 Thy brilliance shines all other stars above
 Far as it yields to Cynthia's stronger light.
 Be blest, bright star! and to my shepherd swain,
 As o'er the glimm'ring moor alone I go,
 'Stead of the moon, now sunk beneath the main,
 Yield me thy cheerful light; believe me, too,
 I seek no evil, I would injure none,
 I wish to love, and be beloved, alone.

September 28.

B. PERCY.

* Heinsius attributes the trifle to Moschus.

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THE INDICATOR.

No. LXXXVIII.

(For the Indicator.)

There he arriving, round about doth fly,
And takes survey with budge, curious eye.
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.—SPENSER.

THE SPIRIT SEER.

[Concluded.]

“ It now became evident that a primary property of the magic glass of the Hungarian adept, was to reflect the locomotion and proceedings of Albert, the scene invariably changing with his departure from one place to another. From the apartment of the Countess I followed my pupil and Carlostein to the public walks, Electoral Gallery, and other modes of killing time adapted for the mornings of young men of quality. The chief thing which struck me during the whole of this apparently objectless perigrination was the steady and unvarying aspect of the intelligences surrounding Carlostein, which seemed to refuse the slightest association or blending with the more variable train of Albert, and yet at the same time to daunt nearly the whole of them by some oppressive ascendancy. The voluptuary sprite, indeed, appeared to dilate under their influence, yet at the same time to exhibit the strongest signs of emotion and increasing trepidation. The appearances of Albert and Carlostein were correspondent; the latter had evidently rendered himself master of the actions of the youth, whose waywardness was to me a source of so much regret.

“ ‘ Nothing wonderful in that, Risberg; the wayward and capricious are the most passive of all instruments under the management of the designers, who will condescend to enlist the passions into their service. It is the province of a tutor not so to condescend, and hence the man who—’

“ ‘ Spare me *the man who*, Alfman, whom I detest as much as does the testy baronet in the English Comedy. I am fully aware (what tutor is not—some indeed profit by the knowledge) that they who foster passions are greater favourites than they who oppose them; and to speak to the point, I could not help suspecting that some very hearty laughter which burst now and then from Albert and his companion; was at my expense, especially as Carlostein accompanied his share of it with an assumed didactic expression of countenance, and an air of

solemn expostulation, which, I cannot tell why, I could not help interpreting into a mimicry of myself. Remarkable this, Alfman; for I have no doubt you will agree with me that no one ever shewed less academic rust than I do. Indeed Mrs. Risberg often says it was owing to this absence of pedantry that she—

“ ‘ No doubt it was, Risberg; and it must have been the magical influence of the glass alone which led you to so quick an apprehension of the imitative intentions of the irreverend Carlostein.’ ”

“ I suspect that if I were looking through the said glass at present, Alfman, I should perceive a confounded arch, mischievous looking aprita whispering epigrams into your ear; but no matter, I did think so, although I could by no means comprehend what the puppy Albert meant by dropping his head on his shoulder, and mimicking a profound sleep, to the still greater merriment of both parties. This entertainment, however, was interrupted by the appearance of a servant whom I had occasionally seen attendant on Carlostein. He communicated something to the latter which he as quickly conveyed to Albert, whose countenance was instantly suffused with a rosy blush, while his eyes danced with delight. Hastily catching the arm of his friend, the servant led the way in a quick pace, to what place I know not, for the glass suddenly grew obscure, and when it became clear again, to my great surprise, a very singular pantomimic scene presented itself.

“ ‘ I am glad of that, Risberg; for a little more action would not be amiss.’ ”

“ You shall be satisfied, my good-natured Zoilus. Conceive, then, a large, mean, antique apartment in an old house in the suburbs, for such I conjectured was the scite of it. Next imagine a beautiful blue-eyed girl, who might have sat for the picture of Galatea, standing in breathless agitation in the middle of the room, the fore-finger of one hand held up in the position of a listener, and the other beckoning the speediest possible retreat of a youthful student, in academical cap and robe to an asylum behind a heavy, old-fashioned screen, which, however useful in this respect, was anything but ornamental as a piece of furniture. The skirt of the stripling's robe, as he skipped round this convenient piece of lumber, was yet visible when Carlostein and Albert hastily entered the room.

“ It was impossible not to be attracted into a very curious inspection of the shadows which hovered round the person of the feminine piece of loveliness, who gave such a pictorial animation to this scene. I have compared her to the sea-nymph Galatea, and thou, oh classical Alfman, art aware that the character of the beauty of the daughters of Nereus partook of the soft and yielding nature of the element to which they belonged. The form of this fair creature was of the most delicate symmetry,—a symmetry fragile even to frailty, but exquisitely proportioned into a species of ethereal propriety which adds to the justice of my fanciful comparison. She was habited girlishly and simply, but not without a degree of unexpensive elegance which, although females can be seldom made to think attractive, our sex—especially if they understand Latin sufficiently to translate *simplex munditiis*—value more than the most gorgeous array. Although agitated at this moment, the features of the fair intriguer—for such I then took her to be—appeared adapted by nature to the expression of the most calm

and dovelike repose. Even the composure which they only assumed on the entrance of Albert and Carlostein, shewed characteristic placidity and unresisting ductility. Her gait and motion were in perfect accord, being gentle and graceful; and her tread in softness appeared to vie with that of the mole. I know not, Alfman, whether you ever met with any of those essentially feminine compositions in the course of your experience, every attitude and movement of which possesses the negative gracefulness attendant upon the absence of the wilder emotions of passion and the stronger determinations of will. If so, upon a mere natural inspection, such appeared the creature before me; nor were the "touches, the sprites, the feelings," which hovered around her, of a description altogether uncongenial; although at this time their appearance was extremely equivocal.

"Your humble servant, Risberg; I began to fear that you had forgotten your spiritual gift altogether."

"By no means; and in the present difficulty it was most serviceable: for instance, it discovered to me that the principal attendant upon this fair maiden was a soft pastoral-looking sprite, with something like a crook in its hand and a garland on its head, like the first *beau-ideal* of an innocent young girl, tricked off in water-colours. With this being shared and almost divided sway, a timid shrinking shadow, which seemed every now and then to obscure its fanciful companion, by extravagant dilation, and the assumption of a countenance more or less expressive of habitual constraint and undefinable fear. In the fainter part of the atmospherical envelope of our nymph, a number of shadowy aspects were more or less visible, all of which were bland and complacent in expression; but one in particular exhibited a countenance of sprightly self satisfaction, such as the most unassuming of maidens might put on when satisfied with the testimony of her looking glass. Considering the extraordinary appearances when this scene first opened upon me, I expected to behold some spiritual indications of duplicity or coquetry; but to my great surprise I discovered nothing of the kind, beyond the occasional apparition of a very small double-faced urchin, which seemed every now and then to communicate with the ærial Corydon, and half venture to meet the timid spectre face to face. When this was the case, I generally discovered that the eyes of the gentle girl were involuntarily turned towards the screen.

"These latter spiritual perceptions of yours, Risberg, are more mysterious than the former; and being less easily understood, are of course the more 'natural.'"

"I leave that to you, Alfman; my business is with *matter of fact* alone: and in pursuance of it, I hasten to describe what followed when Albert and Carlostein entered. The picturesque and animated scene is still before me.

"Imagine my volatile pupil, his fine eyes lighted up with love and admiration, almost instantaneously at the feet of the lovely unknown; bestowing innumerable kisses on the passive hand which Carlostein, with an air of authority, appeared to place at his disposal,—an act, by the bye, which suddenly led me to remark, that a faint family likeness between the female and the Austrian was, upon intent inspection, traceable. What Albert said I cannot inform you; but if I may judge of the confusion which ensued among the attendant spirits of the trio,

his words, like the accompanying action, must have been indescribably significant.

"The leering and earthly-looking appendages of Carlostein viewed the scene before them with a sardonic smile.

"Of the suite of Albert, nothing was visible but the soul-and-body-engrossing spirit already described, which expanded into the entire occupation of its proper atmosphere, and left nothing therein visible but itself.

"The spiritual Arcadian attendant on the now deeply-blushing maiden seemed for half a moment to give way, and a crowd of fluttering sprites, with gilded wings and vain and complacent countenances, started forward. At the very instant Albert's eyes were most lighted up with love, and his expressions apparently the most ardent, a single one of quite a different caste of countenance became also perceptible. I cannot describe it, Alfman, but endeavour, by metaphysical aid, to compound an immaterial expression of conscious power and beauty; an involuntary sympathy towards a handsome youth of family and consequence who so explicitly felt their sway; and the natural yielding of a plastic spirit to all overwhelming impressions,—and such a creation will be the result.

" 'There is no necessity for your Hungarian, Risberg, to fill the mind's eye with a vision of this description, when the materials are placed so fairly before it. But proceed.'

"How long Albert would have thus operated on the spiritualities of his fair companion, I know not; for my attentions was interrupted by an appearance which extorted from me an exclamation of surprise, and almost made me dart forward upon the glass which exhibited illusions so fantastical.

" 'What now, Risberg?'

"Conceive my astonishment, when looking accidentally towards the screen, a female face protruded from behind it—the soul-informed and eloquent features of which were worked up into an expression of the most agitated despair,—it was the countenance of Ida!

" 'How now, Risberg?'

"Yes, of Ida Sternheim, whose loosened ringlets hung round her face in wild disorder, and whose dark eyes appeared half bursting from their sockets, in the conveyance of one glance of unutterable love and hopelessness on the impassioned Albert, as he kneeled at the feet of his mistress. One searching glance only was bestowed, and the well-known lineaments were seen no more.

"The pantomime of the scene which followed I will dismiss very briefly. On the conclusion of the homage of the knee, and the accompanying rapturous expression of fealty, Albert arose, and leading the young lady to a chair, an earnest conversation apparently followed, in which Carlostein participated. As this conference proceeded, I observed the previous exultation of the fair damsel visibly abate; and she looked as if pleading against some proposed arrangement with timid earnestness. The effect on Albert was curious: something like a resentful blush suffused his countenance, and I observed with surprise, the cold and lofty sprite, which had since the morning wholly disappeared, started once more into visible being. Carlostein, who, even when affectedly regardless, watched the proceedings of both

parties with the keenest attention, seemed disconcerted, and contriving to stand behind Albert, bestowed upon the instantly-terrified girl a look of such demoniacal resentment and malignity: that a deadly paleness instantly overspread her features, and a passive acquiescence with the proposal of Albert gradually followed. At this change, the countenance of the latter resumed a portion of its complacency; but the effect of a check of feeling was still so perceptible, Carlostein seemed suddenly to perceive the propriety of departure; and with a thousand apparently passionate adieus on the part of my poor pupil, he left the room with his deceiver, and the magic mirror became once more opaque.

"I easily recognised the scite of the next scene of action; it was a spacious dining-room in a hotel famous for luxurious entertainment and ruinous high play. A large company of the most reckless *bon vivans* and rakes of quality in Dresden were assembled there to dine. In the midst of them appeared Albert and Carlostein, who seemed resolved not to leave the unwary youth a moment for cool reflection. I will not attempt to describe the scene which followed after dinner, when wine began to operate upon the heads of all present, but especially on that part of the company who were intended to perform the honourable part of dupes in the appeals to Fortune about to follow. Heavens! what a phantasmagoria became visible! The temptation of St. Anthony was nothing to it, and Callot himself would have been exhausted in an attempted delineation of the *diablerie* conjured up by the fumes of intoxication upon base and perverted associations. Every variety of latent or visible malignity borrowed a correspondent form; every fraudulent or covert design furnished a feature; and every brainless notion or drunken vanity, a suitable expression, until the whole room seemed peopled with sprawling imps and hiccuping essences. Sorrowful as I felt at this specimen of the frequent associates of Albert, I was involuntarily entertained by an inspection of their fantastical retinue. The scene, however, was soon modified, by the commencement of high play, when a great part of the spiritual assemblage evaporated into air, leaving the field to a few murky sprites of the most hateful description, which looked as if they were intent on devouring each other. Albert played, but his mind was evidently elsewhere; nor did Carlostein, who won his money, appear to invite him to persevere, but rather to take more wine, an excess of which began very sensibly to affect him. Affairs were in this train, until an apparently late hour, when suddenly Carlostein referred to his watch, and taking the arm of the flushed and now half-jovial Albert, they both left the company, as I thought, to separate for the evening; but I was egregiously mistaken.

"The scene changed once more, but it was back again to the abode of the lovely mistress of Albert, who appeared seated in the same mean and old-fashioned apartment, habited in a rich bridal dress of uniform white, and adorned with more than usual care, as if to disguise an irrepressible expression of fear and despondency. Her countenance was pale and even woe-begone, and terror at the consequences of something about to follow, was conspicuous in every feature. The screen occupied its former situation, and it even appeared to me that she was speaking to some one behind it, for her lips were in motion, and

she looked towards it, as if attending to answers from persons out of sight. I was confirmed in this conjecture by a sudden cessation of all these appearances, on the entrance of the servant of Carloststein, in the first instance, and in a moment after of Carloststein, Albert, and a lusty son of the church.

"All was now clear to me, Alfman; my pupil was to be inveigled into an unsuitable, if not disgraceful marriage. My spirit groaned, yet I firmly kept my seat; what indeed would have been the use of leaving it?

"If marriages are made in Heaven, Risberg, none at all."

"The presence of the priest prevented a repetition of the raptures of the morning, on the part of Albert, who however appeared struck with the evident misery of his intended bride. Even the wine he had taken did not prevent him from musing; and, to my infinite surprise, I thought the physiognomy of his impassioned attendant materially changed. The tendency to languor and deliquium appeared subsiding, while a trait of sentiment assumed its place; and, strange to say, there suddenly darted, like a meteor athwart his spiritual atmosphere, a shadowy recollection of Ida Sternheim.

"You began by informing me that your pupil was capricious, Risberg; and truly, to be engrossed with the shadow of one fair lady, when about to wed another, looks abundantly like it."

"These are points beyond my decision, Alfman, although I have heard that these *contre-temps* are by no means unusual. However this may be, such was the fact; of which Carloststein, who appeared to me to be endowed with the precise tact and talent of Mephistophiles, looked altogether aware, as the significant glances he bestowed on the timid victim of his machinations very clearly evinced. It was now however in vain; nothing could rally her spirits; and so despairing and apprehensive did she appear when Albert took her hand in preparation for the ceremony, that the youth suddenly resigned it, and addressed himself to Carloststein with an air of dignified remonstrance.

"The countenance of the latter assumed a bland and fawning expression, which gradually changed to warmth, and lastly to passion, as he saw Albert first address a few words to the priest, and then prepare to depart.

"It was in vain; Albert persevered; and, good God, Alfman, what a legion of hobgoblins instantly hovered around this man! Rage bursting through the hitherto impenetrable veil of hypocrisy is the most hysterical and demoniacal exhibition of which human nature is capable.

"Albert appeared as if awakened from a dream, but behaved with a composure and dignity which shewed the high qualities that lay dormant in his composition.

"Infuriated with madness, Carloststein suddenly drew his sword, and made a pass at his retreating friend.

"I suppose a female shriek followed, for the arm of Carloststein was suddenly arrested, and to my utter astonishment, the unwieldy screen fell down, and discovered—Guess, Alfman.

"And thereby disappoint you and spoil the story?—Spare me, Risberg, and proceed.

"The Count Von F. on whose arm hung a beautiful youth, in the

dress of a student, while an almost equally youthful but more manly Adonis, in the habit of a substantial farmer's son, stood at a respectful distance behind them.

"The intended bride rushed into the arms of the young Sylvander and fainted. It could be nothing but an oath which burst from the mouth of Carlostein as he made a furious lunge at the Count. He was disarmed the next moment by Albert, but, alas! the student had thrown himself before the sword of the assassin, and fell covered with blood."

"Ida, it is Ida Sternheim, exclaimed the countenance of Albert, as he gazed on the fainting form, and looked unutterable grief.

"Carlostein, with a grin of diabolical satisfaction, contemplated the affecting scene before him.

"The Count Von F. stamped with his foot, but it was unnecessary, a crowd of his attendants were previously rushing into the room; and such was my emotion at perceiving Carlostein in safe custody, the intensity of it awakened me, and——

"So I have been listening to a dream all this time, Risberg."

"Yes; and you have been interested by it, Alfman, which would not have been the case had you known it to be one. To adhere to facts:—my coffee-house adventurer ended with the verbal skirmish I first described; and possibly in consequence of it I dreamed all the rest, having sufficient time for that purpose, in consequence of swallowing a sleeping draught, administered, I fear, by the management of Carlostein and Albert. No matter; when I awoke the next morning but one, and visited the Hotel von F., I was closeted by the Count, who informed me that he had discovered Baron Carlostein to be an infamous impostor, the son of a decayed burgomaster whom his vices had ruined; but that in consequence of the good conduct of a pretty girl, his sister, who had sought and found the protection of Ida Sternheim, and materially aided in the defeat of his villainy, he had only been banished the electoral dominions;—that an attachment had suddenly grown to maturity between Ida Sternheim and Albert, which was to be followed by a marriage as soon as the former recovered a sudden indisposition, which would probably confine her some days to her chamber;—and that, as I was no longer wanted as a tutor, I was nominated to the genteel appointment of, &c. &c. &c.

"Which you have held now about ten years, Risberg."

"I have, Alfman; and within that time the elder son of Count Von F. has sought the world of shadows, and Albert is the father of five children by Ida Sternheim;—Ida, who, loving a man of honour, has never had occasion to repent loving first and all-devotedly. I often visit them at their country house, where I meet with an ingenuous and interesting couple, the male of whom acts as a steward to the estate, while the very pretty wife is the cordial protégée and valued friend of the lady Ida. Without the aid of Artemidorus, I felt this handsome pair to be old acquaintances; and—and—thus, Alfman, ends my tale!

"I could criticise immensely, Risberg; but butterflies, you know—"

"You need not quote the rest, Alfman.—Have the goodness to help me to a glass of wine."

Q.

CONVERSATIONS OF THE DEAD.—No. IV.

[Continued from Page 204.]

Scene.—ELYSIUM.

Interlocutors.—OPIE, TRESHAM, WEST.

O. I shall not say, my friends, that we are absolutely travelling out of the record; but I fear that our original purpose is melting away before this warm play of the beams of imagination. Does it not occur to you that we are indulging our wishes and our hopes, and adopting too much of the rapt tone of poetical invocation, where we proposed to explore, and reason upon the irregular, as well as the routine patronage of modern art? Barry talked in the beginning of a divining rod, and of topographically exploring the fountains of patronage.

T. He did so; and when you, Opie, spoke of Fine Art striking its roots, like the British oak into the hardy gravel, you must have meant (apart from metaphor) that there exists a market for its commodities, independently of the patronage of the Court and of the British Institution.

O. Yes. That institution itself rests on the public.—But I feel some exception to the mercantile character of your phrases.

T. O, you must not mind that. I mixed a little too much, perhaps, with shopkeepers, in the latter part of my mortal career, and am not yet thoroughly rid of their habitual phraseology; but my meaning, I hope, is clear, and you know you should look to results. Notwithstanding that my worldly necessities obliged me to seem to join in that small-minded, paltry, inefficient, Tom-thumb-scheme of Peltro Tomkins and Longmans, for converting noble collections to the tops of snuff-boxes and duodecimo ballads, I have high ideas of the powers and the claims of art. I think it a species of *Causation*, and in its loftier and finer manifestations, more intimately related to divinity than many a divine.

O. Well then, you state my position fairly enough in substance. I think that even its superior professors may now enjoy the *comfort*—(you like that *English* word)—of knowing that there exists for them a British *public*. Indeed, there appears to me always to have been a public—at least, from the beginning of our time and that of the Royal Academy; a sympathy, I mean, with our professional pursuits, and a mutual action and re-action between the progress of British taste, and that of the talents of our native artists, has always existed, operating on each other in a direct reciprocal ratio. However we will not now stop to dive into the abstract question, but regard and reason from the practical results that we have witnessed. Now, Turner, as an individual artist of high claims; and the Society who paint in water-colours, and who exhibit and sell their own works for their own benefit and that of the public,—and which I shall venture to call the best constituted Society of Artists in England,—has not their honest reliance upon the public been met with corresponding sympathy, and with its necessary, concomitant remuneration? And these results, have they not been independent of Court patronage? Of that of the British Institution, and, in the latter case, of the ill-constituted Academy? In short, of middle men of every description, who are always instigated by a private and separate interest of some sort? Have not the charming engravings

of Raimbach, after Wilkie, so replete with deep domestic interest, been produced, and the artists remunerated, under the same auspices? Were there not plenty of subscribers, even to the petty work in which you was concerned, from the Stafford collection, if their money had not been fiddle-faddled away in paltry nonsenses?

T. There is certainly great truth in what you observe; and I must acknowledge, that a work of more solid and lasting reputation might have been produced, had the money advanced been wisely expended.

O. And now, West, allow me to ask *you*—Was not the series which you produced in conjunction with Woollet and Hall, from the History of England, published under the same auspices, and published with profit as well as honour to the artists concerned?

W. Why, yes Sir. All the best English engravings have certainly been produced, as you say, under the patronage of *the public*.

O. And without the intervention of Court patronage, or that of the dealers?

W. The dealers acting only *as* dealers, and not as directors or dictators.

O. Permit me now to inquire, for what have the best English historical pictures been hitherto painted?—I mean, with the exception of those with which you adorned the Chapel Royal at Windsor.

W. Why, Sir, they were painted that they might be engraved from, to speak candidly, and in a general way.

O. If you could have engaged more Woollett's—that is to say, more artists of Woollett's eminence—to devote themselves to your English series, would you not, in all probability, have obtained more public patronage, and more wealth from that quarter?

W. Certainly.

O. Why then did you legislate the discouragement and degradation of that commercial branch of British art,—seeing too that you were forming an Academy for a country, that, of all others in the world, might have become the common centre of this species of commerce? Why did you enact that a scanty number of the professors of the art of Engraving should be eligible to the inferior rank of Associates only? Why was that *associating* merely nominal and only apparent? Why were they associated at no other season and on no other occasion than during the day and hour of your annual dinner? Did it remain for the artists of the eighteenth century to recal the Saturnalia and the Helots? Was it for the refiners and polishers of society, to substitute the bickerings and the galling of slavery to genial and generous sympathy, and to banish from their assemblies the warm breathings of friendship? Why did you in short degrade the academical condition of engraving, so that not your friend Woollett, nor any contemporary English professor of merit would accept your diploma, till its Esau sold his birthright for that annual mess of pottage? You know very well that no engraver of reputation would consent to stand on your dishonourable pedestal, until you said to the elder Heath, *Kehama*, to your *hellish eminence!* and Kehama stepped up.

W. Why, Sir,—I always wished it were otherwise; but my power in the Academy was never considerable, and always precarious. But we cannot go further into this matter, unless Valentine Green and Sir Joshua were here.

O. Well, then, from this collateral shoot of our subject, let us desist for the present. Let us go back to the point where it started forth from the stem. In return for the notice and patronage they bestow, the public requires some condescension on the part of the artists, particularly as to their choice of subjects, and the dimensions of their works; they exercise this control over literature and the theatre, and,—in short, it is felt wherever there is a public. Our hero Haydon will find that he must accommodate his efforts to its influence. It is the price which an artist of superior talent pays, and in general is willing to pay, for the privilege of raising and refining the public taste, though some feel it as a species of martyrdom. The fortunate Salamanca student had not come at the buried treasure without digging, but in fact there was always enough of accommodability about him where pelf was to be obtained; he would paint for a peer, or he would draw for a bookseller, or even drag, how toilsome soever the task, for a bookseller's jackall. However, the patriotic Mr. Fawkes of Farnley, (who is rich in Turner's good works) and a few others, have started nobly forward from the mass, and given more ample scope to his extraordinary powers. But enough of this,—I trust I have satisfactorily shewn, what I intended to shew, namely, that even so long ago as when the Royal Academy was instituted, there existed for art, on a more limited scale, the same British public which now patronizes the water-colour Society, and another recently formed for combining the superior efforts of the Arts of Painting and Engraving. And now, West,—hoping you will allow me to return for a moment to my former topic, I feel commissioned to observe that less than the ordinary liberality of ordinary men had placed the latter source of patronage—the most honourable, if not the most lucrative of all, in a great measure at the disposal of the Royal Academy, but its selfish and unreflecting legislators preferred to leave the infant arts—the most delicate of the daughters of Heaven, to veil their divinity in commercial hardihood, and toil at the dictation of the most sordid of the sons of earth. Each short-sighted academical painter fancied he did wisely and well if he obtained two commissions from the Alderman or the Sea-boy, where his fellows and rivals had but one, and for this he would intrigue, and simulate, and stoop, and wriggle, while he ought to have been meditating and legislating for the general and inseparable advantage of art and the public; and not only thus—by contributing to send forth a Shakespear of shreds and patches, and bedevil the Bible and Testament—did he disregard the interests of the public; but the best interests of the *corps* to which he belonged, and of his very self, were frustrated by his own cupidity. Had that amicable and co-operating association between the Arts of Painting and Engraving, which (as we have learned from the honest news-telling ghost) gave birth to the scheme now carrying into effect* for an engraving by Robinson from Mulready's meek and tyrannical schoolboys, then existed—or rather, had it not in its wider operation been academically stultified, both of these arts, with regard to patronage and degrees of practical perfection, would have been, ere now, in states very superior to those in which we behold them; but the legislators of the Academy—fond as they are of dinner-giving and of dinner-eating—like the foolish dog in the fable,

* Originating, we believe, with Mr. John Pye and a few others.

let go the mutton as they caught at a shadow. But for those red reflections, and the refrangibility that attended them, the Academy might have founded, and might now have possessed all the advantages of an emporium to which the merchants of Europe would have willingly resorted, sure of obtaining there the most meritorious productions, and free to have employed their minds and capitals in trade, rather than, like Boydell and Macklin, in ignorant and blundering dictations, which although they induced our domestic well-wishers to the arts to subscribe their money, have brought no permanent reputation to the arts of England. I see no reason to distrust our friend who has lately arrived, as to the more recent facts upon which these reasonings are rested, and according to him, demonstrative and satisfactory proofs, sustaining the whole of my argument, and confirming an opinion I have long entertained, will soon be before the public. In the event of our country continuing at peace with the rest of the world, it may possibly soon be obvious that there is room for another London establishment of art, upon an enlarged and liberal scale. In fact, a *wisely* constituted union of artists would always tend to the more or less gradual or sudden supersession of establishments that are *other-wisely* constituted: But if such a scheme should be undertaken by men whose intrigues for the unsubstantial honours of the Old Academy, have ended in reiterated and mortifying disappointment, or whose projects of solitary aggrandisement, or for obtaining Court patronage, have failed—let not such men begin by speciously putting forward their warm coloured hopes and wishes, and themselves. No; let them produce their *laws*, not the petty details of their bye-laws, but those germs—those radical and enduring principles—from which their code shall grow. Let them exhibit their palladium; let them shew that they have been thoughtful to lay a sound foundation of first principles, which they will not compromise nor revoke; which, once solemnly laid down and recognized, may recal their successors of centuries hence, from selfish and mistaken wanderings; which they will pledge themselves to maintain, and ever hold dear as the ruddy drops that warmed the heart of the last of the bards. Let them evince that they are animated by those principles of common good in which the Royal Academy is so lamentably deficient. Reflecting artists will not then be deterred from joining them by any apprehension that the main pillars of their edifice may be withdrawn from its support—By any apprehension did I say?—By the almost certain knowledge, as things are at present, that Mr. —; or Mr. —; or Mr. —; may, at the pleasure of certain academicians, be at any time beckoned away by an occurring, or prospective vacancy, and a held-out hope of succession to a low chair at a servile board. On the contrary, their beautiful banner of mind and of peaceful merit, will wave on high, and will become the honourable centre of attraction, even to those academicians themselves, who at present do not think fit to abrogate that narrow-souled law of their's, which prohibits them from being members of any other society of artists than that of the Royal Academy.

W. All this is very interesting to me. But the reflections to which it leads—I really wish we might adjourn all further discussion of the matter till we can have the advantage of Sir Joshua's presence.

O, well, let us do so.

TABLE TALK.

THE ONLY HELL.—Dante has said in a letter, "I found the original of my hell in the world which we inhabit." Who does not find the original of his hell in the same place? We might go further, and say that hell is an earthly idea.

PERPETUAL PEACE.—Soon after the Abbe St. Pierre had published his plan for a perpetual peace, a Dutch innkeeper set up a sign inscribed *d la paix perpetuelle*. It represented a church-yard, as if peace on this side of the grave was out of the question: a pictorial epigram, and no bad one.

D'Israeli informs us, that when the "Society for promoting Christian Knowledge" were desirous of holding their meetings at the house of the Royal Society, Sir Isaac Newton drew up a number of arguments against their admission. One of them is, "that it is a fundamental rule of the society not to meddle with religion; and the reason is, that we may give no occasion to religious bodies to meddle with us." Sir Isaac, who might possibly have a recollection of the treatment of Galileo, was right. We all of us know the persecution experienced by a physiological lecturer of the present day, from a certain order of sects, who made him recant like Galileo.

FRIENDSHIP.—In Jeremy Taylor's "Discourse of the Nature and Measures of Friendship," he observes, "that the word *Friendship*, in the sense we commonly mean by it, is not so much as named in the New Testament, and that our religion takes no notice of it." He goes on to say that, scripturally, "Friend is of a large signification, and means all relations and societies, and whatever is not enemy. *But by friendships, I suppose you mean* (he is addressing a lady) *the greatest love and the greatest usefulness; and the most open communication, and the noblest sufferings; and the most exemplary faithfulness, and the severest truth; and the heartiest counsels, and the greatest union of mindes of which brave men and women are capable.*" How beautifully eloquent! The gifted author further remarks, that Christianity suits friendship in the larger doctrine of charity. His argument is ingenious. "Christian charity is friendship to all the world; and when friendships were the noblest things in the world, charity was little, like the sun riven into a chinke, or his beames drawn into the centre of a burning glass; but Christianity is friendship expanded like the face of the sunne, when it mounts above the eastern hills." This is grand, *religiously*; but politically, alas, Mr. Canning has found it out to be the weakest thing upon earth. He has no notion of the charities which embrace the whole human race, and, although a Christian *par excellence*, he laughs at such wide professions; some of his pleasantest lines in the Antijacobin, indeed, are written in ridicule of them. What a fine concordance, or rather discordance, might be constructed in reference to certain doctrines and "tickling commodity." *Utrum horum*

—Bishop Taylor, or the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs? One or the other, but not both; although nothing is more common than the pressure of the opposite sides of a question into the same service. What is noble in a religious sense, however, can scarcely be vile in a political one; and if it be good to advance the heavenly welfare of all mankind, it cannot be evil to render them as happy as possible on earth. But people will give away heaven freely, who will part with nothing else.

THE POPE AND PARADISE.

I.

The Sun had done his business for the day,
And all his bits of blood were gone to rest,
Except Eoûs; him they led away
To Vulcan's workshop, for they thought it best
To put him on a barshoe, nor would stay
Until he might be curried, combed, and drest;
The moon, as watchman, guarded o'er earth's nations,
And all the linkboy stars assumed their stations.

II.

All things were mute in th' empyreal state:
The sentinels were standing now at ease,
St. Peter nodded, too, beside the gate—
The gate of heaven; and the rusty keys
(For they had been but little used of late).
Were snugly lying on his wearied knees:
When sudden he was startled by the pray'r
Of one, who humbly sought for entrance there.

III.

The holy porter, roused from his repose,
Finding the darkness all around him dense,
First rubbed his eyelids, and then rubbed his nose;
(Perhaps he smelt the fumes of frankincense)
At length from off his easy chair he rose,
To which a triple cushion comfort lends;
He rose at length from off his easy chair,
And then in gracious accents quoth "Who's there?"

IV.

If he who thus was asked, perchance had been
A native of the town that gave me birth,
(The capital of Prussia's king, Berlin,
A fairer city never graced the earth)
The recollection of the woe he'd seen
Follow those words, would have dispelled his mirth;
Though great, no doubt, the joy to mortals given,
When near the gates that barricado heaven.

V.

Ah, wretched, wretched city! how defiled:
Were all thy streets, thy squares, thy lanes, with blood,
When the French sentinels, with aspect wild,
At ev'ry corner, ev'ry turning, stood,
And the *armut* of standing thus beguiled,
Indulging in their sanguinary mood!
They gruffly asked each passenger, "*Qui vit ?*"
And shot who, answering, said not "*Bon ami.*"

VI.

Then many a citizen and many a peasant
Fell in one indiscriminating rout.
But to return to what's our theme at present:
To him who waited patiently without,

St. Peter's question was by far more pleasant ;
 For though his prospect was obscured by doubt,
 Yet Hope, as usual, cast a golden ray on it ;
 And Peter was not armed with gun or bayonet.

VII.

He boldly answered, " Holy Father ! I
 " Was thy devout successor, though not raised,
 " Like many, to the Papal dignity
 " By interest or cunning ; God be praised
 " For calling me to fill a station high
 " As his, who afterwards with donkeys grazed :
 " You'll own my power as great as his, I hope ;
 " I rul'd o'er Emperors,—I was a Pope."

VIII.

Then answer'd Peter, " I have no objection,
 " My son, to your directly ent'ring here ;
 " Though I must own you would be an exception
 " To Popes in general ; for they, I fear,
 " Have, notwithstanding all my predilection
 " For my successors, seldom yet come near
 " To Heaven's quite impenetrable portals
 " For all except the very best of mortals.

IX.

" Nor yet, for fear of doing mischief, dare I
 " Admit you now ; although I sometimes wonder
 " How, day by day, my orders quickly vary,
 " As quick as after lightning comes the thunder ;
 " But, by the leave of th' holy Virgin Mary,
 " Soon will I draw these rotting gates asunder ;
 " For such a visitor as you, my son,
 " They surely ought to be with speed undone."

X.

He said, he went, but soon returned in haste ;
 (As Cæsar hath it, "*Veni, vidi, vici* ;")
 He soon returned, and Pius thus addressed,
 " If it were in my power, in a trice I
 " Would let you in to mingle with the blest ;
 " But th' holy Queen of Heaven, by whose advice I
 " Act, bids me say, that since you had my keys
 " On earth, you now may use them if you please."

XI.

Quoth he, " I left them with the only Cardinal,
 " Whom with th' important charge I could entrust ;
 " And think not, Father, now that I am hard in all
 " My censure on the Conclave ; for I must
 " Needs tell you, that they are not worth a farthin' all
 " Together,—hypocrites, unclean, unjust ;
 " And not a Prelate lives who can at all vie
 " With him, my chosen favourite Gonsalvi.

XII.

" But as I wish not e'er to know the strange hell,
 " I trust my pray'er will not appear uncivil,
 " Begging that for the keys you'll send some angel :
 " Let Michael, too, protect me from the devil,
 " (Whose myriad imps for heretics arrange hell),
 " Lest he should tempt me to some deadly evil ;
 " For there is no one can, like doughty Michael,
 " Dismay the Devil, and with terror strike hell."

XIII.

Then answered Peter, " Let thy will be done !
 " 'Twas done on earth ; let it be done in heaven !
 " Thou hast, I own, a glorious journey run ;
 " Thy years of empire more than three times seven,

" The longest reign, except my own, O son !
 " To any Pope by Providence yet given.
 " The fewer years a living Pope encumber,
 " The greater will be his successor's number."

XIV.

Thus having spoken, Peter blew a whistle
 (As Homer would have called it, *ligaphthongos*)
 Then up did thousand thousands lances bristle,
 As quickly as from marshes springs a fungus,
 And sharp and close as prickles on a thistle ;
 Which is a better simile among us :
 For church and state would soon sing in a wrong key,
 Unless they each were governed by a donkey.

XV.

Quoth Peter, " Gabriel ! behold the vicar
 " Of Christ, protector of the holy church ;
 " Who never would allow th' unjust to pick her
 " Bones, nor yet ever left her in the lurch ;
 " Kind to the orthodox, but to the kicker
 " Against the pricks, administ'ring the birch
 " Of wholesome chastisement ; far from the leopard
 " He kept, and sheared his flock like a good shepherd.

XVI.

" But having come his wages to receive,
 " The holy pastor has been disappointed ;
 " And now his disappointment to relieve,
 " A little trip for you I have appointed ;
 " Go fetch the keys (to trouble you I grieve)
 " From the late favourite of our anointed,
 " With care deposit them within your pockets,
 " And then return as swift as Congreve's rockets."

XVII.

Swift as the twop'ny postboy on his pony,
 With rowels goading, and with lash unfurled,
 Swift as the veteran, whose oldest crony
 Is ready now to quit him and the world,
 Unmindful of the storm, and of the stony
 Road, gallops onward, swift as arrow hurled
 From nervous hand into the trembling throng,
 Or swift as sarcasms from Brougham's tongue ;

XVIII.

So swift, or swifter far than these, than all,
 Th' obedient angel to the globe descended ;
 Not apprehending ignominious fall,
 Which aeronauts of late *have* apprehended,
 When the supply of gas hath been too small,
 And all their puffs in wind and smoke have ended :
 Though stale these tricks, still hast thou art to play'em,
 O, money-getting, gas-devouring Graham !

XIX.

How oft has thou proclaimed thy vast intentions
 To navigate the air in a balloon
 Of monstrous supernatural dimensions,
 And thou hast struggled ; but to earth how soon
 Have fallen thy machine and thy pretensions,
 Instead of visiting th' astonished moon !
 Through town thy name has been so oft placarded,
 Take care that some day thou art not blackguarded.

XX.

The angel from Olympus flew away,
 And quickly reached the heights of hallowed Rome ;
 Cheating the tedium of his airy way
 By musing on her melancholy doom ;

Where Emp'rors ruled, now clergy bear the sway,
The muse of heroes and the hero's tomb.
Having alighted, he procured some lunch,
And asked Gonsalvi for the sacred bunch.

XXI.

Then felt Gonsalvi as though twenty leeches
Were altogether to his throat applied,
And they produced straight two as diff'rent speeches
As might with certain statesmen's creeds have vied;
"I'm deeply grieved that my poor power reaches
"Not far enough," to Gabriel, he replied,
"For the immediate help I wish t' afford
"To him who was so long my honored lord."

XXII.

"My secretary has them, he at least
"Will give them to you. The angel being gone,
"The worthy prelate spoke within his breast:
"O may the scarlet dame from Babylon
"Ride on St. Peter for a stupid beast!"
(He crost himself devoutly and went on)
"For his stupidity, I'm sure it right were
"E'en should she plague him riding like the night-mare."

XXIII.

Then calling on the noble secretary
(Th' angelic horses now began to foam)
The messenger's informed by all the merry
Attendants, that their master's not at home.
"You had far better back to Heaven carry
"Your message," added they; "nor idly roam
"After our lord; for far beyond your reach he
"Is, having run off with a danzatrice."

XXIV.

The unsuccessful messenger returned,
And to his kind employ'r in language terse
Related all the news that he had learned,
Which made the Pope's condition far far worse;
From Heaven's portals was he forthwith spurned
(As are the poor throughout the universe)
And Peter took the hint, growing as cross with all,
As are the porters at the door of th' hospital.

XXV.

The story now before you seemed so short to us
At first, we thought we ne'er could make it long;
(Although well versed in ways direct and tortuous)
And if the sarcasms appear too strong,
It will in you, O reader! be but courteous,
To think of what I thought of all along:
For when I try to imitate Lord BYRON, I
Cannot refrain from satire or from irony.

CARLO.

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REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Fulvius Valens, or the Martyr of Casarea, a Tragedy.
Adrastus, a Tragedy. By R. C. Dallas.

early

An able writer in the *London Magazine* has penetrated, with considerable spirit, into the causes of the general failure in modern attempts at tragedy. His theory is simple, and he illustrates it with ability. The essence of tragedy, he maintains, is *action*, and that no merit of any other kind can atone for either its languor or its absence. We entirely agree with him, and attribute the modern predilection for the melodrama entirely to this cause. The play-going public do not attend to hear poetry recited, but to witness something done; and are more gratified even with extravaganzas and dumb show, ungraced with lofty and poetical expression, than with a languid succession of pictorial and descriptive dialogue, which appeals to the fancy or the understanding, but never to the senses or to the heart. We even go farther than the writer to whom we have alluded; for we not only deem *action* the great requisite, but that it must be action essentially and specially active,—a remark that brings us at once to the first of the dramas, the title of which heads this article. A short descent upon the *Dramatis Personæ* and plot will fully illustrate our meaning.

Fulvius Valens, a noble Roman, and an aged and devoted Christian proselyte of Casarea, under the government of Claudius Herminianus, has a son and a daughter, who are attached and partly betrothed to the nephew and the niece (also a brother and a sister) of the Governor. At the time the drama opens, Herminianus has received orders from Rome to suppress the Christian faith, and in consequence will not listen to the pleadings of his nephew and niece, but resolves to force the latter to marry a Cornelius Afer, who is struck to the earth by Marcus, the disappointed bridegroom. The distress and interest of the piece is created by the Christian resolution of Fulvius and his family, who withstand pardon and every sort of temptation rather than give up Christianity.

Now, it is easy to see that much pathetic incident, and lofty and heroic bearing, may be mixed up with a story of religious self-devotion; but yet do we maintain, that no such story on a Christian basis can be rendered dramatically interesting. The men and women of the drama are to be the victims of the passions, not their masters; and

from the moment we discover that they are so, dramatic interest is at an end. In a word, we *feel* the natural, but only *admire* the superinduced; a fact, which leads to another discovery,—that all conventional feelings are very secondarily dramatic, meaning those which are national, sectarian, or the joint and equal property of multitudes. All these notions clog individualization, and it was by rendering them so subservient, when he made use of them, that Shakespeare distinguishes himself from all other dramatists. By attending to the Romans of Coriolanus and Julius Cæsar, as compared with those of the Catiline and Sejanus of Ben Jonson, the nature of the distinction will be obvious. The first are men as well as Romans, the others Romans alone. There is a dramatic defect, therefore, in the plot of Fulvius Valens, which is not to be got over; he is a beau-ideal Christian, but scarcely a man; and the very principle of his heroism is to endure, not to act. With the single exception of the assassination,—a momentary incident,—the play is a mere tissue of suffering and resignation from beginning to end, described in terse and elegant blank verse indeed, but no otherwise a play than the thousand-and-one of the gentlemanly, scholastic, and sometimes very poetical productions, which, under the name of Tragedies, have preceded it.

We have been led to notice this tragic attempt the more particularly, in consequence of an address by the author, in which we are informed that it was rejected at one of the Winter Theatres, notwithstanding the expressed approbation of Mr. Kean. We cannot enter on the grounds of the opinion formed by the latter, as it is not given; but, with a sincere respect for the evident talent of the author, we are entirely with the Management in their decision against it as an acting play.

The Adrastus of Mr. Dallas is borrowed from the Adventures of the young Phrygian Prince of that name, at the Court of Cræsus, King of Lydia, as related in the first book of Herodotus. Adrastus, after unwarily slaying his own brother, is forced by the destiny of the ancients to fulfil an ominous dream of the hitherto prosperous King of Lydia, by accidentally spearing his son Atys in the chase. We are not quite sure that the shadowy traditions of a very remote antiquity form the best sort of materials for the excitement of modern sympathy; but we are certain that if the main incidents are produced in the fulfilment of dreams, that such is not the case. In point of fact, there is no dramatic interest in this piece from beginning to end, although pleasingly written. The hero, having unwittingly killed a brother, is in a state of decent sorrow during the whole play, and after putting an end to another young prince by accident, he kills himself at last, as in duty bound. There is an addition of perplexity to be sure, because the wife of his friend, the latter prince, is in love with him; and failing to inspire him with a mutual passion, she adopts the novel expedient of accusing him of a similar attempt upon herself: but all this ends in nothing, and neither advances nor retards the catastrophe. As usual, the versification is fair, and the diction occasionally eloquent and poetical: but of distinctive character, or soul-exciting incident, there is none; although written, as Mr. Dallas informs us, in consequence of the general complaint of the dearth of modern Tragedy, and apparently with some latent expectation of supplying the deficiency. The author

gives the following sketch of the *Dramatis Personæ* in an introduction :—

CÆSARUS: amiable, hospitable, virtuous, and brave : but vain of his wealth, elate with his prosperity, and self-glorious.

ATTUS: frank, candid, highly susceptible of friendship and amiable feelings; not subject to painful passions.

ADRASTUS: mild and susceptible, deeply suffering grief, virtuous, and noble-minded.

ADA: of violent passions, but not abandoned.

What ingredients for a tragedy ! and yet there is talent and poetry here too. It is very extraordinary.

MR. IRVING, AND “ THE CALEDONIAN.”

IT is possible to have too much even of a good thing ; but as we do not think this proposition has yet been proved in respect to the criticisms which have been hitherto called forth by Mr. Irving's preaching, we too shall contribute our mite towards the mountain which this gentleman has to bear as a check-weight to his unrivalled popularity : And if our readers do not complain of the addition, we are pretty sure that *he* will not—for he evidently thinks his shoulders even broader and more atlantean than they are, and courts the whole world of criticism to leap upon them as if they were made for the load.

The remarks that we now propose to offer, on the person whose name is placed at the head of this paper, are intended to be purely critical and descriptive. With creeds and opinions we profess not to meddle, as it regards others. And indeed, in the present instance, this would be quite uncalled-for ; as the remarkable person who is the subject of this notice seldom thinks it necessary to do so himself, in a way that can call forth the especial animadversion of any particular class or sect of Christians. He preaches the Christian Religion in a Christian land ; and it is with his *manner* of doing this, and the powers—natural, accidental, and acquired—which he brings to his task, that we shall alone concern ourselves.

Before proceeding to do this, however, it may not be uninteresting to many of our readers if we describe the scene in which takes place what we are afterwards to speak of more especially ; for London has witnessed nothing like it, of a similar kind, for many years.

If the reader “ knows the town,” and is disposed to betake himself leisurely, about the hour of half-past ten o'clock on a Sunday morning, towards a little obscure street in Hatton-garden, named Cross-street, he may chance to see, on his way thither, the most splendid equipages of the day rolling past him, filled with the flower of the land's nobility, the *élite* of her statesmen and governors, the wisest of her law-givers and her law expounders, the most successful and wealthiest of her merchants and speculators ; and, if it were the custom for *them* to ride in carriages, he might also recognise the most accomplished of her poets and scholars, the sagest of her men of science, the most fastidious of her critics, the acutest of her reasoners, the deepest and subtlest of her thinkers, and—(not included in any of the above classes) the most contented and loyal, as well as the most discontented and reforming of her politicians.—Thinking, as he sees all these pass by him, on where *he* is going, and the object of his errand—to hear what is called a “

lar Preacher"—and knowing, perhaps, the usual constitution of the assemblies which are accustomed to attend exhibitions of this kind—he may reasonably enough wonder within himself, what sort of a "Popular Preacher" that must be, who could contrive to attract an assembly formed in a great measure of the above-named classes of persons; and he may probably chuse to contrast such an assembly with the one he is about to form a part of—consisting, as he expects, of a score or two of ignorant fanatics, who take the preacher for a saint because he is candid enough to proclaim himself a sinner—as many youthful enthusiasts, in whom enthusiasm in others, or even the appearance of it, is capable of engendering its like—a few reasonable and sincere Christians, who go to Church on the Sabbath-day to worship their Maker, almost regardless of what they may hear there, secure of feeling the voice of piety and truth stirring within their own breasts; and, to make up the rest of the audience, a motley mixture of idlers of all kinds, led thither by anything rather than a sense of duty, or a desire to learn. But, as he arrives in the immediate neighbourhood of the place he is seeking, how will he be surprised to find that to the same spot are tending, or have arrived, all the distinguished persons, the sight of whom had led him into the above reflection; and he will then see that one has arisen among us, capable of attracting and fixing such an audience as he had barely supposed the possibility of. In fact, mind, under whatever form, or to whatever end it may develop itself—will attract mind; and the force of this attraction will generally be found to depend, as in physics, on the quantity of the attracting object; but on the medium through which it acts, not on the motive which causes its action, not on the subject about which it is employed, not even on the relative importance of that subject to the other minds so attracted; but solely to the quantity of kindred mind which is put forth. If a man of intellect and genius chuses to expatiate on a straw or a feather, men of intellect and genius will flock to hear him; if a fool holds forth on the salvation of the human soul, and the means of attaining for it eternal life—none but fools will listen.

On arriving at the doors of the Caledonian Chapel, our supposed reader will find that he has something more to do than pass quietly in, take his seat, and listen. If he has not provided himself with a ticket, he will have to wait till eleven o'clock, when the doors are opened to the public; he will have to take his chance in a crowd little less numerous and not a whit less boisterous than that which he may have formed a part of on the first night of one of Kean's performances; he will have to bear, if he can, the most excessive heat and the most intolerable pressure; and (worst of all, if he happens to be encumbered with any rather severe notions of the decencies and decorums which should prevail in a place of worship on a sabbath-day) he will have to witness a scene of noise, confusion, quarrelling, screaming, fainting, together with laughing, joking, and gossiping—aided by here and there one who is audibly deprecating all these—that he is not likely to have met with before, anywhere—and the like of which, in a Christian Church, he could not have anticipated, and will not believe till he sees. We will suppose him, however, to have attained a situation where he can see and hear the Preacher; who will now, at a few minutes after the doors are opened to the public, rise up before him. And now,

adieu to the scene of riot which he has hitherto been regarding with mingled feelings of surprise and indignation. *That*, and everything else that may have been occupying his thoughts till now, will vanish from them and be forgotten in a moment, and they will be seized, fixed, and rivetted by the extraordinary person who stands before him. In fact, we will at once unequivocally state our opinion, that it is to his personal appearance and manner Mr. Irving owes at least half his popularity. He is, without exception, the most striking looking person we have ever seen. With a figure grand, commanding, and perfectly well formed—a carriage filled to overflowing with the nobility of our nature, and evincing, to a degree not at all short of coxcombry, an intense consciousness of comparative superiority—features correspondent in a remarkable degree with each other and with the form which they crown, and instinct with intellectual life in every portion and in every movement of them—a complexion dark, clear, and uniformly pale all over, yet without the least appearance of care or ill-health—a head of hair coal-black, curling, clustering, and parted in the middle of the forehead so as to admit of its being flung back on either side—action, though evidently studied, yet in the highest degree animated, appropriate, and expressive—a voice deep, sonorous, and solemn, yet capable of enforcing the most opposite feelings and sentiments, from the most humble love and confiding hope, to the most cutting reproof or the bitterest sarcasm—and, finally, an enunciation singularly clear, distinct, and impressive;—these are the external and adventitious advantages which Mr. Irving possesses, as we conceive, over all his cotemporaries, without exception or comparison; and it would have been singular if, with these alone, he had not made some sensation on his arrival and establishment among us. But these are not sufficient, of themselves, to attract and satisfy the persons whom he is in the habit of collecting together. And, in fact, putting all these out of the question, he is not a common person. We shall speak freely of him, as he does every day of others. The mere external advantages which he possesses never yet did belong to a common-place person; but, on the other hand, they never yet did belong to a man of genius—to a person of very high intellectual gifts, or even to one of very extensive intellectual attainments, and accordingly we hold Mr. Irving to be about at an equal distance from each of these. Those who would depreciate him without knowing how, say that he is nothing; and those who would exalt him without knowing why, say that he is everything. But the truth is, that he is about as far from the one as from the other. He is a man of vigorous and fearless intellect; with a quick penetration; an acute judgment; a lively imagination; considerable knowledge of human nature, and a perfect willingness to adapt himself to the dictates of that knowledge; an entire self-possession and self-control; a perfect acquaintance with the weapons he employs, and an entire mastery over them, and a total absence of all scruples about turning those of his adversary to his own advantage; great skill in pressing a point where it will bear to be pressed, and great tact in seeing where it must be left to itself, slurred over, or blinked altogether; and, withal, an insurmountable self-complacency—not to call it an intense personal vanity—which, by strengthening his nerves and arming his intellectual courage, prompts him to think and feel, and say,

him to say and do things that other men, not so gifted, would either shrink from altogether, or spoil in the attempting.

The only points that we have observed in Mr. Irving, to set off against these advantages, are, a somewhat narrow fund of scholastic knowledge; a very limited share of taste; a mingled poverty and affectation of style, arising from a confined phraseology; an indifferent ear; and—a Scotch accent.

But there is nothing in all the above (the reader remarks) to account for the extraordinary effect which Mr. Irving produces. Others have possessed, upon the whole, at least equal claims to attention with him, who have preached their way quietly to their graves, unknown, and unsought-for out of the pale of their own flock. It is true: and this brings us to the other half of the secret of Mr. Irving's popularity. We have ventured to attribute a great portion of it to his personal appearance and manner. We will confidently refer the rest to the *mode* in which he applies the intellectual advantages he possesses. In the first place, he is a very clear, shrewd, and accomplished disputant; as far as it is his cue to reason, a most close and clever reasoner; and to reason and be reasoned with is the forte—or the foible (whichever you please) of Englishmen of a certain class of mind. The proverb which says, that "Seeing is believing, and feeling is the naked truth," is not always true with respect to them. They will not always be convinced by the evidence of their senses, still less by that of their imagination, under the name of faith; but you may reason them into anything. Cobbett is the most popular writer of the day because he is the clearest, shrewdest, strongest, and boldest reasoner; and he can, by means of this faculty, at any time convince half his readers that black is white one week, and that white is black the next. Mr. Irving is the most popular preacher of the day, in a great measure from the same cause. The rock on which his predecessors and his rivals have split is, the appealing, in too great a degree, to the *faith* of their hearers. Faith may safely enough be trusted to as a strong-hold in the minds of women and of enthusiasts; but it is but a sandy and uncertain foundation on which to build a lofty and ponderous superstructure in minds which have been accustomed to exercise and depend on their reason. Now Mr. Irving has seen this; and, with an intellectual courage worthy of the cause which he is pleading, he steps boldly into the field, and professes to establish the Christian Religion on a footing of pure reason. We speak now, in particular, of the line which he has adopted in the course of his last few Sundays, during which time his popularity has increased to a pitch that it had never reached during any former period of his ministry here. He has the skill, too, to make use of his reasoning faculty, and that of his hearers, as an offensive as well as a defensive weapon. With the battering-ram of his arguments he first beats down all systems of Religion that are founded on natural evidences, and all systems of morals that would attempt to do without a religion; he then, magnanimously enough, flings himself for the moment out of the strong-hold of a future state of rewards and punishments, and professes to shew that, without the Christian Religion, as revealed from on high, we are, even here in our present finite state, not a whit better than the beasts that perish. It is true, this is no *proof* that the Christian Religion has been revealed from on high. But that is no business

of his. He, of course, *assumes that*, all along; because he professes to preach, and does preach, the religion of the Bible. Again: He bids us look at what the Greeks and Romans were, without a revealed Religion. But if you were to ask him whether we, who *have a revealed Religion*, are better citizens, better subjects, better fathers, better sons, better husbands, better wives—whether we are upon the whole wiser and happier than they, who had it not?—he would probably reply—*We, who have it, are*;—if you are not so, *you have it not*—whatever you may profess; for to make people so, is its natural and necessary consequence.

But we are travelling somewhat beyond the limits of our proposed course. We merely mention this, as one of the weak points necessarily involved in the line of teaching which Mr. Irving has thought proper to adopt, since our attention has been attracted towards him. If he makes the Christian Religion an *object* of reason, he at the same time lays it open to be made the *subject* of reason; which it is evidently above, as well as beyond. And to part with Faith from a religion of whatever denomination, is to part with its soul. Or rather, a Religion without faith is a contradiction in terms; for Religion is faith. To attempt to establish, in the minds and hearts of his audience, Religion without the aid of Faith, may gain him *hearers*, but it will never gain him *converts*. And, moreover, it is exactly equivalent to doing that which he himself so delights to ridicule and vituperate; namely, to attempt to establish a morality without a Religion.

Mr. Irving's chusing to employ reason, then, as his chief weapon in favor of Christianity, as well as against infidelity, is one cause of his popularity. We conceive another to be his perpetual employment of a sarcastic and satirical vein, in reference to persons, subjects, and things which are at the present moment universally known and universally interesting. He flies at everything, and at every body—Art, Science, Literature, Politics, Government, Fashion—all these as they exist in all parts of civilized Europe, and all the persons and things that are publicly connected with them.

"Nought is for him too high, or aught too low." And he treats of them all in the manner of a man sure of his mark, superior to all consequences, and out of the reach of all reply. He may find himself mistaken in this. But, in the meantime, his end is achieved. People like to hear their betters abused; and do not much object to fancying themselves included, provided it be done with a high hand, and not in too personal a manner. The first statesmen in the land go to hear Mr. Irving's philippics against statesmen who profess to govern a nation without the aid of Religion; because it is impossible he should mean *them*—though he fixes his eye upon them as he speaks, and causes half his audience to do the same!—The poets and critics go to hear him insist that, though poetry and criticism are good things, all poets and critics are paltry fellows! And if he were to preach on any other day than Sunday, the ministers of the Gospel would flock to hear him declare that the stage is better served than the pulpit, and disprove his own assertion in his own person! In short, there is nothing in the world so attractive as personality; and there is no preacher a tenth part so personal as Mr. Irving.

The third and last cause which we shall mention, as contributing to

Mr. Irving's extraordinary popularity, is the perfectly original manner in which he puts forth the matter that he has to offer to the attention of his hearers; and we conceive the crying *fault* of this manner to be the chief reason of its attractiveness. Being fully aware that Sincerity itself in a public teacher is not enough, but that the evident *appearance* of it must be superadded, his determination to be earnest and fervent frequently betrays him into a semblance of malice and vindictiveness. His abhorrence of *sin* is so great, that at times it appears to escape him under the form of hatred and contempt for *sinners*. In short, he sometimes preaches "the Gospel of peace"—that which "bringeth glad tidings of great joy"—not as if it were a message of mercy and pardon to those who will receive it, but merely an anathema of destruction against those who will not. We do not, of course, complain of his having the spirit and good sense to abandon that cant of meekness, humility, and brotherly love, which is the besetting vice of his cloth, and which is very apt to beget the contempt and indifference it is intended to hide; but, on the other hand, an impudent assumption of superiority was never yet an evidence of its actual existence, except in the minds of the vulgar and the weak of all classes. But that assumption is attractive nevertheless; and perhaps Mr. Irving thinks himself justified in putting it on, in order to gain the ear and heart of those who might be lost without his aid!

Having thus gone through, at greater length than we at first intended, what seem to be the principal causes of this preacher's unprecedented popularity, it only remains to add in what other particulars he differs from his cotemporaries and fellow-labourers in the same work. Of his doctrines (which, however, he seldom puts forth in any very pointed manner) it is unnecessary to speak in detail, since they are those which are well known under the denomination of the High Scotch Kirk. With respect to his manner of arranging his discourse, we conceive it to be most artfully inartificial. There is no formal opening—no what may be called *mechanical* division—no peroration. And yet there is no abruptness—no irrelevancy—and no confusion. He generally begins with a slight reference to some of his previous discourses, and a simple announcement of the line of argument he means to adopt in the present; and then goes on naturally enough, as the points in question seem to suggest and call forth each other. This line is frequently lengthened out (not broken) by what cannot properly be called *bursts*, but structures of metaphorical eloquence, very skillfully and imaginatively piled up, and occasionally made to bear very pointedly and powerfully upon the question in hand. The foundation stone or nucleus of these is generally drawn from some highly popular and well known source—Shakespeare, and the Scotch novels not excluded.

With respect to Mr. Irving's general style, I have said above that it is somewhat meagre, and, at the same time, affected; but it is, in fact, without any peculiar character of its own, and its parts are far from being consistent with each other. It is now plain to a degree of baldness—now ornamented to a pitch of garishness; now sober even to severity—now inflated even to bombast; now modern even to an implicit observance of Lindley Murray—now antique even to a servile imitation of Jeremy Taylor; and we have not observed that these changes are very carefully adapted to the thoughts and sentiments

which they clothe. Above all, his style is at times unpolished, and even ungrammatical to a degree that can scarcely be attributed to haste, since he reads every word of his discourses.

Finally, there is in Mr. Irving's action and demeanour, occasionally, a something that is quite peculiar to himself, and that is likely to remain so; at least, in the pulpit. It is chiefly used when he would express a particular degree of disapprobation; and consists of a blurring motion of the lips, a fearful contracting of the brows, and a swaying backwards and forwards of the head over the left shoulder, which we know not how to distinguish by any specific title that would sound decorous on the occasion. If the manner we speak of were exhibited elsewhere than in the pulpit, it might be called swaggering.

It is remarkable that every body discovers a general likeness between Mr. Irving and Mr. Kean, though there is not the slightest similarity in any particular features, or in any part of the form. The truth is, Mr. Irving is to the pulpit, in some degree, what Mr. Kean is to the stage; and we are half disposed to believe that; but for the previous success of the one, that of the other would never have been heard of. There is, however, this especial difference between them—that the preacher is a man of talent only, while the actor is a man of high genius.

FEMALE INFANTICIDE.

WE are informed by the Newspapers, that the new piece coming out at Drury-lane Theatre, called the Cataract of the Ganges, is founded upon incidents supposed to arise out of one or other of the horrid infanticide practices in India. It may happen that the simple exposure on the banks of the Ganges forms the ground-work of the story, but it also may be borrowed from the much more extraordinary organised and systematic murder of female infants by their parents in Guzerat, which, within these twenty years, has been so happily put an end to by a humane and disinterested exertion of the British influence in India. The full evidence of the existence of the custom alluded to was first obtained by Mr. Duncan, a civil servant of the East India Company, when at Surat and Bombay, in the year 1800; and it is lamentable to add, that they were subsequently established beyond controversy. The Jarejahs, a leading tribe in Guzerat, supplied, possibly, the only instance of a people upon earth, who, without any absolutely explainable motive, imposed upon themselves the duty of systematically destroying the whole of their female offspring. Colonel Walker, the British military resident in Guzerat, who was directed by the Company to enquire into the facts, thinks it probable, from an account which he received at Barroda, that the custom arose from a reluctance on the part of the Jarejahs to give their daughters in marriage to the invading Mahometans. When the above gentleman, in the spirit of his instructions, interceded for the abrogation of a custom so revolting and detestable, he found it extremely difficult to induce the Jarejahs to listen to him. The excuses made were the trouble and expence of providing them with husbands of suitable rank. The Jarejahs themselves procured wives from another tribe called Sada; and such was the barbarous inveteracy of these women, that even when

Mahometans, they continued the same practice, against the inclination and religion of their husbands, destroying their own progeny without remorse, with a view to benefit the tribe from which they were descended. The Jarejahs spoke freely of the custom of putting their daughters to death, but were more reserved on the mode of their execution. They appeared at first unwilling to be questioned on the subject, and usually replied that it was an office of the women,—it belonged to the nursery, and made no part of the business of men. "What trouble in blasting a flower!" said one of them significantly. It appeared, however, that the most frequent methods were to drown them in milk or to put opium into their mouths; but no particular manner was laid down, except that they were to be dispatched immediately, the mothers being the usual executioners. The latter have even been known to pride themselves on the destruction of their daughters, and to consider their murder as an act of duty, though, as they are mild, modest, and affectionate, if they belonged to any other tribe, they would abhor it. But indeed, the whole of the Jarejahs at first rather piqued themselves on this custom as an honourable distinction. Of the extremely few females who were allowed to escape the general fate, Colonel Walker could never find out that they had been spared either out of affection or humanity, except in two instances, and one of them in the person of a professed robber. Is it not Lord Byron who talks of lilies occasionally springing up on rocks of Granite? and we prefer a robber to a Bramin at any time.

The name of the man to whom sentiment and feeling might be supposed strangers, was Huttaji. With the aspect and manners of a barbarian, Colonel Walker found him to possess all the feelings of natural affection, which led him to cherish two daughters, in opposition to the spirit and prejudices of his tribe. They were between six and eight years of age, when they were brought to Colonel Walker's camp to be vaccinated, and he observed their father caressing them with pleasure, and exulting in them with true parental affection. It exhibits a strong feature in the character of the Jarejahs, and of their feelings with respect to their daughters, that these girls wore turbans, and were habited like *boys*, and, as if afraid or ashamed to acknowledge their sex, assured the Colonel that they were not *girls*, and with infantine simplicity appealed to their father to corroborate the assertion.

A long negociation followed to induce the Jarejahs to relinquish Infanticide, but so rooted are the Hindoos to their customs, good or bad, the most formidable obstacles are to be surmounted, and for a long time Colonel Walker was amused and chagrined with promises and disappointments from a Chief whose interest it was to cultivate the favour of the Company; but at length, in 1807, the following letter was obtained from Jehaji, a Jarejah Chief:—

"You have often urged me to adopt some course to preserve my daughter, and I am convinced you look upon me as your own when you desire me to do this; but the Jarejahs have from *ancient times killed their daughters*, and I cannot first set a new example.* I am much annoyed by Mallia; if, therefore, you reduce Mallia, and keep it sub-

* The murder-inducing Irish system is retained precisely on the principle here avowed by the Jarejah Chief.

ject to the Company, or give it to me, as well as restore Hunalla; if you should favour me so much, my present distress will be removed, and I will meet your wishes in preserving my daughters."

By this paper the inviolability of the principle was given up, and Colonel Walker was encouraged to apply to the mother of the Chief; but *she* contended for the ancient privilege of the caste—adding, at the same time, that the "Jarejahs have never reared their daughters, nor can it now be the case." The Colonel, however, ceased not his attacks upon Jehaji, from whom, after much solicitation, and giving him to understand the advantages and credit which he would derive from the Company, by complying with their request, he obtained a writing to the following effect:—"From motives of friendship, the Honourable Company have urged me to preserve my daughters; to this I consent, if the Chiefs of Newanagger and Gondar agree." By the influence of a Bramin, the Gondar Chief was at length prevailed upon to enter into a formal obligation to renounce for ever the practice of infanticide. The following is a translation of this most curious instrument.

"Whereas, the Honourable English Company and Anand Rao Gaikawar Serra Khasil Shumsher Baheder, having set forth to us the dictates of the Sastras and the true faith of the Hindoos; as well as that the Brahmervaiverkeka Purana declares the killing of children to be a heinous sin, it being written, that it is as great an offence to kill an embryo as a Bramin; that to kill one woman is as great a sin as a hundred Bramins; that to put one child to death is as great a sin as to kill a hundred women; and that the perpetrators of this sin shall be damned to the hell Kulesoothca, where he shall be infested with as many maggots as he may have hairs on his body; be born again a leper, and debilitated in all his members:—We, Jarejah Dewaji and Koer Nuthar, Zanenders of Gondar (the custom of female infanticide having long prevailed in our caste) do hereby agree for ourselves and for our offspring for ever, for the sake of our own prosperity and the credit of the Hindoo faith, that we shall from this day renounce this practice; and that in default of this, that we acknowledge ourselves offenders against the Sirkars. Moreover, should any one in future commit this offence, we shall expel him from our caste, and he shall be punished according to the pleasure of the two governments, and the rule of the Sastras."

This was readily signed by all the chiefs except one, who at length also consented, and the happiest effects were immediately experienced. The annual amount of female infanticides in Guzarat had been estimated at *five thousand*; at the end of the year 1808, *three* only appeared to have been committed from the date of the above paper, and one of them rested merely on report.

In a subsequent expedition through that part of the country, Colonel Walker, on his halt at Dhevole, had all the neighbouring Jarejahs, who preserved their children, brought to his tent. He well describes his emotions on the occasion, and the gratification he experienced in observing the triumph of nature, feeling and parental affection, over prejudice and a horrid superstition; and that those, who but a short period before would have doomed their infants to destruction without compunction, should thus glory in their preservation. The Jarejah fathers, who were with such difficulty brought to listen to the preser-

vation of their daughters, now exhibited them with pride and fondness. Their mothers placed their infants in the hands of Colonel Walker, and called on him and their Gods to protect what he alone had taught them to preserve. These infants they emphatically called *his* children; and it is likely that this distinction will continue to exist for some years, at least, in Guzarat.

Such is the substance collected from the report of Colonel Walker to the East India Company, of as affecting and interesting a triumph on the part of reason and humanity over barbarity and prejudice, as was ever recorded. Whether the forthcoming spectacle at Drury-lane Theatre be founded on these very extraordinary customs, we know not; but we have no doubt that our readers will agree with us, that they are admirably well adapted for the picturesque and melodramatic department of the theatre, which may dispense with a portion of the verisimilitude which is essential to the regular drama. *Le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable*, is an adage to be attended to by the latter; but possibly the former may be occasionally favoured by a neglect of it. At all events, we think that some of the theatres whose business is spectacle and the marvellous, might make use of a narrative so capable at once of striking and affecting incident, romantic scenery, and stage effect. To be sure, as Bayes says, it might be necessary to "insinuate the plot into the boxes," by means of a little printed explanation; but this we believe is often found necessary in the extravaganza line already.

COMMON PLACES.—(Continued.)

LIV.

Authors, a short time since, set upon Government:—Government have of late turned the tables on them, and set upon authors. In one respect, it must be confessed, the court-tools have greatly the advantage of us: they can go all lengths in vulgar Billingsgate and abuse, without being charged with vulgarity. They have the sanction of the Court; they plead the King's privilege. It is not to be supposed that any thing inelegant or gross can be patronised at Carlton-house. Every thing about a place, even the convenience of an Admiralty-secretary, must, one would think, be kept sweet and wholesome. But instead of the last refinement and polish, they treat us with nothing, but garbage. A lie and a nickname are their favourite figures of rhetoric—the alternate substitutes for wit and argument—the twin-supporters of the Bible and the Crown. They use us (it seems) contrary to the advice of Hamlet, "according to our own deserts, and not their own dignity." The dirt they fling sticks on their opponents, without soiling their own fingers. Loyalty is "the true fuller's earth that takes out all stains." At all events, do or say what they can, it is they who are the *gentlemen*, and we who are the *blackguards*. If we were to call Sir Walter Scott a *Sawney* writer, or Mr. Croker *Jackey*, it would be thought shocking, indecent, vulgar, and no one would look at our publication twice: yet on the Tory side, the same thing passes for the height of sense and wit; and ladies of quality are delighted with the *John Bull*, gentlemen read *Blackwood*, and divines take in the *Quarterly*. There

is Mr. William Madford of the *Courier*, a rapid common-place hack, pert and dull—but who would think of calling him by the diminutive of his Christian name? No; these are the extreme resources reserved for the Court-classics, who, in the zeal of their loyalty, are allowed to forget their manners. There is, in fact, nothing too mean for the genius of these writers, or too low for the taste of their employers.

LV.

A Tory can rise no higher than *the assumption of a question*. If he relied on any thing but custom and authority, he would cease to be a Tory. He has a prejudice in favour of certain *things*, and against certain *persons*. This is all he knows of the matter. He therefore gives you assertions for argument, and abuse for wit. If you ask a reason for his opinions, he calls you names; and if you ask why he does so, he proves that he is in the right, by repeating them a thousand times. A nickname is with him the test of truth. It vents his spleen, strengthens his own prejudices, and communicates them mechanically to his hearers.

LVI.

When an Elector of Hanover is made into a King of England, what does he become in the course of a century?—A George the Fourth.

LVII.

If I were to give a toast at a loyal and patriotic meeting, it should be—*Down with the Stuarts all-over the world!*

LVIII.

The taste of the Great in pictures is singular, but not unaccountable. The King is said to prefer the Dutch to the Italian School of painting; and if you hint your surprise at this, you are looked upon as a very Gothic and *outré* sort of person. You are told, however, by way of consolation—"To be sure, there is Lord Cardisle likes an Italian picture—Mr. Holwell Carr likes an Italian picture—the Marquis of Stafford is fond of an Italian picture—Sir George Beaumont likes an Italian picture!"—These, notwithstanding, are regarded as quaint and daring exceptions to the established rule; and their preference is a species of *lèse-majesté* in the Fine Arts, as great an eccentricity and want of fashionable etiquette, as if any gentleman or nobleman still preferred old claret to new, when the King is known to have changed his mind on this subject, or was guilty of the offence of dipping his fore-finger and thumb in the middle of a snuff-box, instead of gradually approximating the contents to the edge of the box, according to the most approved models. One would imagine that the great and exalted station would like lofty subjects in works of art, whereas they seem to have an exclusive predilection for the mean and mechanical. One would think those whose word is law, would be pleased with the great and striking effects of the pencil;* on the contrary, they admire nothing but the little and elaborate. They have a fondness for cabinet or *furniture* pictures, and a proportionable antipathy to works of

* The Duke of Wellington, it is said, cannot enter into the merits of Raphael, but he admires "the spirit and fire of Tintoret" I do not wonder at this bias. A sentiment, probably, never dawned upon his Grace's mind; but he may be supposed to relish the dashing execution and *hit or miss* manner of the Venetian artist. Oh, Raphael! well is it that it was one who did not understand thee, that blundered upon the destruction of humanity!

genius. Even arts with them must be servile, to be tolerated. Perhaps the seeming contradiction may be thus explained. These persons are raised so high above the rest of the species, that the more violent and agitating pursuits of mankind appear to them like the turmoil of ants on a mole-hill. Nothing interests them but their own pride and self-importance. Our passions are to them an impertinence; an expression of high sentiment they rather shrink from as a ludicrous and upstart assumption of equality. They, therefore, like what glitters to the eye, what is smooth to the touch; but they shun, by an instinct of sovereign taste, whatever has a soul in it, and implies a *reciprocity* of feeling. The gods of the earth can have no interest in any thing human; they are cut off from all sympathy with "the bosoms and businesses of men." Instead of requiring to be wound up beyond their habitual feeling of stately dignity, they wished to have the springs of our strained pretension let down, to be relaxed with "trifles light as air," to be amused with the familiar and frivolous, and to have the world appear a scene of *still life*, except as they disturb it! The little in thought and internal sentiment is a necessary relief and set-off to the oppressive sense of external magnificence. Hence Kings babble and repeat they know not what. A childish dotage often accompanies the consciousness of absolute power. Repose is somewhere necessary, and the soul sleeps, while the senses gloat around. Besides, the mechanical and highly finished style of art may be considered as something *done to order*. It is a task to be executed more or less perfectly, according to the price given and the industry of the artist. We stand by, as it were, see the work done, insist upon a greater degree of neatness and accuracy, and exercise a sort of petty, jealous jurisdiction over each particular. We are judges of the minuteness of the details, and though ever so nicely executed, as they give us no ideas beyond what they had before, we do not feel humbled in the comparison. The artisan scarcely rises into the artist; and the name of genius is degraded, rather than exalted in his person. The performance is so far ours that we have paid for it, and the highest price is all that is necessary to produce the highest finishing. But it is not so in works of genius and imagination. Their price is above rubies. The inspiration of the Muse comes not with the *fiat* of a monarch, with the donation of a patron; and therefore the Great turn with disgust or effeminate indifference from the mighty masters of the Italian school, because such works baffle and confound their self-will, and make them feel that there is something in the mind of man which they can neither give nor take away.

"Quam nihil ad tuum, Papinane, ingenium!"

LIX.

The style of conversation in request in courts proceeds much upon the same principle. It is low, and it is little. I have known a few persons who have had access to the Presence (and who might be supposed to catch what they could of the tone of royalty at second-hand, bating the dignity—God knows there was nothing of that!)—and I should say they were the *highest finishers* in this respect I ever met with. No circumstance escaped them, they worked out all the details (whether to the purpose or not) like a fac-simile, they mimicked every thing, explained every thing, the story was not *told*, but acted over again. It is true, there were no *grandes pensées*, there was a complete truce with

all thought and reflection—but they were everlasting dealers in matters of fact, and there was no end of their minute prolixity—one must suppose this mode pleased their betters, or was copied from them. Dogberry's declaration—"Were I as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all upon your worship"—is not perhaps so much a blunder of the clown's, as a sarcasm of the poet's. Are we to account for the effect (as before) from supposing that their overstrained attention to great things makes them seek for a change in little ones? Or that their idea of themselves as raised above every one else is confirmed by dwelling on the meanest and most insignificant objects? Or is it that from their ignorance and seclusion from the world, every thing is alike new and wonderful to them? Or that dreading the insincerity of those about them, they exact an extraordinary degree of trifling accuracy, and require every one to tell a story, as if he was giving evidence on oath before a court of justice? West said that the late King used to get him up into a corner, and fairly put his hands before him so that he could not get away, till he had got every particular out of him relating to the affairs of the Royal Academy. This weakness in the mind of kings has been well insisted on by Peter Pindar. It is of course like one of the spots in the sun.

TABLE TALK.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.—It was reported of this eminent painter, that he shared with his man Ralph in the money which the latter received on showing his pictures. In allusion to this rumour, Dr. Farmer once happily quoted the lines from Hudibras,—

A squire he had, whose name was Ralph,
Who in th' adventure went his half.

There are certain tasks which are peculiarly inappropriate to the leviathans of learning. Bentley made sad work with Milton, and Warburton's Shakespeare was a miserable affair. Quin's observation on the publication of the latter was pleasant and correct. "He ought to have stuck to his own *Bible*, and not have meddled with ours."

It is a great mistake to suppose that a philosophical spirit is in direct contradistinction to an imaginative one. On the contrary, the highest order of thinkers and discoverers, such as Bacon, Newton, and Leibnitz, are mainly indebted to the imaginative faculty. A case in point:—The latter, when occupied in his philosophical reasonings on his "Law of Continuity," his singular sagacity enabled him to predict a discovery which was afterwards realized,—he *imagined* the necessary existence of a polypus. The supposition of Columbus in regard to the existence of a Western Continent, was also imaginative.

When custom was urged in favour of some abuses which the Chancellor Audley wished to put down, he replied, "The usage hath been to rob at Shooter's-hill; is it therefore lawful?" We are not quite sure that Mr. Banks would not reply, Yes. He certainly would, as to some sort of Gadshill people. In Ireland, thousands of interested people brawl an affirmative every day.

In the Russian language, the terms *beautiful*, *red*, and *coloured*, are all times represented by the same word. Was a consequent confusion in the head of the unhappy Paul the cause of his erecting that absurdity, his *red palace*?

The modern chivalry, which so exalts the female, has seldom, even in manners, extended to the monarch, at least out of France. A billet-doux of the Emperor Charles V. is preserved in the last page of an illuminated prayer-book in the Imperial library at Vienna, which was a gift from that sovereign to his mistress. It thus gallantly concludes, "*Je suis votre bon maître*, CHARLES QUINT."

IMMORTALITY.

Life is eternal thought;
Think ye the womb
Can be the primal stage
Of a Spirit's doom?
There is life forgotten,
This life before—
And the life that cometh after
We leave the world's shore.
From Godhead to Angel,
From man to the fly,
Burns the fire of intelligence:—
Nothing can die.
All are expanding lights,
Nor the Deity
Doth a single star of that host;
To darkness decree.
Death is an idle name
It is but change,
Or the draught of oblivion,
That maketh things strange.
We are a part of God,
And ever must be;
He is the lonely Lord
Of bright Eternity.
To the curve as its asymptote
Flieth evermore,
To the love that is perfection
The spirit shall soar.*

* This simile of the soul approaching perfection through all Eternity, but, like that mathematical line which pursues but never unites with another, ever distant from its goal, is to be found in the writings of Addison.

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REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Matins and Vespers, with Hymns and Occasional Devotional Pieces.
By John Bowring.

IF we study human character and the mind of man, we shall find the great leading mental distinctions more reducible to classification than might be at first imagined. No doubt, as we approach the individual, in the scale of descent the varieties are perplexing and numerous; but it is surprising how many of these may be legitimately marshalled under a few general indications of taste, temperament, and predisposition. Hume, without attempting any thing very profound or systematic on the subject, has supplied very elegant sketches of four grand characteristic tendencies, under the respective denominations of the STOIC, or man of lofty and determined moral rectitude; the SCEPTIC, or subtle, acute, and investigative inquirer; the EPICUREAN, or votary of elegant and refined self-enjoyment; and the PLATONIST, or tender and devotional contemplatist. Hume, in adopting these Grecian distinctions, by no means confined himself to the mere learned acceptance of them, but borrowed the terms, because the associations connected with them might assist a more general application. We refer to them with a similar restriction; to which we may add, that however debased and vulgarised by ignorance or unfavourable circumstances, one of these dispositions of the Grecian schools is traceable in nearly every individual. What stage of life will not exhibit a sense of the dignity of moral self-estimation,—display a restless, curious, and disputatious spirit of enquiry,—a disposition to self enjoyment, which, however guarded, is always on the brink of the Circean cup, and too often a slave to it,—and lastly, a warm and devotional enthusiasm, which creates a pillow for the soul out of the “evidence of things unseen,” and excites to an eternal sentiment of contemplative adoration,—no matter how coarse the materials of the pillow aforesaid, or how vague, inadequate, or even monstrous, the idea of the object adored. The poor savage, who is particularly disposed to “see God in clouds, or hear him in the wind,” in his mental constitution is not very materially distinguished from the sentimental devotee, whose fancy is replete with sublime and beautiful images, and whose soul, abounding with lofty and eloquent aspirations, soars among the most distinguished of the spirits whose essence, as Emanuel Swedenburgh might say, is LOVE.

We have been led into the foregoing observations by Mr. Bowring's Preface, which clearly ranks him among Hume's Platonists, as will be seen by the following remarks, which not being very long, we give entire :—

"Those who are acquainted with the little volume by Dr. Witschel, entitled, *Morgen und Abend Opfer*, which has passed through several editions in Germany, will see how largely I have been indebted to it. It first suggested the idea, that a similar collection might serve the purpose of religion and virtue at home.

"So much of serene and so much of joyful feeling, so much of calm and grateful recollection, so much of present peace and comfort, and so much of holy and transporting hope, are connected with the cultivation of the devotional spirit,—that to assist its exercises, to administer to its wants, and to accompany its heavenly aspirations, are objects worthy of the noblest, the best ambition.

"In attempting to give some of the ornaments of song to such contemplations and such expressions as become those who have formed a true estimate of life and of the ends of living, I trust I have never forgotten that the substance of piety is of higher interest than any of its decorations,—that the presence of truth is of more importance than the garment it wears.

"I have often witnessed, with complacency and delight, the consoling influence produced by the recollection of some passage of devotional poetry, under circumstances the most disheartening and sufferings the most oppressive. Should any fragment of this little book, remembered and dwelt upon in moments of gloom and anxiety, tend to restore peace, to awaken fortitude, to renew or to create confidence in heaven, I shall have obtained the boon for which I pray,—the end to which I aspire.

"These Hymns were not written in the pursuit of fame or literary triumph. They are full of borrowed images, of thoughts and feeling excited less by my own contemplations than by the writings of others. I have not sought to be original. To be useful is my first ambition—that obtained, I am indifferent to the rest."

The plan of Mr. Bowring is somewhat formal: There are Matins and Vespers for every day in the week, and these are repeated for each of the four seasons of the year. If we were disposed to be very critical, we should say, that as these poetical meditations are not made especially applicable to the change of season, we perceive no advantage in this arrangement. But these are minor considerations; the merit of this volume appears to us to consist chiefly in the pathos and delicacy of the poetical feeling scattered over it. This diffusive sort of merit renders adequate extract difficult; but possibly, as a single specimen, the following "*Evening Thoughts on Death*" may be found sufficiently characteristic :—

"The good man dies—it grieves us:
Why should the good man die?
He dies—but, dying, leaves us
A lasting legacy.
And this becomes our comforter;
And sweeter is the thought
Of him who is departed,
Than all that death hath left :—
No longer, broken-hearted,
Deem that thou art bereft;
For, O! the good man's memory
Is sweeter far than aught.

No sorrows now disturb him,
No disappointment there;
No worldly pride to curb him
In his sublime career:
Heaven's azure arch is over him,
Earth's tranquil breast beneath.

The stars are brightly glowing,
 The breezes play around,
 The flowers are sweetly blowing,
 The dew is on the ground,
 And emerald mosses cover him—
 How beautiful is death!

His life—a summer's eve,
 Whose sun of light, the best
 Amidst the clouds of heaven,
 Leaves streams of brightness yet;
 And thus he sinks victoriously
 Into his ocean throne:
 Then darkness gathers round him—
 'Tis but a night:—again
 He bursts the chains that bound him;
 He rises from the main,
 And marches heavenward gloriously
 In splendours of its own.

You gems so sweetly sparkling
 On heaven's cerulean deep,
 What time the twilight darkling
 Brings nature's hours of sleep,
 Are perhaps the bright receptacles
 Of disembodied souls;—
 Of souls that, long desiring
 Some more than mortal joy,
 Burst in their proud aspiring,
 And fix themselves on high;
 And on this earth look tenderly,
 That low beneath them rolls.

Yes! in those orbs of glory
 Methinks I see the ray,
 Which wisdom's sages hoary
 Have scattered o'er my way,
 With brighter wisdom perfected,
 All strength—all purity.
 In yonder gentle star-light
 I see the holy tear,
 Glistening in fair tho' far light,
 Which once consoled me here—
 Till I was left in wretchedness,
 And none to weep with me.

Roll on, fair worlds! and over
 Earth's vale your torches blend:
 In each my thoughts discover
 Smiles of some cherished friend,
 Whose melancholy pilgrimage
 Wears the heart no more.
 O yes! I hear their voices,
 O yes! their forms I see;
 And then my soul rejoices,
 And raptured seems to be
 Their momentary visitant;
 But soon the dream is o'er.

I'll build a fane Elysian
 Among those towers divine,
 And there in hallowed vision,
 When gloomy thoughts are mine,
 Will soar in glowing ecstasy—
 There shall my joys be stored;
 And there my soul, reposing
 On contemplation's breast,

When earthly scenes are closing,
Shall find a place of rest,
And leave this lowly solitude
Forgotten—undeplored.

This volume will be popular among a large class of devotional people, and might reasonably be so among all; but we suspect that there are still larger bodies to whom its unity and intellectuality will form no recommendation, however aided by religious fervour and poetical feeling,—partisans to whom the “issues” of all finely touched spirits are but *splendida peccata*, if they pronounce not their *shibboleth*, and echo not their *slang*. Q.

THE NEAPOLITAN BANDIT*.

WHEN I was at Naples some years since, I was much struck by the following relation, which I believe to be in every respect authentic. It contains some interesting traits of the generosity, humanity, and fearless temper of our English Naval Officers; and offers, at the same time, a casual specimen of the native ferocity, and cool disregard in shedding human blood, which characterises the Italian Bandit.

A party of Englishmen, consisting of some travellers and the principal officers of two frigates then lying off Naples, were dining at the house of the English Minister. In the course of the evening, a conversation was started on the subject of the frequent robberies which, at that period, were continually taking place in the Neapolitan territory, and on the confines between that and the Roman states. This conversation naturally led to a discussion on the character of the famous Bandit-chief Gregorio, who had recently distinguished himself by uncommon acts of depredation, displaying at the same time occasional traits of courage, generosity, and devotedness, which were well worthy of a better cause.

The most attentive listener to this exciting conversation was Captain D—, who commanded one of the frigates already mentioned. There are some chords of common sympathy which belong to the brave of every class; and their vibration was, on this occasion, powerfully awakened in the mind of Captain D—, by the relation of the extraordinary facts to which he had so attentively listened. He could not refrain from expressing the strongest desire to behold the Bandit Gregorio; and this overpowering wish was even less manifested by the form of words which he used, than by the expression of energy and an eagerness to gratify his curiosity, which was depicted on his countenance.

Some days had elapsed since the conversation to which I have alluded took place, when Captain D—, accompanied by a friend, was taking his evening ride in the direction of Capo di Monte. Having ascended that eminence, they had left their carriage, and walked forward to some distance. Although deeply engaged in conversation, they could not help observing two men, who were partly loitering about,

* Our word Bandit is derived from the Italian *bandito*, or more properly from the verb *bandire*, to proscribe. The plural, *banditi*, is a corruption of the Italian plural, *banditi*.

and partly pursuing the track which they had taken. The dress of these men was similar to that worn by the lawless marauders who infest this territory, but their countenances and manner betrayed nothing like an evil intention—there rather appeared a desire on their part to attract the notice of the English gentlemen: for what purpose, could not possibly be divined.

They at length succeeded in commencing a conversation, which soon led, probably from design, to the mention of the frequent robberies which had lately been committed, even in the very neighbourhood of the capital, and to the subject of the bandit who, in spite of the increased activity of Gens d'armes and police-officers, had established and maintained their abode in the wild fastnesses which divide the Neapolitan and Roman states. The Englishmen enquired of the strangers what was their occupation. They replied, without any reserve, that they were robbers, declaring at the same time that they fearlessly avowed themselves as such to English officers, from whom they could not have the slightest apprehension of treachery. But these men had an object in view; and as it was now growing dark, and they were already nearly within sight of the carriage, no time was to be lost. One of them therefore, with some hesitation, observed to Captain D— that he was aware that the latter had, a few evenings since, at the table of the English minister, expressed an earnest desire to see the famous bandit-chief Gregorio. Continuing to address himself to Captain D— “I am the friend of Gregorio,” he said, “he is my leader; and if you will assure me that your wish proceeded from a strong and worthy feeling, and not from a momentary impulse of light curiosity, I will answer for its gratification.” Captain D— was greatly surprised by this sudden and unexpected appeal. He however instantly declared that he desired most fervently to see Gregorio, and that he was ready to encounter both trouble and risk, could he thereby hope to realise such a desire. The stranger assured him that its accomplishment depended upon himself, and that if he would confide in him, and act with honour and courage, he would ensure to him an interview with his chief. Captain D— continuing to express his readiness to comply with any terms that might be proposed, the stranger directed him to repair on the following evening to a spot, which he most particularly described, a few miles without the city, in the direction of Pauslipo—“You will,” he said, “come to a grass-field, at the extremity of which is a wood; in this field you will observe a woman dressed as a peasant, two children will be playing near her. So soon as this woman sees you arrive, she will quit the field, and enter into the wood: Follow her, and your curiosity will be gratified. But let no one accompany you, and let the present interview remain a secret; or, to your regret, you will lose your labour, and the present opportunity will never be renewed.” The interview between the two Englishmen and the robbers now ended. Captain D— and his friend returned to Naples, with a fixed determination on the mind of the former to pursue this interesting adventure. Towards dusk, on the following evening, he arrived at the spot which had been so accurately described. He saw the peasant in the grass field; and the two children were playing near her. On his approach the peasant quitted the field, and entered the wood. Captain D— followed. They proceeded

till they reached a small hut, which having entered, the female closed the door of a room, into which she had led the Captain—and he remained, for a few minutes, alone. Suddenly the door was opened, and a tall athletic figure, in the bandit-costume, stood before him. “I am Gregorio!” he said, “whom your desire to see has brought hither. Your wish is realised, and your confidence is not misplaced.” A conversation of some length ensued, which, for the sake of brevity, I pass over. Before they parted, the robber confessed to Captain D— that he had purposely contrived an interview with him, from the hope which he had conceived of obtaining his assistance in carrying into effect a project, of which the success was of vital importance to him. “I am weary,” he said, “of my present mode of life, which, besides, being naturally full of danger and harassing in the extreme, is, at the present moment, rendered infinitely more so to me by the very critical situation in which I am personally placed. Great rewards are offered for my apprehension—extraordinary measures have been of late adopted, of which I am, in fact, the principal object. My safest retreats have been discovered, and many among my followers are of doubtful faith. They may be allured by hopes of indemnity, or dazzled by the amount of the reward which awaits their treachery. Under the pressure of these circumstances, I have meditated an escape from this country, and I implore you to afford me your assistance.”

Captain D— offered his services, and would, as readily, have pledged his honour for the maintenance of inviolable secrecy; but the frank and confiding character of these brave men, which had so advantageously developed itself during the brief course of these events, rendered on either side such a request or such an assurance equally superfluous.

It happened fortunately for the success of Gregorio's project, that Captain D— was about to sail in a few days for Malta; it was agreed upon, therefore, that on the third evening from the present, Gregorio should meet Captain D— and some of his officers, at the hour of midnight, at Santa Lucia, where the Captain would order his boat to be in readiness to convey them on board the frigate, having in the meantime prepared every thing for setting sail immediately for Malta. The appointed evening came; Gregorio was punctual; Captain D— and his friends found him at Santa Lucia, and they were proceeding towards the beach where the frigate's boat awaited them, but, to their great surprise and consternation, they no sooner came within view of the boat, than they beheld at the same time that a sentinel was posted close to the spot where she lay. This was an embarrassment they were far from expecting; although as the ministers both of the police and of the custom-house were, at that time, continually on the alert, the circumstance was more unlucky than strange. What was to be done! Gregorio was neither wanting in presence of mind, nor in resources against such contingencies; he immediately offered to approach the sentinel, and to stab him to the heart. Such summary proceedings were not, however, to the taste of Englishmen, and Gregorio was withheld from executing his purpose. Fortunately the exigency of the moment had, in the meantime, suggested to Captain D— a stratagem which, as practised on the simplicity of the sentinel, was as effectual as it was ridiculous. Making a motion to his friends

to keep back, Captain D— approached the sentinel, and putting a piece of money into his hand, informed him with an air of mystery that he had a tender connection with a lady who resided at a palace nearly opposite his post, that she had consented to come off with him on that evening, and that he was about to convey her on board his ship. He pointed out particularly to the sentinel the lady's window, and desired him to approach, and to throw against it some pebbles, which was the signal agreed upon between them. He directed the sentinel, as soon as the lady appeared, to conduct her to the boat, which he pointed out, and concluded with promising him a further reward for his trouble. The sentinel believed the story, and he felt the ducat which Captain D— pressed upon his hand; he left his post, and whilst he was aiming pebbles at the imaginary lady's window, the boat pushed off, and reached the ship in safety.

A short time after their arrival at Malta, Gregorio requested a further favour of his deliverer. His slender funds were exhausted, and he purposed supplying his wants by drawing a bill upon a Neapolitan nobleman, whose name was familiar to Captain D—. He also wished to devote a part of the proceeds to the necessities of his wife, whom, with two small children, he had felt himself under the necessity of leaving in the neighbourhood of Naples. Captain D— expressed his surprise at the connection which appeared to exist between the nobleman and the robber; but Gregorio merely smiled, and assured his friend that the bill would be punctually honoured. With the assistance of a merchant with whom he was acquainted, Captain D— remitted the bill to Naples, and, in the meantime, supplied Gregorio with a small sum to meet his present wants. The bill was immediately accepted, and honourably discharged; and the balance which remained, after deducting the sum directed to be paid to his wife, was transmitted to Malta for the use of Gregorio.

GIANNI.

CONVERSATIONS OF THE DEAD.—No. V.

Scene.—The AMARANTHINE BOWER of MILTON, in ELYSIUM.

Interlocutors.—SOCRATES, MILTON.

M. I AM much gratified by this visit, Socrates; and will confess to you, that I have long felt a poet's anxiety to know what the first of philosophers thinks of my *Paradise Lost*. I suppose you have seen it?

S. Of course I have; the God of Letters is too proud of them not to let the spirits of the Great Epics have free egress into these regions of bliss.

M. And what is your opinion then—may I enquire?

S. That you have converted a silly legend to a very fine poem. The beauties you have displayed in that work, I love; I am delighted with its wildnesses; I admire its sublimities; but—could you not have infused into it a little more morality?

M. More morality!—Have you considered the time when and the circumstances under which, I wrote?

S. I have; and they form some apology. But you enquired what *I thought of the Poem*. Did you expect me to dissemble what I thought, in deference to times and circumstances?

M. The grandeur of your transit hither, effectually repels the supposition; I cannot entertain it for a moment. But, where are the immoralities? Or, since you have not gone quite so far as to pronounce the work immoral, where is the absence of morality? Will you condescend to a few particulars?

S. Most willingly, if you desire it. When you invoked the Holy Spirit, and the Muse, to animate your exertions by their assistance, so that you might be able to

“ ——— assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to man,”—

you appear to have sincerely intended to set yourself down to that arduous but delightful task—

M. And certainly I did so intend.

S. You had, moreover, a magnificent gleam of lofty truth, which might have enabled you to keep in view the path of unerring rectitude, when you supposed that your *Dæmon* must “prefer

Before all Temples, th’ upright heart and pure.”

Oh, Milton! pattern of patriots and poets, as beyond all question you have been,—Oh, that you had kept that bright mark for ever in view! You were then visited by the *thought*-spring from on high! but, instead of enshrining the idea of “the upright heart and pure,” in the chrysalis of your intellect, you preferred to turn aside and worship in the dark recesses of the *Temples*. You remember that I complained not of your deficiency of Religion, but of Morality; nor will you seek to shelter yourself, as Bishop Newton would shelter you, by substituting the former for the latter.—Shelter, did I say? This is precisely the spot where the Bishop would bring you forth into the full blaze of public observation, and of critical animadversion, as a necessary consequence. But you have granted that it was your sincere purpose to

——— assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to man.

M. Yes.

S. By the way, Pope, I perceive, has thought fit to quote that fine verse of yours, offering it, like yourself, as pledge and prospectus of what he is about to perform; but substituting, I cannot see why, the word “vindicate,” for your plain and expressive term *justify*. Pope has, however, kept his engagement with his readers, without endeavouring to substitute the doctrinal subtleties of the religious schools, for sound ethics.

M. Which you appear to assume that I have not.

S. Nay, Milton—let us not be precipitate. I am travelling with you on the road of enquiry, and we have met with another poet, and a bishop. Let us shew them a little courtesy. Perhaps you will correct me, and will say, we have met with Pope, but Dr. Newton has overtaken us. I shall not contradict this. I shall desire only to have a little amicable chat with the bishop, as we have had a passing word with the poet. You desired to hear the details of my objections to the morality of your poem. I confess that they are somewhat more numerous than you may perhaps suppose; and would willingly allow you the support you may derive from the presence of your friend Bishop Newton; I would even confine myself, for the present, to the example which he has

selected, as illustrating the verse and the proposition before us—If you have no objection?

M. It is impossible, Socrates, that I could entertain the least; yet, Dr. Newton's reasoning is concerning the *Redemption* of man; and as the *Fall* precedes it in my Poem, as well as preceded it in fact, and as the moral argument which you are about to enter upon, can but divide itself into these two main branches, will it not be better to proceed with your objections in the natural order?

S. Agreed. I expected from you this candid objection; and, most willingly conforming to it, shall proceed with what you are pleased to term my moral argument: regarding your great work as a mass of philosophical poetry, and overlooking the anomalies which exist between your machinery and our present state. Continuing to address the Spirit of Inspiration—that is to say, the Holy Spirit or Muse whom you have previously invoked, and whom you here declare to be Omnipotent; your words are—

“ Say first—for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell—say first, what *cause*
Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy state,
Favor'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress *his will*?
For one restraint, lords of the world besides.”

Have you previously shown that your hero and heroine were highly favoured of Heaven? We will afterwards enquire whether you have truly declared *what cause* moved them; but I hope you will not think me playing the logician or sophist in this place, if I ask, Is here not a relative, without any antecedent term to give it meaning?

M. If, as is reported, you have revised and even added to the poetry of Euripides, you surely know, that in that divine art, it is sufficient if the relation be subsequently explained, provided the explanation be not too long delayed; and, in the present instance, is it not a sufficient showing, that, excepting for a single restraint, our first parents were lords of the world?

S. You assume then, that your readers know the nature, and reason, and extent, of that restraint?

M. They know it from their Scriptural reading: I rely on that knowledge. Yet not so entirely but that I soon proceed to particulars, as in the former case. I am gradually unfolding my design, and I here sketch, in few lines, what I afterwards finish up.

S. That is the answer I anticipated; you do not mean to say you have proved that Adam and Eve were highly favoured of Heaven? Or that you have shewn them to have been acquainted with the *nature* and *extent* of the restraint imposed upon them? Or that they had *sufficient power* allotted them to resist the means employed by the Tempter—or “infernal serpent,” as you call him?—I am led to fancy that we should crack the bone of contention here, and come at once to the marrow of the subject, if you would mention from what part or parts of your poem, I am to collect that finished picture of the primitive state, and the fall, of man, from which you would wish me to argue.

M. The subject and scenery of the two first books is Infernal. Heaven and Paradise open in the third.

S. The third book! Good. It is the very place to which I should myself have proposed to resort for correct premises, or information as to

your real meaning, had you not appeared to prohibit it when Dr. Newton pointed that way ; but that made me think *your* forbidden fruit grew in that quarter. I suspected that you was yourself shy, where the bishop was proud of you ; and really, Milton, I cannot but perceive that in those speeches of your Deities, to which you are, if I mistake not, reluctantly pointing, your poetic grandeur, in a great degree, forsakes you. You exhibit your mind in trammels. The dry doctrines and special pleading of the school divines, supplant for the time your peculiar majesty and profundity of thought. In asserting, and seeming to maintain, the theory of Free-will, you shew yourself a blenching, compelled, and predestined post. There is a peering subtlety and sophistry about your argument, and mode of conducting it in this place, that countervails your own ostensible purposes. How great and original soever, elsewhere, you are here passive and puppet-like. In short, you appear to have permitted yourself to be beckoned away from your own "upright heart" to "the *Temples*," and to have allowed the priesthood to put false weights and scales into your hands. Shall I point to the fulcrum ? It is, unless I am mistaken, where you assert that "*Reason is Choice*"—making the erroneous dogma appear to flow from the fountain of Truth. The festoon of quibbles which you here display, and would pass off for diamonds and pearls of the first water, are held together by an artful twist of vagueness and ambiguity in the terms you employ. How can reason be choice ?—You are silent ; and I, alas ! am getting over-earnest. Will you permit me, Milton, to apologise ; and to ask which you esteem to be the most intense and correct species of reasoning ? Is it not that wherein there is least duplicity in the terms ? And is there not less duplicity in the mathematical species than in any other ?

M. I must grant you the affirmative of both those propositions, friend Socrates.

S. And when Euclid or Pythagoras set before us a theorem, such as that concerning triangles, wherein it is affirmed of every right angled triangle, that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to those of the base and perpendicular taken together—Is there room for distrust or denial in such cases ? Has *reason* any *choice* ?—Again you are silent, though I am cool. You make your Deity say of his great adversary, and his newly-formed Adam,—

— " And now,
Through all restraint broke loose, he wings his way
Not far off Heav'n, in the precincts of light,
Directly tow'ards the new created world,
And man there plac'd, with purpose to essay
If him by force he can destroy, or worse
By some false guile pervert ; and *shall* pervert,
For man will hearken to his glozing lies,
And *easily* transgress the sole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience : so will fall,
He, and his faithless progeny. Whose fault ?
Whose but his own ? Ingrate : he had of me
All he could have ; I made him just and right ;
Sufficient to have stood, tho' free to fall.

Had the Grecian Jupiter delivered a speech so abounding with legal quibbling—so fraught with priestly sophistry—as this, what would you Christians have said to it ? Yet the deities of our exploded mythology

were believed to be controuled by Fate, while yours is omnipotent, as well as omniscient, immutable, and infinite in all his attributes;—so sing your Seraphs. No one, therefore, may dare to distrust *his* free-will (more than his boundless power) whatever may be said of that of his creatures. What, then, shall we say of the great First Cause and Author of all things, ordaining that the devil “*shall* pervert” man, and mar the merits of his own recent six days’ work? I think I had better speak tenderly of “glozing lies” in this place—But we will pass the next verse altogether, if you please: It is quite sufficient for my argument, that he whom you pronounce to be omnipotent, decrees that Adam shall *easily* transgress, and that his “faithless progeny” shall be involved with him in the ruinous—the unutterably dreadful—consequences. I at first (by mistake) read *fault*-less progeny; but at length I was compelled to perceive that, to the idea of that progeny’s being innocent of the transgression of their first parents, you seem to say, Hence—*avaunt!* The resistless and *all-merciful* Being here resolves that with Adam shall fall his *faithless* progeny; or rather, that that progeny shall continue successively to fall, for a period consisting of thousands of years, the passive soul of each individual being to himself the while its own universe, in point of inestimable value. Is it not so, Milton?

M. I can’t suppose that you would be guilty of any intentional misstatement, Socrates. Your errors, if you have committed any, may be subject to an after revision. Proceed.

S. If a frail and passionate mortal tyrant could, by his *fiat*, will the inevitable perdition of unborn ages, and were so to will, what would be his next sentiment—his first remorseful feeling after the decree had gone forth? Supposing him to be selfish and merciless, would he not still be conscience-smitten? Would he not wish to exonerate himself from the blame of his own mind, and from that of his posterity? and would he not hence be led to argue, or glozingly to persuade himself, that he had inflicted no more than well-deserved punishment?

M. It appears to me that such a tyrant would naturally feel and argue as you have said.—But I perceive that you are treating me as you did Hippias and the sophists of old.

S. And have I less reason? Can I do otherwise than enquire—which I do without abating my admiration of the rich, deep-toned harmony of your learned strains—whence the breathless haste with which you put it into the mouth of your Deity to follow, what I own appears to me to be an *un-merciful* decree towards Adam and his posterity, with—“Whose fault? whose but his own? ingrate: he had of me all he could have?”

M. Perhaps the necessity which I felt myself to be under, of conforming to the Hebrew or Chaldean legend, may have led me into error on this point.

S. Perhaps so; but do you plead *necessity* for yourself, while you disallow the plea to poor Adam and his posterity? Where was your reason, which you say “itself is choice?” and where your *faith*? By the way, you make your omnipotent author of “the high decree, unchangeable,” determine that the progeny of Adam shall be without faith. Will you dispute that faith, also, is an involuntary sentiment?

M. I meant to be understood, that the portion of mankind which proved faithless should fall.

S. What? fall into damnation for what they could not help?

M. Is not faith the result of conviction, and conviction of reasoning?

S. O! what, you are reverting to your former doctrine, in obedience to the force, I suppose, of habitual modes of thinking. My dear Milton, to compare, to weigh, to measure, motives, causes, and anticipated consequences,—what is it all, but to determine, according to *past experience*, what is most for our interest upon the whole? (or of the propositions set before us?) We may make mistakes, but, having ascertained this point, as we suppose, what choice have we left, but to pursue that interest, whether it be contracted to mere selfishness, or expanded (like your own, my patriotic friend) into the common good of society? But what *past experience* had that unhappy victim of *grace* and *glory*, whose supposed demerits we are discussing? He must have been entirely destitute of it. He had confessedly not tasted of the tree of knowledge till after the interdiction. In fact, the tempter, the tempted, and the temptation, were they not all the work of the same bountiful Creator? Would you punish men for not seeing, who are born blind? Or, if they were born foolish, would you excuse or commend,—far less would you laud and glorify a tyrant, for severely punishing their folly, while he asserted that they were free to be wise? Or does your system admit of second causes that are tantamount, or even superior to, the Great First Cause? Was it for *Omnipotence* to set a trap? Or did you expect your readers to forget or let go the meaning of that word, in deference to the Hebrew legend? To bring the matter more home to your own bosom, would you have acted thus by your own daughters? Would you, by tantalizing, have stimulated any desires which you had previously implanted in them, and then have severely punished them for the nominal transgression? More especially for a transgression, which, if they reasoned, they would know, per force of reason, could never injure you in the least? Would you go further than this, and for that nominal transgression punish, with unutterable torment, their unborn posterity for the subsequent four thousand years? Or would you rather appear to proceed thus far in seeming inexorable justice, in order that you might remit the threatened punishment, upon condition of your innocent and only Son, offering his life as an atonement or ransom for their disobedience? Further, would you annex to this another condition, that your daughters must

—“Bow and sue for GRACE with suppliant knee,
And deify your power?”

In short, that *they* MUST, of their own FREE WILL, do that which your very Devil scorned to do? And would you ordain and continue all this enormous quantity of positive evil, in order to display the effulgence of your own *glory*, as you call it; or magnify that miscalled mercy, which “first and last shall *brightest* shine,” according to the conclusion of that memorable speech to which I shall limit my present observations? Another time—if that word may be used here—we may talk farther of these matters.

TABLE TALK.

SLAVE INSURRECTIONS.—The recent insurrection in Demerara is piously and earnestly attributed by the planters to the motion of Mr. Buxton in the House of Commons, the felicities of slavery being such, that slaves never revolt but in consequence of philanthropical exertions in their favour! Persons who are in the habit of reading *ex parte* statements, with a view to what they *do not* as well as to what they *do* say, will be much edified by the rancorous imputation of blame by the slave-owners, for these turbulent demonstrations, to every thing or any thing but themselves. The notion that human beings, enjoying the manifold blessings attendant upon the condition of the field negro, should aspire after something beyond them, seems never to enter their heads; and although the barbarous treatment of slaves in all the *ci-devant* Dutch colonies is notorious,* it requires speeches in Parliament and Methodist Missionaries to make them act occasionally on the principles of resistance inherent even in the most degraded humanity. The terror and cruelty incidentally displayed in these accounts are very instructive, as exhibiting the wretched condition of the slave proprietors, and the tax they pay for their wretched and precarious supremacy. The Methodists deny that their Missionaries are the parties accused of abetting the negro discontent in this instance †; but it is amusing to witness the rancorous mention of the parties, whoever they are, whose only crime, we will venture to assert, has been the promulgation of the Christian doctrine of equality with too much good faith. The real state of the case is apparent from these very representations; for after being unable to show any extraordinary act of murder or cruelty on the part of the revolvers, they proceed to inform us that 300 of the latter were killed in what is termed a battle, not an individual having been slain on the side of the all-mareiful Whites. It is one of the most humiliating spectacles in the world, to witness the eternal triumph of the most base and grovelling sense of self-interest over the more enlarged and better convictions of humanity and reason; but in no case is it exhibited more disgracefully than by the slave-owner, who, even when comparatively refined and educated, is unable to extricate himself from the effects of the utter perversion of understanding produced by the slave system. Bryan Edwards, for instance, was employed in drawing up the first accounts of Mungo Park. His personal interests being opposed to the abolition of the Slave Trade, he would not suffer any passage to stand in which the African traveller had expressed his conviction of its inhumanity. Park, among confidential friends, frequently complained that his book did not only not contain his opinions, but was interpolated with many which he utterly disclaimed. St. Domingo will eventually settle all these matters.

OBSOLETE LAW.—When we duly reflect on the vast sum of human happiness and convenience which depends upon a clear and compre-

* Consult Stedman and others.

† We suppose we must believe them, as also that their preachers are instructed "to teach slaves to obey their masters, as a part of religious duty." Are these holy personages carrying favour with the Holy Alliance?

hensive system of law and equity, and on the real benefit to mankind accruing from a species of reform, which of all others demands the widest consideration and the most acute penetration, we are astonished that the noble ambition of signalizing a reign by so patriotic an effort, is not indulged in the proper quarter. The Emperor Justinian was a very inefficient sovereign, but the digest of the Roman Law, effected under his patronage, will make him live for ever; and Napoleon, in his solitude, caught a glimpse of the truth, in respect to that performance—the Code Napoleone—which would entitle him more especially to the gratitude of mankind. But supposing that all sorts of legal leviathans, and the dirty sea of professional interests in which they wade, present too formidable an obstacle to a *general* revision of the law, a condensation and concordance of the statutes at large might at least be effected, if only to prevent such silly occurrences as the following:—"When a political stratagem was practised by Charles I. to keep certain members out of the House of Commons, by pricking them down as sheriffs in their different counties, among them was the celebrated Sir Edward Coke, whom the Government had made High Sheriff for Bucks. It was necessary, perhaps, to be a learned and practised lawyer to discover the means he took, in the height of his resentment, to elude the insult. This great lawyer, who himself, perhaps, had often administered the oath to the Sheriffs, and which it had, century after century, been usual for them to take, to the surprise of all persons, drew up exceptions against the Sheriffs' oath. Coke sent his exceptions to the Attorney-General, who, by an immediate order in Council, submitted them to all the Judges of England. Our legal luminary had condescended only to some ingenious cavilling in three of his exceptions; but the fourth was of a nature which could not be overcome. All the Judges of England assented, and declared, that there was one part of this ancient oath which was perfectly irreligious, and must ever hereafter be left out. This article was, "That you shall do all your pain and diligence to destroy and make to cease all manner of heresies, commonly called *Lollaries*, within your bailiwick," &c. The Lollards were the most ancient of Protestants, and had practised Luther's sentiments: it was, in fact, condemning the established religion of the country! An order was issued from Hampton Court for the abrogation of this part of the oath; and at present all High Sheriffs owe this obligation to the resentment of Sir Edward Coke, for having been pricked down as Sheriff of Bucks, to be kept out of Parliament."—Query. How many clerical and other abuses and demands are founded upon statutes framed in a spirit as essentially different from the existing constitutional law of the land, as that which was so strangely left to exact the putting down of opinions which had become the formal religion of it?

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.—The celebrated Bayle died as he had lived, in the uninterrupted habits of composition; for with his dying hand, and nearly speechless, he sent a fresh proof to the printer.

THE HOUSE OF MOURNING:

AN ELEGY.

(Addressed to a kindred of one who died in India.)

"Mark the end!"

I.

Weep on,—weep on, our sun is set,
The light that leaves the shore
May dawn upon the darkness yet,
But it shall rise no more.

II.

Oh! though your many woes amassed
Have drained your tears away,
Yet must ye weep,—for this the last
Shall wring them from your clay.

III.

Weep,—weep for one beloved and lost,—
The glory of his line;
More swiftly, now that hope is crost,
We speed in our decline.

IV.

He sleeps afar, where morning's bloom
First burns along the skies—
The broad day glares upon his tomb
Before it hither flies.

V.

He thought to reach his own dear land,—
He dared to dream of joy,—
Death started forth with mighty hand
Uplifted to destroy!"

VI.

Methinks that he would watch the sun
Go down to light the sea,
And say,—“farewell and journey on,
But I will follow thee.”

VII.

To know that seas must ever roll
Between the friends he loved,—
Oh! what must that disdainful soul
In dying hour have proved!

VIII.

Yet his was not a harder doom
Than theirs who live to pine,
And watch the long, long night of gloom
For stars that never shine.

IX.

Our house is like a ruined tower
Through which the whirlwind strays,—
A pile of clouds at evening hour
That changes and decays.

X.

We live like men that walk in sleep,—
Like fires that smoulder down,—
Like barks that drift upon the deep
With mast and rudder gone.†

* *Morte ebbi invidia al mio felice stato,
Anzi alla speme e fegilisi all' incontra
Amessa via come nemico armato.*—PETRARCH.

† *Bacciammi in volto, e disse alma sdegnosa!*—DANTE.

Not to be understood in the worst acceptance of the phrase, but in that in which the Florentine used it.

‡ The hull drives on, though mast and sail be torn,
And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on.

XI.

Our generation lies forgot,
Another springs to birth,
And meeting with as mean a fate
Is massed with common earth.

XII.

Years roll on years,—day follows day,
Still look we to the morrow,
Till time hath sapped our dreams away,
And we are hoar in sorrow.

XIII.

We dare not tempt each other's speech,—
We meditate and gaze,—
But that which is untold—to each
His brother's face betrays.

XIV.

Oh! think on *him*, when power and guile
Assail to bring ye low,
And ask your souls, if he would smile
On that ye seek to do?

XV.

The blood that through our arteries flies,
Forget not ye *who* gave,
Till truth expires and fame denies
That they were *chaste* and *brave*.*

XVI.

Away with discord,—know ye well
The snake that ye would cherish?
That God would build his throne in Hell
Whose ire should never perish.

XVII.

Our burning hearts are still our own,
Unconquered though forlorn;
Then bend not when the mighty frown,
But fling them back their scorn.

* An allusion to an obscure proverb, and what the reader need not understand.

NOTICE.

Next week, we shall commence a REVIEW, with EXTRACTS, of the next forthcoming Volume of DON JUAN, which is now in the Press.

ERRATUM.—In No. XLV. page 256, line 2, for “the muse of warriors,” read “the nurse,” &c.

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THE
LITERARY EXAMINER.

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REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Don Juan. Cantos XII. XIII, and XIV.

It is a miserable thing, after the repeated assurances of the Literary Gazette, and similar high authorities, that as a Poet, Lord Byron is utterly defunct, that

His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade:—

that not only Canto after Canto of the irreclaimable Don Juan should be published, but that people will be guilty of the insufferable crime of buying them with extreme avidity. Hypocrisy, in its variety of gradation is quite dumb-founded at this pertinacity, and having exhausted all its affectation in hyperbole in the first instance, looks upon each succeeding mass of mischief in much the same humour as honest John Bunyan describes the impotent Giant Pope, who regarded the heretics whom his paralysis would not allow him to sacrifice as heretofore, with willing but helpless malignity. The town *will not* listen, or at least *will* purchase, and the poet refuses to shake hands with the Gang, or to be negatived out of countenance by writers who prattle about Religion and Morals so like to "waiting gentlewomen." Without affecting indiscriminate approbation of all which is produced by the fertile Muse of Lord Byron, we think it matter of exultation that a writer exists, whose rank, fortune—and more than all—whose disposition, place him utterly beyond the reach of the conventional jargon with which it is sought to overlay every effusion of mind, good or bad, that will not be confined to the railway of cant, subserviency, or party spirit. What says Lord Byron in the first of the Cantos about to be published?

My Muses do not care a pinch of rosin
About what's called success, or not succeeding:
Such thoughts are quite below the strain they have chosen:
"Tis a "great moral lesson" they are reading.
I thought, at setting off, about two dozen
Cantos would do: but at Apollo's pleading,
If that my Pegasus should not be foundered,
I think to canter gently through a hundred.

So much for the operation, in the way of prevention, of the literary *masquers*, who abuse the original, and supply the quotation* "Rail

* This is a ludicrous fact in several instances.

on good youths," and instead of one, the number of Cantos may amount to two hundred, to the infinite exposure of the latent impurities and morbid secretions springing out of the seraphiculous hypocrisy which has become the disgusting disorder of the English body-social—the mental *malaria* that is diffusing itself over every department of British intellect,—and now to our task.

The Twelfth Canto of *Don Juan* commences with a strain of digressory matter, in the very peculiar manner of the noble author. The middle age of man, and the consequent decay of some passions and birth of others, form the leading theme of his wayward Muse. The following panegyric upon avarice reminds us of some of the rich soliloquies in the olden comedy, assigned to the *Misers* of past times, when the more tangible nature of property in gold and jewellery, gave gilding and lustre to the description. The intellectuality applied to the passion of avarice is profound as a thought and happy as a paradox.

Why call the miser miserable? 'as
 I said before: the frugal life is his,
 Which in a saint or cynic ever was
 The theme of praise: a hermit would not miss
 Canonization for the self-same cause.
 And wherefore blame gaunt wealth's austerities?
 Because, you'll say, nought calls for such a trial;—
 Then there's more merit in his self-denial.

He is your only poet;—passion, pure
 And sparkling on from heap to heap, displays,
Possess'd, the ore, of which *mere hopes* allure
 Nations athwart the deep: the golden rays
 Flash up in ingots from the mine obscure;
 On him the diamond pours its brilliant blaze;
 While the mild emerald's beam shades down the dies
 Of other stones, to soothe the miser's eyes.

The lands on either side are his: the ship
 From Ceylon, India, or far Cathay, unloads
 For him the fragrant produce of each trip;
 Beneath his cars of Ceres groans the roads,
 And the vine blushes like Aurora's lip;
 His very cellars might be kings' abodes;
 While he, despising every sensual call,
 Commands—the intellectual lord of all.

Perhaps he hath great projects in his mind,
 To build a college, or to found a race,
 A hospital, a church,—and leave behind
 Some dome surmounted by his meagre face:
 Perhaps he fain would liberate mankind
 Even with the very ore which makes them base:
 Perhaps he would be wealthiest of his nation,
 Or revel in the joys of calculation.

But whether all, or each, or none of these
 May be the hoarder's principle of action,
 The fool will call such mania a disease:—
 What is his *own*? Go—look at each transaction,
 Wars, revels, loves—do these bring men more ease
 Than the mere plodding through each "vulgar fraction?"
 Or do they benefit mankind? Lean Miser!
 Let spendthrifts' heirs enquire of yours—who's wiser?

There is much more expatiation in a smaller space on love, marriage, and other matters, until at length we reach a resumption of the narration, where we find the more matronly ladies of the *ton*, with whom

Juan from his fashion is a great favourite, deciding that his *protégée*, the little Turkish Leila, demands another sort of guardian :—

So first there was a generous emulation,
And then there was a general competition
To undertake the orphan's education.
As Juan was a person of condition,
It had been an affront on this occasion
To talk of a subscription or petition;
But sixteen dowagers, ten unwed she sages,
Whose tale belongs to "Hallam's Middle Ages,"
And one or two sad, separate wives, without
A fruit to bloom upon their withering bough—
Begged to bring up the little girl, and "out,"—
For that's the phrase that settles all things now,
Meaning a virgin's first blush at a rout,
And all her points as thorough-bred to show:
And I assure you, that like virgin honey
Tastes their first season (mostly if they have money.)
How all the needy honourable misters,
Each out-at-elbow peer, or desperate dandy,
The watchful mothers and the careful sisters,
(Who, by the by, when clever, are more handy
At making matches, where "'tis gold that glisters,"
Than their *as relatives*) like flies o'er candy
Buzz round "*the Fortune*" with their busy battery,
To turn her head with waltzing and with flattery!
Smart uniforms and sparkling coronets
Are spurned in turn, until her turn arrives,
After much loss of time, and hearts, and bobs
Upon the sweepstakes for substantial wives:
And when at last the pretty creature gets
Some gentleman who fights, or writes, or drives,
It soothes the awkward squad of the rejected
To find how very badly she selected.

The following harping on the same string, in its egotism, is pleasing enough :—

I, for my part—(one "modern instance" more,
"True, 'tis a pity,—pity 'tis, 'tis true")
Was chosen from out an amatory score,
Albeit my years were less discreet than few;
But though I also had reformed before
Those became one who soon were to be two,
I'll not gainsay the generous public's voice,
That the young lady made a monstrous choice.

The Lady Pinchbeck is chosen for Leila's guardian. She is thus described, with some additional information on certain points of female character, which discovers an equal acquaintance with human nature and the *beau monde* :—

Olden she was—but had been very young;
Virtuous she was—and had been, I believe;
Although the world has such an evil tongue,
That—but my chaster ear will not receive
An echo of a syllable that's wrong:
In fact there's nothing makes me so much grieve
As that abominable tittle tattle,
Which is the cud eachewed by human cattle.

Moreover I've remarked (and I was once
A slight observer in a modest way)
And so may every one except a dunce,
That ladies in their youth a little gay,

THE LITERARY EXAMINER.

Besides their knowledge of the world, and sense
Of the sad consequence of going astray,
Are wiser in the warnings 'gainst the woe
Which the mere passionless can never know.

While the harsh Prude indemnifies her virtue
By railing at the unknown and envied passion,
Seeking far less to save you than to hurt you,
Or what's still worse, to put you out of fashion,—
The kinder veteran with calm words will court you,
Entreating you to pause before you dash on;
Expounding and illustrating the riddle
Of Epic Love's beginning, end, and middle.

Now whether it be thus, or that they are stricter,
As better knowing why they should be so,
I think you'll find from many a family picture,
That daughters of such mothers as may know
The world by experience rather than by lecture,
Turn out much better for the Smithfield Show
Of vestals brought into the marriage mart,
Than those bred up by prudes without a heart.

The perils of a bachelor of pretension, in the world of fashion, seem to be quite awful:—

A young unmarried man, with a good name
And fortune, has an awkward part to play;
For good society is but a game,
“The royal game of Goose,” as I may say,
Where every body has some separate aim,
An end to answer, or a plan to lay—
The single ladies wishing to be double,
The married ones to save the virgins trouble.

I don't mean this as general, but particular
Examples may be found of such pursuits:
Though several also keep their perpendicular
Like poplars, with good principles for roots;
Yet many have a method more *reticular*—
“Fishers for men,” like Sirens with soft lutes:
For talk six times with the same single lady,
And you may get the wedding dresses ready.

Perhaps you'll have a letter from the mother,
To say her daughter's feelings are trepanned;
Perhaps you'll have a visit from the brother,
All strut, and stays, and whiskers, to demand
What “your intentions are?”—One way or other
It seems the virgin's heart expects your hand;
And between pity for her case and yours,
You'll add to Matrimony's list of cures.

I've known a dozen weddings made even *thus*,
And some of them high names: I have also known
Young men who—though they hated to discuss
Pretensions which they never dreamed to have shown—
Yet neither frightened by a female fuss,
Nor by mustachios moved, were let alone,
And lived, as did the broken-hearted fair,
In happier plight than if they formed a pair.

The foregoing danger is great; but there are also others, as I instance,—

There's also nightly, to the uninitiated,
A peril—not indeed like love or marriage,
But not the less for this to be depreciated:
It is—I meant and mean not to disparage

The show of virtue even in the vitiated—
 It adds an outward grace unto their carriage—
 But to denounce the amphibious sort of harlot,
 “*Couleur de rose*,” who’s neither white nor scarlet.

Such is your cold coquette, who can’t say “No,”
 And won’t say “Yes,” and keeps you on and off-ing,
 On a lee shore, till it begins to blow—
 Then sees your heart wrecked, with an inward scoffing.
 This works a world of sentimental woe,
 And sends new Werters yearly to their coffin;
 But yet is merely innocent flirtation,
 Not quite adultery, but adulteration.

The last line is at once classification and discovery, and, unhappily, the coquette of this description is to be found in every rank. Henceforward be *adulteration* the name of this odious propensity.

We come now to a critical subject. In the first place, it seems, Juan did not consider English women pretty! We quote with extreme apprehension:—

* * * * *

I said that Juan did not think them pretty
 At the first blush; for a fair Briton hides
 Half her attractions—probably from pity—
 And rather calmly into the heart glides.
 Than storms it as a foe would take a city;
 But once there (if you doubt this, prithee try)
 She keeps it for you like a true ally.

She cannot step as does an Arab barb,
 Or Andalusian girl from mass returning,
 Nor wear as gracefully as Gauls her garb,
 Nor in her eye Ausonia’s glance is burning;
 Her voice, though sweet, is not so fit to warble
 Those bravuras (which I still am learning
 To like, though I have been seven years in Italy,
 And have, or had, an ear that served me prettily);—

She cannot do these things, nor one or two
 Others, in that off-hand and dashing style
 Which takes so much—to give the devil his due;
 Nor is she quite so ready with her smile,
 Nor settles all things in one interview,
 (A thing approved as saving time and toil);—
 But though the soil may give you time and trouble,
 Well cultivated, it will render double.

And if in fact she takes to a “grande passion,”
 It is a very serious thing indeed:
 Nine times in ten ’tis but caprice or fashion,
 Coquetry, or a wish to take the lead,
 The pride of a mere child with a new sash on,
 Or wish to make a rival’s bosom bleed;
 But the tenth instance will be a Tornado,
 For there’s no saying what they will or may do.

The reason’s obvious: if there’s an *écclt*,
 They lose their caste at once, as do the Parias;
 And when the delicacies of the law
 Have filled their papers with their comments various,
 Society, that china without flaw,
 (The hypocrite!) will banish them like Marius,
 To sit amidst the ruins of their guilt:
 For Fame’s a Carthage not so soon rebuilt.

The *amende honorable*, upon the whole, is not amiss; but here we

must pause to the accession of some very brief casuistry on this subject which, however, very reverentially leaves the settlement of the point to saintly decision, as in duty bound. Next week we shall proceed with our notice.

[To be continued.]

Journal of a Ten Month's Residence at New Zealand. By R. A. Cruise, Captain in the 84th Regiment of Foot.

THE Dromedary store ship, formerly the Howe frigate, after being employed in the conveyance of 369 convicts to New South Wales, was directed to proceed to New Zealand, and bring home a cargo of the large trees or spars known to grow in that country. Captain Cook, in his voyage, had observed, that he thought the timber growing in New Zealand, if light enough, would make the finest masts for ships in the world; and one brought to England by a whale ship having been found to corroborate that opinion, the Dromedary received orders to bring home a cargo as aforesaid.*

So much for the object of the voyage under consideration: we may be equally brief as to the author, Captain Cruise, who commanded a detachment of the 84th regiment, appointed to guard the convicts on their passage. The termination of this duty previously to proceeding to New Zealand, of course left him ample opportunity to note down the proceedings of each day as they occurred, and the result is, a very entertaining book, in the Journal form, illustrative of the general customs of a people by no means deficiently gifted by nature, and inhabiting, to use the language of the Journalist, "one of the finest Islands in the South Seas."

It was in February 1820, that the Dromedary reached New Zealand, having on board the Rev. Samuel Marsden, principal chaplain to the Colony in New South Wales, and nine New Zealanders, all either Chiefs or sons of people of that rank, who had been residing with him at Parametia. Mr. Marsden, it seems, was very popular in New Zealand, having been frequently there to aid in the establishment of missionaries; and these individuals had been entrusted with him for education, or had been to gratify a roving disposition. The following passage supplies a description of them, which, after such a sojourn, we must confess has somewhat surprised us:—

"In point of hereditary dignity, the greatest among them was a boy about fifteen years old, named Repero, son of the chief Shungie; but the most striking in appearance was Jetero, a man, one would imagine, in his forty-fifth year; he was six feet two inches high, and was perfectly handsome both as to features and figure; though very much tattooed, the benignity and even beauty of his countenance were not destroyed by this frightful operation.

"The other seven were very young men, all more or less tattooed according to their ages, and averaging in height from five feet eight to five feet ten inches. In colour they were little darker than Spaniards, strong, active, and well limbed, and their hair straight, with the exception of Jetero's, which was curly. They were very dirty in their persons, and from the quantity of vermin they carried about them, not very pleasant neighbours."

* To conclude on this point, we may observe, that the timber was procured, but being of mountainous growth, the difficulty of getting it to the shore was so great, and the indispensable assistance of the natives so capricious, no reliance can be placed on so uncertain a supply.

Besides these indications of incompressible character and untowardness, it appears to us, from the whole tenor of Captain Cruise's narrative, that the New Zealanders are of that very strong and barbarous character, which promises no very speedy success to missionary labours; while, in a Christian point of view, it renders them the more necessary. We make not this observation in disparagement of the favourable opinion of their intellectual capability entertained by Captain Cruise, for our own theory leads us to believe, that, however perverted, the strongest energies always imply the greatest capacity. It is pleasing, in an Arcadian or pastoral point of view, to read of mild and quiescent tribes, like the inhabitants of Otaheite, of the Pellew Islands, and of other places, but it is almost uniformly found that their softness and ductility include a proportionate deficiency in the active powers of mind. The Sandwich Islanders, as distinguished from the Otaheitans, have by their recent history strikingly illustrated this fact; and disgustingly barbarous as the New Zealanders are according to all manner of evidence, when, by missionary and other labours and intercourse, they begin to yield to a collision with civilization, we expect a more rapid improvement from that very strength of temperament and of prejudice, which at present stands so much in the way.

The general characteristics of savages, insular and continental, are now so well known—the manner in which nature deals with a limited stock of ideas, and more or less of physical advantages, personal and local, has been so much developed, we must confess, that for our own parts, we begin to grow weary of attending to many instances of their simplicity and *naïveté*, under circumstances novel or extraordinary to themselves, as have formerly much amused us. Still, as the interest of the present volume depends mainly on this kind of detail, we will endeavour to supply a few of the most striking incidents in the way of extract. The account of the meeting of the travelled New Zealanders on board with their friends and relations on their arrival, is not unamusing:—

"Before the ship was brought to, she was surrounded with canoes, full of the friends and relations of the chiefs we had on board. To salute them, as well as to exhibit the riches they had acquired by their visit to Port Jackson, our New Zealanders began firing their muskets without intermission, and, indeed, so prodigal were they of their powder, that one might presume little of it would remain after their landing for the destructive purposes for which they had gone so far to procure it. When their fathers, brothers, &c. were admitted into the ship, the scene exceeded description; the muskets were all laid aside, and every appearance of joy vanished. It is customary with these extraordinary people to go through the same ceremony upon meeting as upon taking leave of their friends. They join their noses together, and remain in this position for at least half an hour; during which time they sob and howl in the most doleful manner. If there be many friends gathered around the person who has returned, the nearest relation takes possession of his nose, while the others hang upon his arms, shoulders, and legs, and keep perfect time with the chief mourner (if he may be so called) in the various expressions of his lamentations. This ended, they resume their wonted cheerfulness, and enter into a detail of all that has happened during their separation. As there were nine New Zealanders just returned, and more than three times that number to commemorate the event, the howl was quite tremendous, and so novel to almost every one in the ship, that it was with difficulty our people's attention could be kept to matters, at that moment, much more essential. Little Repero, who had frequently boasted during the passage, that he was too much of an Englishman ever to cry again, made a strong effort when his father, Shungie, approached him, to keep his word; but his early habit soon got the better of his resolution, and he evinced, if possible, more distress than any of the others. There was something particularly respectable

in the appearance of Shungie; in person, he was a fine looking man, and was dressed in the uniform coat of a British officer. Though one of the most powerful chiefs in the Bay of Islands, and its bravest and most enterprising warrior, he was by far the least assuming of those who had been permitted to come on board; and, while many of the others tried to force their way into the cabin, he remained with his son on the deck; nor did he attempt to go anywhere without invitation."

The famous—may we not say the infamous—Duke of Guise, used to observe, that God Almighty had placed a something between the eyes of a man of quality, which the vulgar could never be brought absolutely to face. Had this hero of the League lived a century or two later, he would have found himself contradicted, even on the *trottoirs* of Paris; but while we dispute these awful pretensions, we will candidly allow, that even in the rudest state of mankind, the habit of uncontradicted superiority and command, will frequently bestow a sense of dignity which is highly contributive to composure, self-control, and consequently to genuine politeness, as in the case of the aristocratical Shungie above-mentioned. If we recollect right, we were struck with several instances, illustrative of the same fact, in a perusal of Captain Hall's voyage to Loochoo.

The following account of a New Zealander, who has favoured this country with a visit, is half ludicrous, notwithstanding its melancholy matter-of-fact; the touch about Sunday and fighting particularly:—

"His conversation during breakfast was a continued boast of the atrocities he had committed during an excursion, which he and Krokro had made two months before, to the river Thames; and he dwelt with marked pleasure upon an instance of his generalship, when having forced a small party of his enemies into a narrow place, whence there was no egress, he was enabled successively to shoot two-and-twenty of them, without their having the power of making the slightest resistance. To qualify this story he remarked, that though all the dead bodies were devoured by his tribe, 'neither he nor his brother ate human flesh, nor did they fight on Sundays.' When asked why he did not try to turn the minds of his people to agriculture, he said it was impossible; 'that if you told a New Zealander to work, he fell asleep; but if you spoke of fighting, he opened his eyes as wide as a teacup; that the whole bent of his mind was war, and that he looked upon fighting as fun.'"

We now supply an affecting and horrible sketch: it is a description of the return of a victorious expedition:—

"The warriors were in their full dress, their hair tied up in a bunch on their heads and ornamented with white feathers, and their faces and bodies besmeared with oil and red ochre. They recounted to the groups that surrounded them, the different events of their excursion, with much gesture and energy; while the captives sat patiently upon the beach, awaiting the lot which was to consign them to their respective masters. They consisted of men, women, and children; some of the latter not two years old; and forlorn as their situation was, they seemed to have paid as much attention to the ornamenting of their persons, as those who were placed in more fortunate circumstances.

"Among the women there was one who excited particular interest: she was young and handsome; and though the other prisoners occasionally talked among themselves, she sat silent and alone, and appeared lost in affliction. We learned that her father, who had been a chief of some consequence at the river Thames, was killed by the man whose prisoner she now was; and we observed him sitting at no great distance from her during the greater part of the day. He was the brother of Towi, the principal person at Rangehoo, and was a singularly fine-looking youth. The extraordinary scenes that we witnessed detained us in the neighbourhood of Tippona until evening; and, as we were preparing to return to the ship, we were drawn to that part of the beach where the prisoners were, by the most doleful cries and lamentations. Here was the interesting young slave in a situation that ought to have softened the heart of the most unfeeling.

"The man who had slain her father, having cut off his head, and preserved it by a process peculiar to these islanders, took it out of a basket where it had hitherto

been concealed, and threw it into the lap of the unhappy daughter. At once she seized it with a degree of frenzy not to be described, pressed its inanimate nose to her own, and held it in this position until her tears ran over every part of it. She then laid it down, and with a bit of sharp shell disfigured her person in so shocking a manner, that in a few minutes not a vestige of her former beauty remained. She first began by cutting her arms, then her breasts, and latterly her face. Every incision was so deep as to cause a gush of blood; but she seemed quite insensible to pain, and performed the operation with heroic resolution.

"He whose cruelty had caused this frightful exhibition, was evidently amused at the horror with which we viewed it; and, laying hold of the head by the hair, which was long and black, offered to sell it to us for an axe, turned it in various ways to show it off to the best advantage, and when no purchaser was to be found; replaced it in the basket from whence he had taken it. The features were as perfect as when in life, and though the daughter was quite grown up, the head of her father appeared to be that of a youthful and handsome man."

We must not, however, be too much shocked with this picture, for this young lady subsequently married the slayer of her father. In fact, there are conventional horrors in all countries; and if a zealous missionary had attacked some plethoric and well-fed Chief upon the barbarity of these transactions, he would have regarded it as little as Alderman Curtis, the filth and suffocation of the Borough prison, after dinner; or an English High Church Orangeman the burning of a village in Ireland at any time.

The particulars of the destruction of the ship *Boyd*, at New Zealand, in 1809, may not be unknown to our readers; but as the following recapitulation is brief, and the hero of it is brought forward personally in the subsequent narrative, it may not be unwelcome:—

"To any one acquainted with New Zealand, the name of Wangaroa must be familiar, as being the scene of the destruction of the *Boyd*. This ill-fated ship sailed from Port Jackson for England in 1809, with the intention of calling at New Zealand for a cargo of spars. She had seventy persons on board exclusive of New Zealanders, who were passengers to their own country, and amongst whom was the son of one of the chiefs of Wangaroa; he was called Tarra, but during his intercourse with the English he had laid aside his native title and taken the name of George, by which he is now universally known.

"When the *Boyd* got to sea, George was ordered by the captain to work in common with the other sailors, but upon refusing to do so on account of ill health and of his being the son of a chief, he was (as he afterwards declared) twice flogged with much severity, and deprived of his usual allowance of food. For these outrages he concealed all appearances of resentment; and when the ship made the coast of New Zealand, he pointed out his native harbour as the safest and best place to procure the cargo, and persuaded the captain to anchor there.

"George now detailed his misfortunes and degradation to his tribe; revenge was determined upon, and in a most summary manner inflicted. The captain and a considerable part of the crew having been allured on shore, were in an unguarded moment murdered, and their bodies afterwards devoured. Those that remained on board, deceived by the treachery of the New Zealanders, met a similar fate, with the exception of a woman and two children, whose lives were spared; and they were the only persons who survived to tell the tragical story of their companions.

"When the ship had been plundered of almost every thing that was valuable, a cask of gunpowder, which had been found below, was brought up between decks; and George's father, by way of trying if it was good, opened it, and snapped a musket over it. The explosion deprived him and all the other New Zealanders then on board of their lives; the upper works of the vessel were destroyed, and the hull, having broken from its moorings, drifted into the shallow water, where it still lies."

The horrible nature of this revenge is undeniable; but if the Captain alone had suffered, and the *flogging* of George actually took place, he would have richly deserved his fate. This revengeful hero is thus described from the personal observation of Captain Cruise:—

"In the afternoon Mr. Hall, one of the missionaries, came on board, accompanied

by the celebrated George of Wangaroa, who had come into the Bay of Islands the day before, attended by seventy of his tribe. He had great difficulty to induce this man to visit the ship; nor would he do so until Mr. Hall had pledged himself to be answerable for his life. Mr. Hall had put it to George, that, by loading the Dromedary, he might make some atonement for his former enormities, and ultimately regain the forgiveness of the English: but revenge is such a leading feature in the character of the New Zealander, let the period for its gratification be ever so distant, that he can hardly be persuaded to believe any other nation capable of forgetting an injury; and though many years have elapsed since the destruction of the Boyd, the people of Wangaroa will for a long time view the approach of a ship to their harbour with terror and consternation. George, in stature, is rather under the middle size, but strong and well made; and it appeared to many that the insanity of his character was marked in his countenance. He said that he had plenty of cawry, and that he would load the ship with it for axes; he seemed to be under much apprehension of personal danger, and took his departure early next morning."

King George, as becomes so great a name, figures still more in the sequel, and in himself furnishes no bad epitome of the vicious savage character.

Happily, however, the conduct of these barbarous and equivocal people is occasionally marked with many natural traits which do them honour. The character of Jetero, before alluded to, seems to have been uniformly intelligent and amiable, nor is the following trait unpleasing. We must premise, that a chief, named Enachy, intrusted his son to the crew of the Dromedary to be conveyed to Port Jackson.—

"The chief had a remarkably handsome green mearée, which some one had asked him on a former occasion to sell, but which he declined to part with for any remuneration. This kind of mearée is highly prized in families; and venal as most New Zealanders are, they seldom can be induced to dispose of such an heir-loom. When we arrived at his hut, he took out the valued piece of antiquity, and remarking to the commander of the schooner what a handsome one it was, he burst into tears, and exclaimed 'If you bring my son back safe, this mearée shall be yours.' The affection of the tribe seemed to be centred in this boy, who was destined one day to be its ruler; and as the people followed us at a late hour to the boat, the general and indeed only request was to be kind and attentive to Enachy's child."

The New Zealanders furnish an additional proof of the universality of a belief which Dr. Johnson, in *Rasselas*, would have us receive as a demonstration of the existence of ghosts:—

"The belief in the re-appearance of the dead is universal among the New Zealanders: they fancy they hear their deceased relatives speaking to them, when the wind is high; whenever they pass the place where a man has been murdered, it is customary for each person to throw a stone upon it; and the same practice is observed by all those who visit a cavern at the North Cape, through which the spirits of departed men are supposed to pass on their way to a future world."

The attachment of the female New Zealanders to the seamen with whom they became connected, is sometimes very strong. A native girl had lived some months with a soldier who killed a seaman in a drunken fray:—

"From the time the unfortunate man had been put in confinement till the present moment she had scarcely left his side or ceased to cry; and having been told that he must inevitably be hanged, she purchased some flax from the natives alongside, and, making a rope of it, declared that if such should be his fate, she would put a similar termination to her own existence: nor is there the slightest doubt that, in conformity to the customs of her country, she would have executed her intention.

"Though turned out of the ship, she remained alongside in a canoe from sunrise to sunset, and no remonstrances or presents could induce her to go away. When the Dromedary went to the Bay of Islands, she followed us over-land, and again taking up her station near that part of the vessel in which she supposed her protector was imprisoned, she remained there even in the most desperate weather, and

resumed her daily lamentation for his anticipated fate until we finally sailed from New Zealand."

This strength of affection is tolerably well accounted for in the following passage:—"Woman may, in fact, be called the pet and *protégée* of civilization, and is uniformly exalted in proportion to its attainment:—

" Everything being now ready for sea, the women were ordered to leave the ship: many of them had lived on board and with the same persons since we returned from Shukhang. They imitated as far as they could the English manner of dress, conformed themselves to English customs, and showed as much regard for their protectors as they could for their real husbands. Their manners showed how the ferocity of savage life is softened down in the female character; and what with their songs and dances, they afforded the people amusement, while, by acquiring a knowledge of washing, and other domestic occupations, they became very useful to them. In taking their leave they went through the same ceremony of crying and cutting themselves with the shell, that they usually perform when parting with those who have a more legitimate claim upon their affections. The mild treatment of the Europeans, when compared with that of their own countrymen, had gained their esteem and admiration; and, besides the natural regret they felt in withdrawing from those they had so long lived with, they had to anticipate the inconveniences and miseries of savage life, and the degrading and sometimes brutal treatment of those to whom they were about to return."

The amoco, for so the New Zealanders denominate the tattooing on the face, may be regarded as a sort of armorial distinction of the tribe:

" This immense tract of country was purchased by the missionaries from Shungie for forty axes, and a deed was executed by the parties. When the missionaries had signed it, Shungie and some of his principal chiefs drew the amoco, or the pattern according to which their faces were tattooed, upon the paper.

" Some peculiarity in the figure of the amoco distinguishes the members of every tribe, and a gentleman of the Dromedary, who had a coat of arms engraved upon his seal, was often asked if it was the amoco of his tribe."

As some apology for the nature of the extracts to which we have confined ourselves, it is necessary for us to repeat, that the chief and almost only purpose of this journal of Captain Cruise, is to exhibit the social characteristics of the inhabitants of New Zealand, and that in any other point of view his Journal is pretensionless. We have already observed, that, as a people, they are to be ranked among the stronger-featured savages, whose mental composition is any thing but plastic, and who, with the capacities attendant upon energy, however rude, by no means hold out a short and easy task to the missionary, either religious or social. From Captain Cruise, we hear little or rather nothing of the missionary progress, except that the brethren have obtained a grant of 20,000 acres for *forty* axes; and from this silence, we suspect, that, in the way of conversion, the progress has been very bounded. We know not that in the sequel this will be for the worse, for we exceedingly distrust the sudden chieftain *convertites*, which are from time to time announced to the parent societies in Great Britain; and, we are of opinion, that the holding back of a warrior and politician, like the deceased Tamahama of the Sandwich Islands, is exhibitiv of a more promising stage in the progress towards civilization, than the comparative docility of his son and successor, whose weakness and subserviency seem on a par. In fact, the success of the attempts at conversion in these Islands, appears to us to depend more on the negative than on the positive state of things—on the absence of systematic dogmata than on a disposition to receive those of other people. The efforts of the missionaries among such a people, if no calamity eject or

destroy them, will resemble the progress of a wedge, which indeed has been that of the Christian religion from the beginning, and not only of the Christian, but of the Mahometan, and even of still less estimable systems when operating against the loose and credulous superstition and traditions of savages, which give way in the end like water to a compact and organised attack upon them. These savages will gradually yield to the systematic operation of superior intellect and cultivation, like our northern ancestors, and with less difficulty, because their traditions are far more inefficient and shadowless. We have said, and we say it again, that it is only system which can resist system, and when the Janizaries of one stand opposed to those of another, then and then alone "comes the tug of war." We resign ourselves to this dispensation, for, with something like wonder, we think we perceive that it is part of the grand scheme of Providence, to advance human nature by stages, and alternately to support and overthrow the scaffolding of each, as a step is secured.

Before we quit the New Zealanders, we cannot help observing upon the discredit which every additional study of savage existence throws upon the paradoxical assumptions of Rousseau. We make not these observations in reference to the mere comforts of civilization in comparison with the sufferings and vicissitudes of barbarous society; we can allow that much of this is habit, and that a species of savage independence may even dazzle the imagination of the poor shackled man of civilization, who finds a cobweb film about his limbs whenever tempted to freedom of motion. Savage superiority in this sense may be worked out by intellect itself; but what is to reconcile us to the political fact—what is to make us in love with the distinction between the *Gaul* and the *Frank*—the Irish *within* and *without* the pale—the Helot and the Spartan,—all which exists in the South Seas? These very New Zealanders have their impassable castes—the *Rungateedas* and *Cookies*—the gentry and the slaves; and, what is more, the former alone enjoy a *future* existence, a point to which European noble insolence has not yet arrived. The privileged in Europe will admit of a fellowship in Heaven, but nowhere else. A *reversion* they allow, but not a *possession*, which is an unequivocal sign of orthodox liberality. By the way, wherever the origin of the Island population of the South Seas,—for they smack exceedingly of a common one,—and, doubtless, as generally believed it is Asiatic, we are obliged to the aboriginal North Americans alone for proving to us, that caste is not absolutely essential to a respectable savage state of existence. We wish it were less so in some countries which are by courtesy termed civilized.

COMMON PLACES.

LX.

I hate to be near the sea, and to hear it roaring and raging like a wild beast in its den. It puts me in mind of the everlasting efforts of the human mind, struggling to be free, and ending just where it began.

LXI.

Happy are they who can say with Timon—"I am Misanthropos, and hate mankind." They can never be at a loss for subjects to exercise their spleen: their sources of satisfaction must hold out while the

world stands. Those who do not pity others, assuredly need not envy them : if they take pleasure in the distresses of their fellow-creatures, they have their wish. Let them cast an eye on that long disease, human life, on that villainous compound, human nature, and glut their malice. There is madness, there is idiotcy, there is sickness, old age, and death ; there is the cripple, the blind, and the deaf ; there is the deformed in body, the weak in mind, the prisoner and the jailor, the beggar and the dwarf ; there is poverty, labour, pain, ignominy ; there is riches, pride, griping avarice, bloated luxury ; there is the agony of suffering, or the lassitude of *ennui* ; there is the sickness of the heart from hope delayed, and the worse and more intolerable sickness from hope attained ; there is the gout, the stone, the plague, cold, fever, thirst and nakedness, shipwreck, famine, fire and the sword, all are instruments of human fate, and pamper the dignity of human nature : there are the racking pains of jealousy, remorse, and anguish, the lingering ones of disappointment, sorrow, and regret ; there is the consciousness of unmerited, hopeless obscurity, and “ the cruel sunshine thrown by fortune on a fool ;” there is unrequited love, and—marriage ; there is the coquet slighting others and slighted in her turn, the jilt, the antiquated prude, the brutal husband, and the commonplace wife ; there are vows of celibacy and lost character ; there is the cabal, the idle gossiping, the churlishness and dulness of the country, the heartlessness and profligacy of great cities ; there are the listless days, the sleepless nights, the having too much or too little to do ; years spent in vain in a pursuit, or if successful, the having to leave it at last ; there are the jealousies of different professions among themselves or of each other, lawyers, divines, physicians, artists ; the contempt of the more thriving for the less fortunate, and the hatred and heart-burnings with which it is repaid ; there is hypocrisy, oppression, falsehood, treachery, cowardice, selfishness, meanness ; the luck of fools, the respectability of knaves ; the cant of piety, loyalty, and humanity ; the lamentations of West-India planters over the ingratitude of their negro slaves, and Louis XVIII. resigning to God and the Mother of all Saints the credit of the success of his arms ; there are sects and parties, kings and their subjects, queens and common-council men, speeches in Parliament, plays and actors *damned*, or successful for a time and then laid on the shelf, and heard of no more ; quacks at all corners, mountebanks in the pulpit, and drones in the state, peace and war, treaties of offence and defence, conspiracies, revolutions, Holy Alliances, the sudden death of Lord Castlereagh, and the oratory of his successor Mr. Canning, hid for the present like the moon “ in its vacant interlunar cave ;” and Ferdinand and his paper-kites, and the Cortes, unconscious of the rebel maxim, “ Catch a king and kill a king ;” and Slop raving at the blood-thirsty victims of courtly assassins, and whetting mild daggers for patriot throats ; and Mr. Croker’s *cheat-the-gallows face* in the *Quarterly*, and Lord Wellington’s *heart* in the cause of Spanish liberty, and a beloved Monarch retired amid all this to shady solitude “ to play with Wisdom.” A good hater may here find wherewithal to feed the largest spleen and swell it, even to bursting !

JOVE AND THE SINNERS.

S. O Jove! we wretched mortals humble ourselves before thee. We beseech thee, O Jove! to pity and befriend us.

J. I do not like your mean flatteries and fawning. You must choose some other phrases, or some other deity.

S. O Jove! we prostrate ourselves before thee. We acknowledge thee to be the Lord! and beg leave to praise thee.

J. But I neither need nor desire your praises. Is this your professed humility—to suppose I can be delighted with *your* praises?—What palpable affectation, pride, and self-flattery, is this?

S. We magnify thee, O Jove!

J. *Magnify* me. How can you magnify me, you impudent fools? And what liars, too, when, in fact, all your endeavours do but humanise and lessen me.

S. To show forth our gratitude and thy glory, we praise thee, O Jove!

J. I thought so! I thought it was to blazen forth some of your own rare and exemplary virtues, under the pretence of showing forth my glory. Know, silly mortals, that what I give, I give freely. You would persuade me, that being afraid of incurring a debt with me, you would recompense me in glory. What conceit! This vain commodity of glory, must surely be of great value amongst weak mortals, when they seek to bribe with it even the immortal Gods! Have you then so mean an opinion of deity, as to think I cannot perform a generous act without a return of glory? Or would you rob me of the greatest glory, which is to do good, without desiring any return—even of praise? Low-minded, perverting mortals—utterly ignorant, as you are, of the higher degrees of goodness—you worship your own vices and weaknesses, under the self-delusive pretext of worshipping Jupiter: and think to persuade him, who is not susceptible of persuasion, that your gross self-flattery is real humility. Away with such piety.—

TABLE TALK.

GOETHE.—The admirers of Goëthe, resident in Berlin, have founded a Society in that city, with the intention of preserving everything relating to that distinguished Poet. The works are to be compared with each other; the history of each particular work will be traced out; and the influence of Goëthe over the literature of Germany be carefully examined. With the exception of Voltaire, Goëthe has acquired more glory in his own day than possibly any literary man of modern times.

Salvator Rosa and his Times, by Lady Morgan, will shortly appear. Admiration of the romantic character of the man, more than that of the artist, is said to have induced Lady M. to this literary undertaking.

MORE LETTERS OF COWPER.—Two volumes more of the Private Correspondence of Cowper are now in the Press.

Mr. Godwin's History of the Commonwealth may now be very shortly expected, in which an endeavour will be made to do justice,—and no more than justice,—to the characters and acts of those leaders who had for the most part the direction of the public affairs of England from 1640 to 1660.

The New Novel, by the Author of Waverley, will be entitled *St. Ronan's Well*—scene Scotland—time, forty years ago, that is to say, about the end of the American War. It is not to be regretted that this gifted writer is retreating upon Scotland again, for it is possibly *there* alone in which he absolutely works with the elements of human nature. Costume and manners form the principal ingredients everywhere else.

The Hartz Mountains, the fruitful source of so much legendary fancy in Germany, has furnished a subject for a Romance by Miss Jane Porter, which will be dedicated, by permission, to the King.

The celebrated and eccentric Whiston was one of the richest specimens of the credulous controversialist that ever amused the world; and the mixture of shrewdness, simplicity, learning, and good faith, displayed by him, rendered him a most amusing compound. The ridicule attached by Swift, to his prognostications of the world's end, is well known; but it is not quite so public, that when the impudent imposture of Mary Tofts, the rabbit-woman, was at its zenith, Whiston was about to prove that the production of rabbits by a woman was to be regarded as the fulfilment of a passage in *Esdras*. 'Nothing so foolish but what has been espoused by philosophers,' says a Latin adage. The philosophers are well enough, but what are they, or any other class, to a certain order of religionists?

The remarkable fact of a Comet having so short a period as three years and three tenths, has been fully established by Professor Encke of Seeburgh, who foretold that the one which was seen for the first time by Messrs. Mechain and Messier in 1786, would return in May 1822, and such was the case; for although unseen in Europe, it was observed by Mr. Rumkin at Paramatta, New South Wales, from the 2nd to the 23rd of June, in its retreat from the Sun, and these observations seem to establish a mean period of 1204 days. This Comet is entitled the Encke.

A Meteorological Society has just been established in the Metropolis.

"The White Cedar," says the author of a Journal of an excursion across the Blue Mountains of New South Wales, "is almost the only deciduous native tree in the territory. All the other indigenous trees and shrubs that I have seen are *evergreens*. New South Wales is a perpetual *shrub* and *flower garden*; but there is not a single scene in it of which a painter could make a landscape without disguising the nature of the trees. What can a painter do with one cold green? There is a dry harshness about the Perennial leaf that does not savour of humanity; there is no flesh and blood in it; it is not of us and is nothing to us. "For ever fresh" is a contradiction in terms; what is "for ever fair," is never fair; and without January there can be no May. All the dearest allegories of human life are bound up in the infant and slender green of the spring, the dark redundancy of summer, and the sere and yellow leaf of autumn; I can, therefore, hold no fellowship with Australasian foliage.

"Of human suicides," says the late Opium Eater, "the most calm and deliberate is the following, which is said to have occurred at Keswick, in Cumberland. A young man of studious turn, who is reported to have resided near Penrith, was anxious to qualify himself for entering the Church, or for any other mode of life which might secure to him a reasonable portion of literary leisure. His family, however, thought that under the circumstances of his situation he would have a better chance for success in life as a tradesman; and they took the necessary steps to place him as an apprentice to a shop-keeper at Penrith. This he looked upon as an indignity, to which he was determined in no case to submit; and accordingly, when he had ascertained that all opposition to the choice of his friends was useless, he walked over to the mountainous district of Keswick, about sixteen miles distant,—looked about him in order to select his ground—coolly walked up Latrigg, a dependence of Skiddaw—made a pillow of sods—laid himself down with his face looking up to the sky; and in that posture was found dead, with the appearance of having died tranquilly."

PARTISANS.—Truth should be submitted to the advice or revision of no man. It is said that the Marquis of Halifax had noted down the conversations he had had with Charles II. and the great and busy characters of the age. Of this curious secret history there existed two copies, and both copies were destroyed from opposite motives: the one, by the advice of Pope, who was alarmed at finding some of the Catholic intrigues of the court developed; and the other at the suggestion of a noble friend, who was equally shocked at discovering that his party, the revolutionists, had sometimes practised mean and dishonourable deceptions.

LOVE THE REASON OF THE ROTUNDITY OF THE GLOBE.—We extract the following curious conceit from a very singular production, entitled *Effigies Amoris*:—"Truly all the force of magic is in love, which is said to have the miraculous power of attracting things mutually together, and changing their natures: *because* the parts of the world, like the members of a great animal, depending on the same author, and the communion of the same nature, are joined together by one spirit informing the whole; and, which is the most certain sign of union, are collected into a *globe*, so that one part returns upon the other in a continual round."

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REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Don Juan. Cantos XII. XIII. and XIV.

[Continued.]

IN our last Number we suspended this our easy notice with the quotation of a few discursive stanzas on the characteristics of the British female. These appear to us to be intended to form a species of prelude to the description of a *grande affaire*, in which Don Juan may ultimately act the part of *defendant*, agreeably to English legal costume. But as the object of the Noble Author is "morality," he observes that he must proceed his own way; and accordingly, before we reach the portal of this great event, we are favoured with much amusing digression; and if his "thunderbolt not always rattles," the Poet has still something vast in store, since he declares that his

— best Canto, save one on Astronomy,
Will turn upon "Political Economy."

For in the opinion of Lord Byron,

*That is your present theme for popularity:
Now that the public hedge hath scarce a stake,
It grows an act of patriotic charity
To show the people the best way to break.*

Among much pleasant matter of this digressionary description, we are favoured with a few piquant observations upon the comparative pleasure of loving and hating, in which the poet *assumes* to gaze

— Where'er the palace or the hovel is,
Much in the mode of Goëthe's Mephistophiles—

That is to say, to be capable neither of *love* nor *hate*, although "not always so." Indeed, he sneers only because it occasionally suits his rhymes. No doubt he would be glad to "redress men's wrongs," and to check rather than punish crimes, had not Cervantes, in his too true tale of Quixote, shown the futility of such efforts. What a number of benevolent enthusiasts all over Europe will sympathise with the following impressive reflection upon the work in question! Yet the bard, who wrote it, has gone to Greece! How fortunate that the heart of man will occasionally spurn at the bondage of the head! But for that merciful provision of Nature, we should be very puny creatures.

Of all tales 'tis the saddest—and more sad,
 Because it makes us smile: his hero's right,
 And still pursues the right;—to curb the bad,
 His only object, and 'gainst odds to fight,
 His guerdon: 'tis his virtue makes him mad!
 But his adventures form a sorry sight;—
 A sorrier still is the great moral taught
 By that real Epic unto all who have thought.

Redressing injury, revenging wrong,
 To aid the damsel and destroy the caitiff,
 Opposing singly the united strong,
 From foreign yoke to free the helpless native;—
 Alas! must noblest views, like an old song,
 Be for mere Fancy's sport a theme creative?
 A jest, a riddle, Fame through thin and thick sought?
 And Socrates himself but Wisdom's Quixote?

We at length arrive at the principal personages of the forthcoming adventure. Lord Henry and Lady Adeline Amundeville are a lofty aristocratical pair, of the first quality and fashion;—the Lady, beautiful and chaste, even “to detraction's desperation;” the Lord, a man known in the councils of the country,—cool, lofty, and imperturbable, although capable of a spark of fire upon occasion, and exhibiting a full portion of the English *morgue*. Moreover,

— The Lord Henry was a great debater,
 So that few Members kept the House up later;

And reconciled all qualities which grace man,
 Always a patriot, and sometimes a placeman.

We rather suspect that this portrait smacks of the mongrel, which may be denominated, *ad libitum*, the Whiggish Tory or the Tory-Whig. Be this as it may, his acquaintance with Don Juan, whom he was continually meeting at diplomatic dinners and noble routs, becomes intimate, and in consequence a welcome guest

At Blank-Blank Square;—for we will break no squares
 By naming streets: since men are so censorious,
 And apt to sow an author's wheat with tares,
 Reaping allusions private and inglorious,
 Where none were dreamt of, unto love's affairs,
 Which were, or are, or are to be notorious,
 That therefore do I previously declare,
 Lord Henry's mansion was in Blank-Blank Square.

Also there bin another pious reason
 For making squares and streets anonymous;
 Which is, that there is scarce a single season
 Which doth not shake some very splendid house
 With some slight heart-quake of domestic treason—
 A topic scandal doth delight to rouse:
 Such I might stumble over unawares,
 Unless I knew the very chastest Squares.

The Lady in many respects corresponds with her noble husband.

There also was of course in Adeline,
 That calm Patrician polish in the address,
 Which ne'er can pass the equinoctial line
 Of any thing which Nature could express.

Whether this coldness be borrowed from the Chinese Mandarin or the *Nil admirari* of Horace, the Poet leaves undecided; but it seems to be settled that,

— Rash enthusiasm, in good society,
Is nothing but a moral inebriety.

Lady Adeline, however, is not an absolute icicle, but rather resembles a frozen bottle of champagne, in the centre of which a liquid glassful will remain

— Stronger than the strongest grape
Could e'er express in its expanded shape.

To borrow another simile, the chilliest aspects may concentrate a hidden nectar;—

And your cold people are beyond all price,
When once you have broken their confounded ice.

With this noble and stately pair Don Juan departs to their country seat, an event thus announced in the *Morning Post*:—

“ Departed for his country seat to-day,
Lord H. Amundeville and Lady A.

We understand the splendid host intends
To entertain, this Autumn, a select
And numerous party of his noble friends;
Midst whom we have heard, from sources quite correct,
The Duke of D— the shooting season spends,
With many more by rank and fashion decked:
Also a Foreigner of high condition,
The Envoy of the secret Russian mission.

This brilliant party are whirled down to Norman Abbey, formerly a monastery, and now a mansion, of the rich mixed Gothic, the remaining specimens of which artists allow to be very rare. And here, at the risk of somewhat extending our extract, we supply the following fine sketch of this antique abode. We are not acquainted with Newstead Abbey, and therefore cannot determine how far it has furnished materials for this beautiful description; but we cannot help concluding, from some of the passages, that it is the object kept in view throughout the whole of these admirable stanzas:—

It stood embosomed in a happy valley,
Crown'd by high woodlands, where the Druid oak
Stood like Caractacus in act to rally
His host, with broad arms 'gainst the thunder-stroke;
And from beneath his boughs were seen to sally
The dappled foresters—as day awoke;
The branching stag swept down with all his herd,
To quaff a brook which murmur'd like a bird.

Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,
Broad as transparent, deep, and freshly fed
By a river, which its soften'd way did take
In currents through the calmer water spread
Around: the wild fowl nestled in the brake
And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed:
The woods sloped downwards to its brink, and stood
With their green faces fixed upon the flood.

Its outlet dash'd into a deep cascade,
Sparkling with foam, until again subsiding
Its shriller echoes—like an infant made
Quiet—sank into softer ripples, gliding
Into a rivulet; and thus allay'd,
Pursued its course, now gleaming, and now hiding
Its windings through the woods; now clear, now blue,
According as the skies their shadows threw.

A glorious remnant of the Gothic pile,
 (While yet the church was Rome's) stood half apart
 In a grand Arch, which once screened many an aisle.
 These last had disappear'd—a loss to Art:
 The first yet frown'd superbly o'er the soil,
 And kindled feelings in the roughest heart,
 Which mourn'd the power of time's or tempest's march,
 In gazing on that venerable Arch.

Within a niche, nigh to its pinnacle,
 Twelve saints had once stood sanctified in stone;
 But these had fallen, not when the friars fell,
 But in the war which struck Charles from his throne,
 When each house was a fortalice—as tell
 The annals of full many a line undone,—
 The gallant Cavaliers, who fought in vain
 For those who knew not to resign or reign.

But in a higher niche, alone, but crown'd,
 The Virgin Mother of the God-born child,
 With her son in her blessed arms, look'd round,
 Spared by some chance when all beside was spoil'd;
 She made the earth below seem holy ground.
 This may be superstition, weak or wild,
 But even the faintest relics of a shrine
 Of any worship, wake some thoughts divine.

A mighty window, hollow in the centre,
 Shorn of its glass of thousand colourings,
 Through which the deepen'd glories once could enter,
 Streaming from off the sun like seraph's wings,
 Now yawns all desolate: now loud, now fainter,
 The gale sweeps through its fretwork, and oft sings
 The owl his anthem, where the silenced quire
 Lie with their hallelujahs quench'd like fire.

But in the noontide of the Moon, and when
 The wind is winged from one point of heaven,
 There moans a strange unearthly sound, which then
 Is musical—a dying accent driven
 Through the huge arch, which soars and sinks again.
 Some deem it but the distant echo given
 Back to the night wind by the waterfall,
 And harmonized by the old choral wall:

Others, that some original shape, or form
 Shaped by decay perchance, hath given the power
 (Though less than that of Memnon's statue, warm
 In Egypt's rays, to harp at a fixed hour)
 To this grey ruin, with a voice to charm.
 Sad, but serene, it sweeps o'er tree or tower:
 The cause I know not, nor can solve; but such
 The fact:—I've heard it,—once perhaps too much.

Amidst the court a Gothic fountain played,
 Symmetrical, but deck'd with carvings quaint—
 Strange faces, like to men in masquerade,
 And here perhaps a monster, there a Saint:
 The spring gush'd through grim mouths, of granite made,
 And sparkled into basins, where it spent
 Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,
 Like man's vain glory, and his vainer troubles.

The mansion's self was vast and venerable,
 With more of the monastic than has been
 Elsewhere preserved: the cloisters still were stable,
 The cells too and refectory, I ween:
 An exquisite small chapel had been able,
 Still unimpair'd, to decorate the scene;

The rest had been reform'd, replaced, or sunk,
And spoke more of the baron than the monk.

Huge halls, long galleries, spacious chambers, join'd
By no quite lawful marriage of the Arts,
Might shock a Connoisseur; but when combined,
Form'd a whole which, irregular in parts,
Yet left a grand impression on the mind,
At least of those whose eyes are in their hearts.
We gaze upon a Giant for his stature,
Nor judge at first if all be true to Nature.

Steel Barons, molten the next generation
To silken rows of gay and garter'd Earls,
Glanced from the walls in goodly preservation;
And Lady Marys blooming into girls,
With fair long locks, had also kept their station:
And Countesses mature in robes and pearls:
Alas some beauties of Sir Peter Lely,
Whose drapery hints we may admire them freely:

Judges in very formidable ermine
Were there, with brows that did not much invite
The accused to think their Lordships would determine
His cause by leaning much from might to right:
Bishops; who had not left a single sermon;
Attornies-General, awful to the sight,
As hinting more (unless our judgments warp us)
Of the "Star Chamber" than of "Habeas Corpus:"

Generals, some all in armour, of the old
And iron time, ere Lead had ta'en the lead;
Others in wigs of Marlborough's martial fold,
Huger than twelve of our degenerate breed:
Lordlings, with staves of white or keys of gold:
Nimrods, whose canvas scarce contain'd the steed;
And here and there some stern high Patriot stood,
Who could not get the place for which he sued,

But ever and anon, to soothe your vision,
Fatigued with these hereditary glories,
There rose a Carlo Dolce or a Titian,
Or wilder groupe of savage Salvatore's:
Here danced Albano's boys, and there the sea shone
In Vernet's ocean lights; and there the stories
Of martyrs awed, as Spagnoletto tainted
His brush with all the blood of all the sainted.

Here sweetly spread a landscape of Lorraine:
There Rembrandt made his darkness equal light,
Or gloomy Caravaggio's gloomier stain
Bronzed o'er some lean and stoic Anchorite:—
But lo! a Teniers woos, and not in vain,
Your eyes to revel in a livelier sight;
His bell-mouthed goblet makes me feel quite Danish
Or Dutch with thirst—What ho! a flask of Rhenish.

But, reader, thou hast patient been of late,
While I, without remorse of rhyme, or fear,
Have built and laid out ground at such a rate,
Dan Phœbus takes me for an auctioneer.
That Poets were so from their earliest date,
By Homer's "Catalogue of Ships" is clear;
But a mere modern must be moderate—
I spare you then the furniture and plate.

It will be our business, next week, to give some particulars of the
individuals composing this lofty party.

*Memoirs of the History of France during the reign of Napoleon.
Dictated by the Emperor at St. Helena to the Count de Montholon.
Vol. III.*

THIS volume or rather volumes, for it is duplex, consists, first, of a summary of the state of parties in France in 1793; of the subsequent establishment of the Directory, but still more of the military operations under Napoleon in Italy; and, in the second place, of a continuation of the Historical Miscellanies. In respect to the former division, it is only necessary to observe generally, that it retains the characteristic distinction of the volumes preceding it, with additional perspicuity and method in the arrangement. As documents for military history and soldierly study, we apprehend that the Italian campaigns are invaluable; nor, while it forms a part of the policy of Great Britain to affect any sort of concern in the affairs of the Continent, can they be of very subordinate interest to the practical statesman. With the more general reader, the attraction of these volumes will consist in the vivid and distinctive traits they supply of the extraordinary individual who dictated them, and in the curiosity of a variety of sketches and portraits by so masterly a judge of character. In the way of extract, therefore, we must confine ourselves to one or two instances.

In a sketch of the five members of the celebrated Directory, we find the following character of Carnot, to whom we cannot be brought to believe that it does justice; but his recent decease, and the controversy which it has produced, will render it interesting, even setting aside the author:

"Carnot entered the service at a very early age, in the engineers. He maintained Montalembert's system in his corps, and passed for an original amongst his comrades. He was a Chevalier de Saint-Louis at the time of the Revolution, in which he engaged with ardour. He was deputed to the Convention, and became a member of the Committee of Public Safety along with Robespierre, Barrere, Couthon, Saint-Just, Billaud Varennes, and Collot d'Herbois. He constantly evinced a violent animosity against the nobles, which occasioned several singular quarrels between him and Robespierre, who latterly protected a great number of them. He was industrious, sincere in all his dealings, guileless of intrigue, and easy to deceive. He attended Jourdan, as commissioner from the Convention, at the deblocking of Maubeuge, where he rendered important services. When on the Committee of Public Safety, he directed the operations of the war: he was useful in this capacity, without meriting all the praises that were lavished upon him. He had no experience in war; his ideas on every part of the military art were erroneous, not excepting those relating to the attack and defence of fortified places, and the principles of fortification which he had studied from infancy. He printed works on these subjects which could only be acknowledged by a man destitute of all practical experience in war. He proved himself possessed of moral courage. After Thermidor, when the Convention placed all the members of the Committee of Public Safety under arrest, except him, he wished to share their fate. This conduct was the more noble, because public opinion was violently hostile to the committee; and because Collot d'Herbois and Billaud Varennes, with whom he wished to be associated, were in fact dreadful characters. He was named a member of the Directory after Vendémiaire; but ever since the 9th of Thermidor, his mind had been agonized by the accusations of public opinion, which attributed to the committee the shedding of all the blood which had flowed on the scaffolds; he felt a desire to please; he suffered himself to be misled by the leaders of the foreign party. He was then exalted to the clouds, but he did not deserve the praises of the enemies of France. He found himself placed in a deceitful position, and was overpowered on the 18th of Fructidor. After the 18th of Brumaire he was recalled and placed in the administration of the war department by the First Consul, in which situation he displayed but moderate talents, and had many disputes with the minister of Finance, and Dufrene, the director of the Treasury, in which he was generally wrong. At length he quit-

ted the ministry, convinced that it could go on no longer for want of money. As a member of the tribunate, he voted and spoke against the empire; but his conduct, uniformly upright, gave the government no umbrage. The Emperor granted him a pension of 20,000 francs. As long as affairs prospered, he remained silent, and confined himself to his closet; but after the campaign of Russia, at the time of the misfortunes of France, he solicited employment. The city of Antwerp was intrusted to him, where he conducted himself well.

The comprehensive, if impracticable, schemes which floated in the perspicacious mind of Napoleon, will be very tolerably illustrated by the following sketch of the maritime capacity of Italy:—

“No part of Europe is so advantageously situated as this peninsula for becoming a great maritime power. Its coasts extend from the mouths of the Var to the straits of Sicily, two hundred and thirty leagues; from the straits of Sicily to the cape of Otranto on the Ionian sea, one hundred and thirty leagues; from the cape of Otranto to the mouth of the Isonzo in the Adriatic, two hundred and thirty leagues; and the extent of the coasts of the three islands of Sicily, Corsica, and Sardinia, is five hundred and thirty leagues. Italy has, therefore, including its great and small islands, twelve hundred leagues of coast; without taking into this calculation those of Dalmatia, Istria, the mouths of the Cattaro, or the Ionian Isles, which, under the empire, were dependent on Italy. France has a hundred and thirty leagues of coast in the Mediterranean, and four hundred and seventy on the Atlantic, in all six hundred leagues; Spain, including her islands, has five hundred leagues of coast in the Mediterranean, and three hundred on the Atlantic; thus Italy has half as much coast again as Spain, and twice as much as France. France has three ports, the towns of which contain a population of 100,000 persons; Italy has Genoa, Naples, Palermo, and Venice, whose population is superior; Naples contains 400,000 inhabitants. The opposite coasts of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic being at a short distance from each other, almost the whole population of Italy is within reach of the coasts; Lucca, Pisa, Rome, and Ravenna, distant from three to four hundred leagues from the sea, are capable of enjoying all the advantages of maritime towns, and of supplying great numbers of seamen; her three great military ports for armament and building are, la Spezia for the Ligurian seas, Tarento for the Ionian, and Venice for the Adriatic. Italy has all kinds of resources in timber, hemp, and, in general, everything necessary for ship-building; la Spezia is the finest port in the world, its roads are even superior to those of Toulon; its defence by land and sea is easy; the plans drawn up under the empire, and the execution of which was commenced, proved that, at a moderate expense, the naval establishments might be placed in security, and inclosed in a place capable of making the greatest resistance. Its docks would be convenient for receiving the timber of Corsica, Liguria, and Tuscany; and iron from the isle of Elba, the Alps, and the whole of the Apennines. Its squadrons would command the seas of Corsica and Sardinia, and would be able, in case of need, to put into the ports of Porto Ferrajo, San Fiorenzo, Ajaccio, Porto Vecchio, San Pietro in Sardinia, Vado, and Villa Franca. Tarento is wonderfully well situated for commanding Sicily, Greece, the Levant, and the coasts of Egypt and Syria; under the empire there were plans drawn up for its land fortifications and naval establishments; the greatest fleets may lie in this port sheltered from the winds and secure from the attack of any superior hostile force. Finally, at Venice, there is already every thing needful. The Venetians had no ships that drew above eighteen feet water; but under the Empire a great number of ships were built on the French plan, and, by means of the works constructed at the canal of Malamoko, and by the aid of floating butts, ships completely armed, built on the model of French seventy-fours, have come out of this canal, and fought with glory a few minutes after their launch. A commission of the engineers of the bridges and roads, of which Profi was president, had drawn up a plan, which at the expense of a few millions and some years' labour would have enabled the vessels to come out completely armed without the aid of butts. Sicily, Malta, Corfu, Istria, Dalmatia, and especially Ragusa, afford ports and shelter for the largest fleets. The ports of Genoa, Castelmare, Bari, and Ancona, which first-rate ships can enter, would be four secondary ports, either for building or for equipping, repairing, and re-victualling small squadrons. Italy can raise and maintain for the naval service, even in her actual declining state, 120,000 seamen; the sailors of Genoa, Pisa, and Venice, have been celebrated for ages. Italy might keep up three or four hundred ships of war, of which 100 or 120 might be ships of the line of seventy-four guns; her flag might

contend with success against those of France, Spain, Constantinople, and the four Barbary powers."

It is impossible to read of the French proceedings in Italy, without being struck at the extraordinary contrast between its existing fate and the destiny which would have followed the established ascendancy of Bonaparte, no matter whether it would have become a portion of the French empire, or a separate dominion. In either case, it is evident that its energies and capabilities would have been developed, instead of being pressed down almost to mental suffocation by the barbarous and worse than Irish policy of Austria. We affect no prophesy in these cursory observations, but we cannot think that the Italian chapter on the history of Europe is finally closed, or that monarchical France will eternally shut her eyes to what republican and imperial France once effected in Italy. For the present, indeed, the Italians must satisfy themselves with operas, macaroni, German canes, an utterly enslaved press, Austrian conscription and taxation for the support of their own enthralment, the depopulation of their chief towns, and a systematic annihilation of their natural and acquired advantages, lest they should be exalted into a notion that they ought to be any thing but slaves in their native land; or that said native land ought but a lasting monument of political baseness and powerful oppression.

The Historical Miscellanies will, we apprehend, form a portion of the military reading of all who are educated for the soldierly profession throughout Europe, containing, as they do, the commentaries of so great a Captain upon a portion of the kindred greatness which has preceded him. In the present instance, the wars of Turenne and of Frederick of Prussia form the subject of observation, the events being briefly and succinctly narrated, and closed by the remarks of Napoleon upon each battle or campaign. We supply, as an example, a few short extracts from his strictures on the celebrated seven years' war:—

"If the King of Prussia really made head against France, Austria, and Russia, in the seven years' war, it would surely be a miraculous circumstance. A prince who had but four millions of subjects, to struggle for seven years against the three greatest powers in Europe, who possessed eighty millions! But if we examine the events of this war attentively, we shall lose sight of the marvellous, without abating any part of the admiration inspired by the talents of this great captain.

"1st, France ought not to be counted amongst the powers which Frederic had to fight against, because the French armies were, throughout this war, kept in check on the Rhine by the army of the ten Princes in the pay of England, composed of English, Hanoverians, Hessians, and Brunswickers. 2ndly, Russia did not wish to overwhelm Prussia; she only did as much as was necessary to satisfy that ambitious instinct which induced her to try her armies against armies practised in manœuvres, to enable her, at a subsequent period, to accomplish the destinies of which she already had a presentiment. 3dly, Austria had but a very weak military establishment, whilst Prussia, having long been organized like a camp, had numerous armies experienced in tactics."

Napoleon then proceeds to remark on the operations of each year, *multum in parvo*, concluding with the following paragraph, which commences with the description of an interference, of the nature of which this great military genius always appeared duly sensible:—

"The large subsidies which Frederick received from England, afforded him the means of raising soldiers and officers throughout Germany: this alone did more for the cause of Prussia than the five incursions of the Russian army did for that of Austria.

1st, This great Captain has been censured for not having profited as he should have done, by having the lead in 1756; 2dly, for not having struck some grand blow in the Spring of any one of the five following years, whilst the Russians were remote from the field of action; 3dly, for the errors which produced the disasters of Hohenkirch, Maxen, and Landshut; and 4thly, for the injudicious conduct of his invasions of Bohemia and Moravia. But these errors are eclipsed by the great actions, the fine manœuvres, and the daring resolutions by which he was enabled to terminate so disproportionate a contest triumphantly. He was eminently great at the most critical moments; which is the noblest eulogium that can be bestowed upon him. But every thing tends to prove that he could not have resisted France, Austria, and Russia, for one campaign, if these powers had acted in earnest; and that he could not have sustained two campaigns against Austria and Russia, if the Cabinet of St. Petersburg had allowed its army to winter on the theatre of operations. Thus the marvellous part of the history of the Seven Years' War disappears. But the truth which remains is sufficient to justify the high reputation which the Prussian army enjoyed during the last fifty years of the past century; and rather establishes than shakes the great military reputation of Frederick.

Bonaparte denies the invention of any new order of tactics to Frederick:—

“The success obtained by the King in this war has been attributed to a new order of tactics, in battle, said to have been invented by him, and called the oblique order. In the course of the seven years' war Frederick fought ten battles in person and six by his lieutenant, including the affairs of Maxen and Landshut. Of the former he won seven and lost three; and of the latter he gained one and lost five. Thus out of sixteen battles Prussia won eight and lost eight. In none of these battles did the King ever make use of any new tactics; he did nothing but what has been practised by other generals, ancient and modern, in all ages.

The commentator then proceeds to analyse and pull to pieces the pretended *oblique* order of tactic, the invention of which was attributed to Frederick, and shows, that when successful, it is merely a surprise; and as an open movement, both unmilitary and dangerous. We of course feel little disposition to enter into the merits of the strictures which exhibit the contempt of Napoleon for much of the elaborate theoretical and parade manœuvre, the cultivation of which, at the commencement of the revolutionary war, led to so much unmerited dependence on Prussia. The following is a smart hit at the General Macks, and similar futile *precisianists*, who were created by the pretended school of Frederick:—

“Old Frederick laughed in his sleeve at the parades of Potsdam, when he perceived young officers, French, English, and Austrian, so infatuated with the manœuvre of the oblique order, which was fit for nothing but to gain a few adjutant-majors a reputation. A profound examination of the manœuvres of this war ought to have enlightened these officers; and what should have completely dispelled their illusion is, that Frederick never manœuvred but by lines and by the flank; never by deployments.”

So much for the double volume that has just made its appearance, which supplies another proof of the extraordinary and distinctive character of its dictator. From one end to the other we find a total absence of what, somewhat unprofessionally, has obtained the name of special pleading; but, on the contrary, a severe simplicity of manner, directly opposed to selfish display. That Napoleon should wish his Italian campaigns in particular to appear to advantage in history, is natural enough; but so much does the soldier prevail, we apprehend they are narrated more in the indulgence of his military predilection, than with a view to the promotion of his general glory as a conqueror. As to the *Historical Miscellanies*, they are the unmixed offspring of this professional attachment; for what else could lead him into such

disquisition by way of amusement, or the incidental praise of a few professional men of kindred genius after his death? Napoleon was at one and the same time the most general and particular character we ever read of,—a paradox that we must explain by observing, that while never apparently awkward or out of place in any situation, and apparently equal to all, yet his caste of character was so essentially military, that under every circumstance its predominance was obvious. Whether this disposition, which indisputably led to his greatness, did not also contribute to his fall, is a question. Our own opinion is in the affirmative; it led him to that exclusive reliance on physical powers and adaptations, which happily, sooner or later, are uniformly checked by moral causes, and which yield to them. Whether, if he had been somewhat less of a consummate soldier he would have obtained his extraordinary elevation, is doubtful; but that it would have favoured his preservation of it when attained, is out of all doubt. His overthrow, ought to have been the triumph of humanity and national independence: we see what it is likely to lead to; and in the consequent progress of the most stupid despotism all over Europe, almost learn to lament the fate of an ascendancy, which, if ambitious, was informed; and if encroaching, not built upon theories and principles essentially and unequivocally opposed to the social progress of mankind.

THE FIRST CHAPTER OF THE TRAVELS OF TRUTH.

[To be dedicated to Dr. Southey and his Coadjutors in the Quarterly Review.]

ONCE upon a time Truth resolved to travel from her own *terra incognita*. Primitive, pure, simple, beautiful, she might have served as a model for Phidias or Flaxman. She first arrived at a certain land—was it a Christian land? the sagacious reader will discover—where, whatever designs men had in their heads, and whatever feelings possessed their hearts, all professed to mean well; and full often did she hear repeated the wise and venerable maxim, “*Do as you would be done unto.*” Concerning the hearts of this people, the reader shall presently be enabled to guess: their heads were shaped pyramidally, having been squeezed into this form in early infancy.—[Dr. Southey, at least, will understand this, his own head having the same aspiring tendency.]

When the traveller announced her name, they gazed for a season with tender delight: but the season was short; for now remarking the round, innovating, form of her head, so shocking to their preconceived notions of rectitude and pyramidal stability, they set about doing as they had been done by, and as they intended to do by their own posterity; and by means of stroking, patting, squeezing, and regretting that proper methods had not been resorted to in time, they soon obliged Truth to take an unceremonious departure.

She next arrived at a country where all the inhabitants had their noses pressed flat, which had been effected by means of boards, some of which were not covered with green cloth, and which were applied during the adult period. These flat savages regarded the entrance of Truth with her Grecian nose as a provoking insult; began to talk of their invaded rights; and having duly convoked their Elders, resolved

that she should either depart a country so highly favoured by heaven as theirs, or consent to have her nose re-modelled, according to the genuine principles of beauty; for that they could not endure to live in the neighbourhood and presence of a nose so unnatural; adding, that they only desired to do unto others, as they had been and wished to be done unto.

Taking them at this alternative, Truth passed into a third country, where the bodies of the natives were fantastically and even hideously covered with the discolorations and punctures of the tattoo. These savages, of a more ferocious description than the former, sought to lay violent hands on the Goddess, and to tattoo her, as it had been their desire, even at the age of manhood, to be tattooed; but she instantly put forth the wings of a dove, and flew away, and was at rest—for a while. Where she next descended, her historian may possibly tell in a future chapter.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE CROW.—A FABLE.

[Addressed to the Interdictors of Lord Byron's philosophical Poetry.]

A CROW, having impatiently listened for some time to the song of a Nightingale, hoarsely addressed himself to the sweet musician in the following terms:—"I cannot think what pleasure you Nightingales can take in making such hideous noises at a season when all else is silent, and all good birds are disposed to rest or to supper. One really cannot eat one's nocturnal carrion in comfort. Your discord should be interdicted." "I am not surprised that *you* cannot conceive my pleasure," replied Philomel; "the ignorant show their ignorance most glaringly in being ignorant of their own ignorance. It is impossible *you* can judge of my happiness, unless you had the ears and feelings of a Nightingale."

MORAL.—None but the selfish vulgar decry works of genius. None but the tasteful and the wise are sensible to their beauty and utility.

THE SOJOURNMENT OF JUPITER.—ANOTHER FABLE.

[Addressed to the same Crew.]

It is not so very long ago as some people are apt to imagine, since Jupiter, like the Caliph Haroun al Raschid, chose to visit his pretended votaries in disguise. He accordingly descended and sojourned for awhile amongst men, assuming the character of a philosophical Poet: by instructing them in the arts of benevolence and the science of philanthropy, he would have taught them the true nature of Religion and Morality: but they soon became more dissatisfied than some folks of the present day are with the Rev. Mr. Irving; some loudly exclaiming, whilst others hypocritically insinuated that he was an heretic, a blasphemer, an atheist. And they would have burnt their fingers with his thunder, had he not in charity placed it out of their reach. Jupiter was slow to punish them; but at length did so by ascending before a select number of disciples, leaving them to their own execrable superstitions and abortive reasonings.

COMMON PLACES.

LXII.

HAPPINESS, like mocking, is catching. At least, none but those who are happy in themselves, can make others so. No wit, no understanding, neither riches nor beauty can communicate this feeling—the happy alone can make happy. Love and Joy are twins, or born of each other.

LXIII.

No one knows when he is safe from ridicule.

LXIV.

Is it a misfortune or a happiness that we so often like the faults of one we love better than the virtues of any other woman; that we like her refusals, better than all other favours; that we like her love of others, better than any one else's love of us?

LXV.

If a man were refused by a woman a thousand times, and he really loved her, he would still think that at the bottom of her heart she preferred him to every one else. Nor is this wonderful, when we consider that all passion is a species of madness; and that the feeling in the mind towards the beloved object is the most amiable and delightful thing in the world. Our love to her is heavenly, and so (the heart whispers us) must her's be to us—though it were buried at the bottom of the sea; nay, from the tomb our self-love would revive it! We never can persuade ourselves that a mistress cares nothing about us, till we no longer care about her. No! it is certain that there is nothing truly deserving of love but love, and

“ In spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,”

we still believe in the justice of the blind God!

LXVI.

It would be easy to forget a misplaced attachment, but that we do not like to acknowledge ourselves in the wrong.

LXVII.

A great mind is one that can forget or look beyond itself.

LXVIII.

The grand scenes of Nature are more adapted for occasional visits than for constant residence. They are the temples of the Goddess, not fit dwellings for her worshippers. Familiarity breeds contempt or indifference; and it is better to connect this feeling with the petty and trivial than with the lofty and sublime. Besides, it is unnecessary to run the risk in the latter case. One chief advantage of the great and magnificent objects of Nature is, that they stamp their image on the mind for ever; the blow need not be repeated to have the desired effect. We take them with us wherever we go; we have but to think of them, and they appear; and at the distance of half a life or of the circumference of the globe, we unlock the springs of memory, and the tall mountain shoots into the sky, the lake expands its bosom, and the cataract rushes from the pine-clad rock. The bold majestic outline is all that there is to discover in such situations, and this we can always remember. In more cultivated and artificial scenes we may observe a thousand hedge-row beauties with curious eye, or pluck the tender

flower beneath our feet, while Skiddaw hovers round our heads, and the echoes of Helvellyn thunder in our hearts.

LXIX.

I should always choose to live within reach of a fine prospect, rather than to see one from my windows. A number of romantic, distant objects staring in upon one (uncalled-for) tantalise the imagination, and tempt the truant feet; whereas, at home, I wish to feel satisfied where I am, and sheltered from the world.

LXX.

Mr. Martin's picture of Adam and Eve in Paradise has this capital defect, that there is no *repose* in it. You see two insignificant naked figures, and a preposterous architectural landscape, like a range of buildings overlooking them. They might as well be represented sleeping on the top of the pinnacle of the Temple with the world and all the glories thereof spread out before them. They ought to have been painted imparadised in one another's arms, shut up in measureless content, with Eden's choicest bowers closing round them, and Nature stooping to clothe them with vernal bowers. Nothing could be too retired, too voluptuous, too sacred from day's garish eye: instead of which, you have a gaudy panoramic view, a glittering barren waste, a triple row of clouds, of rocks, and mountains piled one upon the other, as if the imagination already bent its idle gaze over that wide world, which was so soon to be their place of exile, and the aching, restless spirit of the artist was occupied in building a stately prison for our first parents, instead of decking their bridal bed, and wrapping them in a short-lived dream of bliss!

LXXI.

The mind tires of variety, but becomes reconciled to uniformity. Change produces a restless habit, a love of farther change: the recurrence of the same objects conduces to repose, and to content. My Uncle Toby's bowling-green bounded his harmless ambition. Bonaparte, not contented with France and Europe for a pleasure-ground, wanted to have Russia for an ice-house; and Alexander, at the farthest side of India, wept for new worlds to conquer. If we let our thoughts wander abroad, there is no end to fantastic projects, to the craving after novelty, to fickleness, and disappointment: if we confine them at home, Peace may find them there. Mr. Horne Tooke used to contend that all tendency to excess was voluntary in the mind: the wants of Nature kept within a certain limit. Even if a person adhered to a regular number of cups of tea or glasses of wine, he did not feel tempted to exceed this number: but if he once went beyond his usual allowance, the desire to transgress increased with its indulgence, and the artificial appetite was proportioned to the artificial stimulus. It has been remarked, that in the tropical climates, where there is no difference of seasons, time passes away on smoother and swifter pinions; "the Earth spins round on its soft axle," unnoticed, unregretted: and life wears out soonest and best in sequestered privacy, within the round of a few, simple, unenvied enjoyments.

LXXII.

The retailing a set of anecdotes is not conversation. A story admits of no answer: a remark or an opinion naturally calls forth another, and leads to as many different views of a subject as there are minds in

company. An officer in a Scotch marching regiment has always a number of very edifying anecdotes to communicate; but unless you are of the mess or of the same clan, you are necessarily sent to *Coventry*. Prosing, mechanical narrations of this kind are tedious, as well as tinctured with egotism: if they are set off with a brilliant manner, with mimicry, and action, they become theatrical: the speaker is a kind of *Mr. Matthews at home*, and the audience are more or less delighted and amused with the exhibition; but there is an end of society, and you no more think of interrupting a confirmed story-teller, than you would of interrupting a favourite actor on the stage.

LXXIII.

The Queen's trial gave a death-blow to the hopes of all reflecting persons with respect to the springs and issues of public spirit and opinion. It was the only question I ever knew that excited a thorough popular feeling. It struck its roots into the heart of the nation; it took possession of every house or cottage in the kingdom; man, woman, and child took part in it, as if it had been their own concern. Business was laid aside for it; people forgot their pleasures, even their meals were neglected, nothing was thought of but the fate of the Queen's trial. The arrival of the *Times Newspaper* was looked upon as an event in every village, the Mails hardly travelled fast enough; and he who had the latest intelligence in his pocket was considered as the happiest of mortals. It kept the town in a ferment for several weeks: it agitated the country to the remotest corner. It spread like wild-fire over the kingdom; the public mind was electrical. So it should be on other occasions; it was only so on this. An individual may be oppressed, a nation may be trampled upon, mankind may be threatened with annihilation of their rights, and the threat enforced; and not a finger is raised, not a heart sinks, not a pulse beats quicker in the public or the private quarrel, a momentary burst of vain indignation is heard, dies away, and is forgotten. Truth has no echo, but folly and imposture have a thousand reverberations in the hollowness of the human heart. At the very time when all England went mad about the poor Queen, a man of the name of Bruce was sent to Botany Bay for having spoken to another who was convicted of sedition; and no notice was taken of it. We have seen what has been done in Spain, and Earth does not roll its billows over the heads of tyrants, to bury them in a common grave. What was it then in the Queen's cause that stirred this mighty "coil and pudder" in the breast? Was it the love of truth, of justice, of liberty? No such thing. Her case was at best doubtful, and she had only suffered the loss of privileges peculiar to herself. But she was a Queen, she was a woman, and a thorn in the King's side. There was the cant of loyalty, the cant of gallantry, and the cant of freedom mixed all together in delightful and inextricable confusion. She was a Queen—all the loyal and well-bred bowed to the name; she was a wife—all the women took the alarm; she was at variance with the lawful Sovereign—all the free and independent Electors of Westminster and London were up in arms. "The Queen's name was a tower of strength," which these persons had hitherto wanted, and were glad to catch at. Though a daughter of the Duke of Brunswick, though a grand-daughter of George III. yet because she was separated from her husband, she must be hand and glove with the

people, the wretched, helpless, doating, credulous, meddling people, who are always ready to lick the hands, not just then raised to shed their blood or rivet on their chains. There was here an idol to pull down, and an idol to set up. There was an imperial title and meretricious frontispiece to the spurious volume of Liberty. There was the mock-majesty of an empty throne behind the real one, and the impertinence of mankind was interested to thrust the unwelcome claimant into it. City patriots stood a chance of becoming liege men, and true to a Queen—of their own choosing. The spirit of faction was half merged in the spirit of servility. There was a rag-fair of royalty—every one carried his own paints and patches into the presence of the new Lady of Loretto—there was a sense of homage due, of services and countenance bestowed on Majesty. This popular farce had all the charm of *private theatricals*. The Court of St. James's was nothing to the *make-believe* Court at Kew. The King was a sort of *state-fixture*; but the Queen-Consort, the favourite of the rabble, was herself one of them. The presence-doors were flung open, and every blackguard and blockhead rushed in. What an opportunity to see, to hear, to touch a Queen! To gratify the itch of loyalty by coming in contact with the person of the Sovereign was a privilege reserved for a few; but to receive this favour at the Queen's hands was a distinction common to all! All the trades of London came to kiss the Queen's hand: Presbyterian parsons knelt to kiss the hands of their royal mistress; the daughters of country curates and of city knights sipped loyalty from the back of her Majesty's hand. Radicals and reformers contended who should be foremost in paying homage to the Queen; there was a race for precedence, quarrelling and pulling of caps between the wives of distinguished orators and caricaturists, at the very footsteps of the throne; while Mr. Alderman Wood,

"A gentle Husher, Vanity by name,"

strove to keep the peace, and vindicate the character of civic dames for courtly manners. Mr. Place, Mr. Hone, Mr. Thelwall, Sir Richard Phillips, kissed her Majesty's hand; Mr. Cobbett alone was not invited,*—it was thought he might *bite*. What a pity that it was before Mr. Irving's time, or he might have thrown in the casting-weight of his perfect mind and body, and *ousted* both the King and Bergami! In the midst of all this, his Majesty went to the play, bowed to the boxes, the pit, the gallery, and to the *actors*, and you would suppose in four days' time, that a whisper had never been uttered to imply that the King not only was not the most graceful man in his dominions, but the best of monarchs and of husbands. The Queen and her *pic-nic* parties were no more thought of. What a scene for history to laugh at!

TABLE TALK.

We have heard it bitterly lamented by persons whose interest it is that it should be otherwise, that the dress of the male nobility and gentry of England was never so poor and pretensionless as at present. We are disposed to agree with the remark in *their* sense of richness,

* This is *bien trouvé*, but not quite correct.—Ed.

magnificence, and fancy; and have reason to believe that it is applicable to Europe generally, setting aside military finery, and the extravagant and tasteless decoration thereunto appertaining. In the days of Elizabeth and James, however, strange to say, we were thought even to give the French the go-by, in the article of dress, especially as to expensiveness. At the coronation of James I. there was a knight whose cloak cost him 500*l.* of the then currency; and at the marriage of Elizabeth, daughter of James I. Lady Wotten had a gown, of which the embroidery was valued at 50*l.* a yard. The Lady Arabella Stuart had four gowns, which cost 1500*l.* and the wardrobe of Elizabeth, for richness and variety, is proverbial. Sir Walter Raleigh (a proof that a *penchant* for personal decoration is not an uniform proof of weakness) was especially noted for the magnificence of his apparel. There is a remarkable picture of this worthy, which will serve to convey an idea of the gaiety and splendour of his dress. It is a white satin pinked vest, close-sleeved to the wrist; over the body a brown doublet, finely flowered and embroidered with pearl. In the feather of his hat a large ruby and pearl drop at the bottom of the sprig, in place of a button; his trunk or breeches, with his stockings and ribbon garters, fringed at the end, all white, and buff shoes with white ribbon. On great court days, Raleigh's shoes were so gorgeously covered with precious stones, as to have exceeded the value of 6600*l.* He had also a suit of armour of solid silver, with sword and belt blazing with diamonds, rubies, and pearls, whose value was not easily calculated. We know of nothing to equal this, except Prince Esterhazy and his diamond-covered coat.

"But fools rush on, where angels fear to tread."—We never read a finer illustration of the occasional happy confidence of ignorance, than the following anecdote of Cheselden:—"This celebrated surgeon, going into an obscure country town, found a blacksmith, who, with the best intention and the utmost confidence, was in the habit of performing the operation for extracting the cataract. Pleased with his talents, Mr. C. took pains to instruct him; and at a subsequent period enquiring what had been his success, the man replied, "Ah, Sir, you spoiled my trade; for after you explained to me what I had been doing, I never dared try again."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A "Constant Reader" is informed, that there will be a Title-page and Index to the *LITERARY EXAMINER* for the half-year ending with December.

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REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Don Juan. Cantos XII. XIII. and XIV.

[Continued.]

WE supplied last week a description of the country mansion of the noble pair to whom Don Juan became a guest; we now proceed to a brief sketch of the company of which he formed a part:—

The noble guests, assembled at the Abbey,
Consisted of—we give the sex the pas—
The Duches of Fitz-Fulke; the Countess Crabbe;
The ladies Scilly, Busey;—Miss Eclât,
Miss Bombaseen, Miss Mackstay, Miss O'Tabby,
And Mrs. Rabbi, the rich banker's squaw;
Also the Honourable Mrs. Sleep,
Who look'd a white lamb, yet was a black-sheep.

A mob of women of quality are then given collectively, which leads to a few brief observations on the points of female character which approaches the verge of admissibility to well-bred circles:

————— for good society
Is no less famed for *tolerance* than *piety*.

The poet is of opinion that “appearances” form the joint on which things hinge in the celestial regions of high rank, although after all there is much uncertainty:—

I can't exactly trace their rule of right,
Which hath a little leaning to a lottery.
I've seen a virtuous woman put down quite
By the mere combination of a Coterie;
Also a So-So Matron boldly fight
Her way back to the world by dint of plottery,
And shine the very *Stris* of the spheres,
Escaping with a few slight, scarless sneers.

This point dispatched, the author goes on with the description of the guests:—

I have seen more than I'll say:—but we will see
How our *collegiators* will get on.
The party might consist of thirty three
Of highest caste—the Brahmins of the ton.
I have named a few, not foremost in degree,
But ta'en at hazard as the rhyme may run.
By way of sprinkling, scatter'd amongst these,
There also were some Irish absentees.

There was Parolles too, the legal bully,
 Who limits all his battles to the bar
 And senate: when invited elsewhere, truly,
 He shows more appetite for words than war.
 There was the young bard Rackrhyme, who had newly
 Come out and glimmer'd as a six-weeks' star.
 There was Lord Pyrrho too, the great freethinker;
 And Sir John Pottledeep, the mighty drinker.

There was the Duke of Dash, who was a—duke,
 "Aye, every inch a" duke; there were twelve peers
 Like Charlemagne's—and all such peers in look
 And intellect, that neither eyes nor ears
 For commoners had ever them mistook.

There were the six Miss Rawbolds—pretty dears!
 All song and sentiment; whose hearts were set
 Less on a convent than a soretet.

There were four Honourable Misters, whose
 Honour was more before their names than after;
 There was the preux Chevalier de la Ruse,
 Whom France and Fortune lately deign'd to waft here,
 Whose chiefly harmless talent was to amuse;
 But the clubs found it rather serious laughter,
 Because—such was his magic power to please—
 The dice seem'd charm'd too with his repartees.

There was Dick Dubious the metaphysician,
 Who loved philosophy and a good dinner;
 Angle, the soi-disant mathematician;
 Sir Henry Silvercup, the great race-winner.
 There was the Reverend Redomont Precisian,
 Who did not hate so much the sin as sinnet;
 And Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet,
 Good at all things, but better at a bet.

There was Jack Jargon the gigantic guardsman;
 And General Fireface, famous in the field,
 A great tactician, and no less a swordsman,
 Who ate, last war, more Yankees than he kill'd.
 There was the waggish Welch Judge, Jefferies Hardman,
 In his grave office so completely skill'd,
 That when a culprit came for condemnation,
 He had his judge's joke for consolation.

The following sketch is of very general recognition:—

I had forgotten—but must not forget—
 An Orator, the latest of the session,
 Who had deliver'd well a very set
 Smooth speech, his first and maidenly transgression
 Upon debate: the papers echoed yet
 With this début, which made a strong impression,
 And rank'd with what is every day display'd—
 "The best first speech that ever yet was made."

Proud of his "Hear him!" proud too of his vote
 And lost virginity of oratory,
 Proud of his learning (just enough to quote)
 He revel'd in his Ciceronian glory:
 With memory excellent to get by rote,
 With wit to hatch a pun or tell a story,
 Graced with some merit and with more effrontery,
 "His Country's pride," he came down to the country.

Does Lord Byron deal in generalities or individualization, in the
 subsequent pair of portraits?—

There also were two wits by acclamation,
 Longbow from Ireland, Strongbow from the Tweed,

Both lawyers and both men of education ;
 But Strongbow's wit was of more polish'd breed :
 Longbow was rich in an imagination,
 As beautiful and bounding as a steed,
 But sometimes stumbling over a potatoe,—
 While Strongbow's best things might have come from Cato.
 Strongbow was like a new-tuned harpsichord ;
 But Longbow wild as an Æolian harp,
 With which the winds of heaven can claim accord,
 And make a music, whether flat or sharp.
 Of Strongbow's talk you would not change a word ;
 At Longbow's phrases you might sometimes carp :
 Both wits—one born so, and the other bred,
 This by his heart—his rival by his head.

As to the mode of spending time :—

The gentlemen got up betimes to shoot,
 Or hunt : the young, because they liked the sport—
 The first thing boys like, after play and fruit :
 The middle-aged, to make the day more short ;
 For *ennui* is a growth of English root,
 Though nameless in our language :—we retort
 The fact for words, and let the French translate
 That awful yawn which sleep can not abate
 The elderly walked through the library,
 And tumbled books, or criticised the pictures,
 Or sauntered through the gardens piteously,
 And made upon the hot-house several strictures,
 Or rode a nag which trotted not too high,
 Or on the morning papers read their lectures,
 Or on the watch their longing eyes would fix,
 Longing at sixty for the hour of six.

We, of course, must extract an equal quantity in description of the female arrangements :—

The ladies—some rouged, some a little pale—
 Met the morn as they might. In fine, they rode,
 Or walked ; if foul, they read, or told a tale,
 Sung, or rehearsed the last dance from abroad ;
 Discuss'd the fashion which might next prevail,
 And settled bonnets by the newest code,
 Or cramm'd twelve sheets into one little letter,
 To make each correspondent a new debtor.
 For some had absent lovers, all had friends.
 The earth has nothing like a *She* epistle,
 And hardly heaven—because it never ends.
 I love the mystery of a female missal,
 Which, like a creed, ne'er says all it intends,
 But full of cunning as *Ulysses'* whistle,
 When he allur'd poor *Dolon* :—you had better
 Take care what you reply to such a letter.

The following quip at old Isaac Walton will mightily enrage the quiet and sapient association of anglers :—

Then there were billiards ; cards too, but no dice ;—
 Save in the Clubs no man of honour plays ;—
 Boats when 'twas water, skating when 'twas ice,
 And the hard frost destroy'd the scenting days :
 And angling too, that solitary vice,
 Whatever Isaac Walton sings or says :
 The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
 Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.

Nor will the note appended to this stanza allay their anger :—

It would have taught him humanity at least. This sentimental savage, whom it is a mode to quote (amongst the novelists) to show their sympathy for innocent sports and old songs, teaches how to sew up frogs, and break their legs by way of experiment, in addition to the art of angling, the cruellest, the coldest, and the stupidest of pretended sports. They may talk about the beauties of nature, but the angler merely thinks of his dish of fish; he has no leisure to take his eyes from off the streams, and a single *bite* is worth to him more than all the scenery around. Besides, some fish bite best on a rainy day. The whale, the shark, and the tunny fishery have somewhat of noble and perilous in them; even net fishing, trawling, &c. are more humane and useful—but angling! No angler can be a good man.

“One of the best men I ever knew;—as humane, delicate-minded, generous, and excellent a creature as any in the world, was an angler: true, he angled with painted flies, and would have been incapable of the extravagances of I. Walton.”

The above addition was made by a friend in reading over the MS.—“*Audi alteram partem*”—I leave it to counterbalance my own observation.

Some further description follows, which ends with a very characteristic summing up:—

But all was gentle and aristocratic
In this our party; polish'd, smooth, and cold,
As Phidian forms cut out of marble Attic.
There now are no Squire Westerns as of old;
And our Sophias are not so emphatic,
But fair as then, or fairer to behold.
We have no accomplish'd blackguards, like Tom Jones,
But gentlemen in stays, as stiff as stones.

With the account of the guests concludes Canto 13; and we must anticipate a little, and extract from an advanced part of Canto 14, to supply Lord Byron's apology for any lack of point or brilliancy in his description of worshipful society:—

The portion of this world which I at present
Have taken up to fill the following sermon,
Is one of which there's no description recent:
The reason why, is easy to determine:
Although it seems both prominent and pleasant,
There is a sameness in its gems and ermine,
A dull and family likeness through all ages,
Of no great promise for poetic pages.
With much to excite, there's little to exalt;
Nothing that speaks to all men and all times;
A sort of varnish over every fault;
A kind of common-place, even in their crimes;
Factitious passions, wit without much salt,
A want of that true nature which sublimizes
Whate'er it shows with truth; a smooth monotony
Of character, in those at least who have got any.
Sometimes indeed, like soldiers off parade,
They break their ranks and gladly leave the drill;
But then the roll-call draws them back afraid,
And they must be or seem what they were: still
Doubtless it is a brilliant masquerade;
But when of the first sight you have had your fill,
It palls—at least it did so upon me,
This Paradise of Pleasure and Ennui.

Thus Lord Byron adds his testimony to that of the many scribes of quality who have preceded him, and been equally candid in exposing the burning heart beneath the glittering robe, like the pacers in the hall of Eblis, so well described in *Vathek*. Horace Walpole, Lady

Mary Wortley Montague, and several more, have preceded the author of *Don Juan* in this line of discovery, which, however, only amounts to the general fact, that unalloyed enjoyment is not for any stage of human existence; but that, if due enquiry were made, the result would be very similar to that produced by the investigation of the good King Bedreddin Lolo and his rueful Visier, in the entertaining Persian tale called after them. Akenside has a very imposing passage, in his *Pleasures of Imagination*, on this subject, in which he observes, it is intended, that

Not in the fading echoes of Renown,
Power's purple robe, or Pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find enjoyment,—

in order that the human mind should extend its vision; and reach the idea of infinite perfection. We cannot go quite so far as this florid poet, because it would be asserting the existence of an intention which is obviously not fulfilled. It is possibly enough to be convinced that it is a wise provision not to make man too satisfied with a state which he must necessarily resign. At all events, it is clear, that the leading ranks of life are not exempt from the general discontent of humanity; and that, in the midst of abundance, satiety eats like a rust into their souls. The affections supply the purest sources of human satisfaction; and here it is evident that the two extremes of society are less fortunate than the grades which lie between them. But enough: this is running away without a licence from *Don Juan*, somewhat too much in the way of the noble author, whose possession of one is undeniable.—We shall conclude our account of these Cantos next week.

Koningsmarke, the Long Finne, a Story of the New World.

WE suspect that we owe this American story (which first saw the light in New York, and has been reprinted in London) in a distant degree to the novels of Sir Walter Scott, and immediately to the deserved success of the transatlantic author of the *Spy* and the *Pioneers*. Something, indeed, of this is confessed by the present story-teller, who, without competing with either of the masters we have just alluded to, may in time "become a painter also." Consciously right as he may be in some of his objections to the *Waverly* novels, we could however wish that he had not displayed a little more spleen than judgment in his manner of advancing them; it not being absolutely necessary to depose a North British to make room for another American Novelist. We say this only as to an excess of this kind of remark, and a captious affectation in the display of it; for we are as satisfied as our American, that the Scottish novels will not hold that very fashionable rank with posterity which they maintain at present. No productions, indeed, the principal attractions of which originate in a happy portraiture of costume and manners, rather than of principles and affections, ever hold an immoveable station. The thick-and-thin admirers of the Scottish novels will possibly contend that such is not the case with them, and that they abound with characteristic incident, which is the result of the most deep-rooted feelings and associations. Agreed—but of

what kind? Those which spring out of the strong prejudices of a party or a clan,—a species of collective singularity. We will not say that there are no exceptions to this remark; but they are very few, and by no means the happiest of his portraitures. This is so undeniable, that if either male or female be depicted without the mark of the herd upon them, they are in proportion powerless and inefficient. A self-formed spirit can never be conjured into the circle of Sir Walter; and we question if, like Fielding, or even his countryman Smollet, he could make even a passable story out of the every-day characters and incidents of life. This says nothing against his merit in his *own* way, which is clearly that of vivid description and the painting of things for the associations connected with the eye, rather than with the understanding,—with those allied to the memory, more than to the heart. We question if half of his pathos be not factitious; at least we can only recollect the Heart of Mid-Lothian, which claims an exception, and that is by forming the leading incident on an extreme case. But in classing the *forte* of Sir Walter, and showing a little disposition to deny its claim to intellectual *priority*, we conclude all qualification on our part. That he makes use of his special gift in the covert service of party, and to neutralize or ridicule some of the noblest springs of human action, whilst he advocates some of the most factitious and injurious, is the fault of any thing but the head, and ought to be taken into account in a judgment of the man, rather than of the writer.—And now to our more especial business.

The author of Koningsmarke should be merciful to the “Great Unknown,” for an obvious want of skill in the formation of a story; for in that respect his own is an utter failure. This is so much the case, that we have been more than once led to suspect that he intended Koningsmarke for a burlesque exhibition of the failures and less defensible eccentricities of the Waverly School. Thus he heads his chapters with something like a *travestie* of the headings of the chapters of the Scottish author; and after ridiculing the taste of much of his romance, has manufactured a kind of black Meg Merrilies in his turn, to perform a similar part to no manner of purpose. It singularly enough happens, too, that he is happiest in that very class of the descriptive which forms the principal merit of his original. Such, for instance, as Indian characters, scenery, grouping and manners; and with great fidelity fails as precisely in respect to his nominal hero and heroine, and in a lame, huddled, and impotent conclusion. Truly, if our American intended to burlesque Sir Walter Scott, he should not have gravely attacked him; and if not, he has only shewn his inferiority, in the very faults which he condemns: “Do you read, or sing?” said Cæsar to a bad reader. “If you sing, you sing very badly.” A parody in application may easily be made.

Our readers may enquire, if it is in a preface that the Scottish novels are thus attacked by American jealousy? We answer, no, but in digressive chapters; Koningsmarke being divided into books, in the Fielding way, with a prefatory chapter to each,—a dangerous model, without a plentiful intellectual storehouse. There is some pleasantry, however, and much right general feeling if little profundity. We suspect, indeed, that this author has not been much in the habit of marshalling

his ideas in print, and that something better will succeed. Koningsmarke, which, following the exact track of *The Pioneers*, in character and story, marches a vast way behind it.

Koningsmarke the Long Finne—in kindred English, Koningsmarke the tall Finlander, finds his way, a youthful wanderer, into the Swedish settlement of Elsingburgh, on the banks of the Delaware, then acknowledging the authority of the heroic Gustavus Adolphus. A poor adventurer of good family, he falls rapidly into the good graces of the old testy Swedish Governor and his fair daughter, but is counteracted by the mysterious opposition of an old black slave (a sort of reputed witch) in the Governor's family. All this ends in nothing; the mystery turns out to be none at all, and the lovers are finally united. The entire merit, therefore, consists in American village character and incident, in emulation of *The Pioneers*, and in occasional happy description of the wild nature and aboriginal strength of feature of the savage. We will endeavour to furnish an extract or two, chiefly in illustration of the latter.

Dominie Kanttwell, the intolerant pastor of the good village of Elsingburgh, attacks an Indian Sachem, with the view of converting him:—

"The old Sachem listened till he had done, it being their custom never to interrupt any person in speaking, and then replied with great gravity:—

"Brother, you say your religion is the only true religion in the world—good: I have been in Canada, and there they told me theirs was the only true religion—good: I have been at Boston, where they assured me the religion of the people of Canada was the religion of the bad spirit, and that theirs was the only true one—good: I have been at the Manhattans, where they called the white people of Boston bad people, and said they had no religion—good: I have been at Coaquanock, among the *Big Hats*, and they told me the religion of the Manhattans was not the right sort—good: I am here, and you say, Brother, ours is the only good religion, and you must believe like me—good. But, brother, which am I to believe? You say, all of you, that the good book out of which you preach is what you all take for your guide, and that it is written by the Great Spirit himself, yet you all differ among yourselves. Now, brother, hear what I have got to say. As soon as you shall agree among yourselves which is the true religion, I shall think of joining you. Good."

The following account of a conference between the white and the red men is at once elaborately humorous and picturesque:—

"The place selected for this meeting was a little flat in a curve of the river, which was here about twenty yards wide, clothed with majestic elms and sycamores, standing at various distances from each other, and without any underwood. The greensward extending to the edge of the stream on one side, and on the other rose a lofty barrier of rocks, clothed with gray mosses and laurel bushes, now just exhibiting their pale pink blossoms. The precipice was crowned, at its summit, with a primeval growth of lofty oaks, that waved their broad arms beyond the rocks, and partly overshadowed the stream, which, a little onward, wound between two high hills and disappeared.

"To this sequestered spot came the Heer Piper, accompanied by the Long Finne, Dominie Kanttwell, the trusty Counsellors of Elsingburgh, together with divers men, women, and children, drawn thither by curiosity, and whom the trusty and indefatigable Lob Dotterel kept in order by dint of making more noise than all the rest. Here, too, came ten or a dozen of the monarchs of the new world, whose names and titles, translated into English, equal those of the most lofty and legitimate kings of the east. There came the Big Buffalo, the Little Duck Legs, the Sharp Faced Bear, the Walking Shadow, the Rolling Thunder, the Iron Cloud, the Jumping Sturgeon, the Belly Ach, and the Doctor, all legitimate sovereigns, with copper rings in their noses, blanket robes of state, and painted faces. These were accompanied by a train of inferior chiefs and warriors, who seated themselves in silence in a half circle, on one side of the little plain. On the right of these sat the kings, their bodies bent forward in a posture to listen, and their blankets drawn closely

around their shoulders, which, when occasionally opened, disclosed the deadly tomahawk and scalping knife.

On the opposite side, upon a little natural platform, was placed a bench, or tribune, for the Heer Piper and his suite. The Heer on this occasion was dressed in his uniform as a Swedish officer, which he wore under the Great Gustavus, and had on a sword, given him, as he affirmed, by that Bulwark of the Protestant Faith, as a reward for certain great services, which Governor Piper declined to enumerate, except on new year's eve, and other remarkable epochs. The Rolling Thunder produced a long pipe, ornamented with dyed horse-hair, porcupine's quills variously coloured, and many enormous devices. Having lighted it, he took a whiff or two, handed it to the next, and thus it passed completely round the circle, till both white-men and red-men had partaken in the solemn rite of peace. The Rolling Thunder then bowed gracefully to the Heer, and waved his hand in token that they were ready to hear him. Governor Piper rose, and his speech was from time to time translated by an interpreter.

"Delawares, Minks, Mingoes, Muskrats, and Mud Turtles, listen!" said the Heer, feeling all the dignity of his situation as the representative of a king, addressing an assemblage of kings.

"You have behaved badly of fate; you have sold lands, and taken them back again, after you had shot away your powder, emptied your tobacco boxes, and drank your rum.

"Delawares, Minks, Mingoes, Muskrats, and Mud Turtles, listen!

"You grow worse every day, notwithstanding the trouble we take to make you better; you get drunk and fight each other with knives, instead of embracing like brothers. This is wicked, and the Great Spirit will punish you. Before many moons are passed away, people will ask what has become of the Delawares, the Mingoes, and the rest of the red-men? and the answer shall be, they have been consumed in liquid fires.

"Delawares, Minks, Mingoes, Muskrats, and Mud Turtles, listen!

"You have refused to hear those whom I sent amongst you, to teach you the worship of the true Great Spirit, who is angry with you, and has sent the small-pox to punish your obstinacy. You have hunted on the white-man's ground, and broke down the dam I caused to be built across the river, that we might grind our corn, and saw boards to build our houses. These are some of the things I wished to talk to you about. The Great Spirit, I tell you, is angry, and your great father, across the big lake yonder, will take vengeance. Let me hear what you have to say."

"The red kings heard this harangue in dead silence, and waited a little while to see if the Heer had done speaking. The Rolling Thunder then rose, and, throwing back his blanket, so as to bare his shoulder and red right arm, spoke as follows, beginning in a low tone, and gradually becoming more loud and animated:—

"Long Knife! The strong liquor was first brought among us by the Dutch, who sold it to us, and then told us we must not drink it; they knew it was for our hurt, yet they tempted us to buy it.

"Long Knife! The next people that came among us was the English, who likewise sold us strong liquors, which they blamed us afterwards for drinking. The next that came were the Swedes, your people, and they too sold us strong drinks. All of you knew they were hurtful to us, and that if you let us have them, we would drink them and become mad. We drink, abuse one another, and throw each other into the fire. Six score and ten of our people have been killed by their own brothers, in these mad fits of drinking. Who is to blame for this?"

"Long Knife! You say, that after we have made away with the price of our lands, we come there and hunt on them as if they were our own. We sold you the land, and the trees upon it; but we did not sell the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the forest. These belong to those who have courage and skill to catch them. The Long Knives don't know how to hunt any more than women. You say, too, that we have destroyed the dam which you made across the river to grind your corn. This spring, when we were looking out for the fish to come up the river as they used to do, none came, and our women and children were near starving. We came down to see what was the matter, and found the fish could not get up your dam, so we destroyed it. You tell us that men should do as they would be done by. Why then did you deprive us of fish, that you might grind your corn?"

"Long Knife! We have listened to the Dominie's talks, and tried to understand them, but we cannot. The Great Spirit has given the red-men one mind, and the white-men another. When you bargain with us for three beaver skins, you will not take one for three; yet you want us to believe that three Great Spirits make but one Great Spirit. We can't understand this. Is this our fault?"

“ ‘Long Knife! You ~~says~~ we grow worse and worse every day, and that the Great Spirit will, in his anger, sweep us from the face of the earth. We know this, for already our numbers are growing less and less every day. The white-man is the fire which is lighted in the woods, and burns up the leaves, and kills the tall trees of the forest. We shall perish, or be driven before it, till we come to where the sun sets in the great salt lake of the West, and when we can go no further, there will soon be an end of our race. If such is the will of the Great Spirit, we cannot help it; if it is not his will, you cannot make it so.

“ ‘Long Knife! I have answered you; now, hear me. You came here as strangers, but few in number, and asked us for a little piece of land for a garden; we gave it you. By and bye, you asked for more, and it was given. When we were tired of giving, you purchased of us great tracts of country for tobacco boxes and rum. The tobacco boxes and rum are gone, and you have the land. Is it any wonder that we are angry at being made fools of, and wish to have our lands back again? Every day the white man comes, and pushes the Indian farther and farther back into the woods, where there are neither fish nor oysters to eat. Is it any wonder that, when we are hungry, we fall into bad humours and hate the white-men? The Dominie tells us that you have a right to our country, because we don't make fences, plough up the ground, and grow rich and happy, like your people, in their own country. If they were so happy at home, I don't see why they came here.

“ ‘Long Knife! We would like to be friends with you, but you are a bad people; you have two faces, two hearts, and two tongues; you tell us one thing, and you do another: a red-man never lies, except when you have made him drunk; what he says, he will do: he never crosses his track. You came here as friends, but you have been our worst enemies; you brought us strong drink, small-pox, and lies: go home again, and take these all back with you. We would, if possible, be as we once were, before you came amongst us. Go! leave us to our woods, our waters, our ancient customs, and our ancient gods. If the Great Spirit wishes us to plough the land, sell rum, and become Christians, he can do it. But the means you take will only bring these things about, when there will be nothing left of the red-men but their name and their graves.’

“ When the Rolling Thunder ceased, Dominie Kantwell arose and made a speech, which, however zealous and well meant, only served to exasperate the red kings. He treated their ancient belief with scorn; insulted their feelings of national pride; scoffed at their modes of thinking and acting; and drew a mortifying contrast betwixt the ignorant barbarian roaming the woods, and the white-man enjoying the comfort and security of civilized life. The surrounding Indians began to murmur; then to gnash their teeth, and finally many of them, starting up, seized their tomahawks, and uttered the war-whoop. The Heer and his party were now in imminent danger of falling victims to the fury of the moment. But the Rolling Thunder arose, and, waving his hand for silence, spoke as follows:—

“ ‘Red-men!—hear me! The Long Knives came here in peace: so let them depart. Let us not imitate their treachery, by taking advantage of their confidence to destroy them. Behold! I here extinguish the pipe of peace; I break the belt of wampum, that was the symbol of our being friends, and dig up the buried tomahawk. We are friends no more. Long Knife, go hence in peace to-day, but to-morrow count the red-men thy mortal foes. Before another moon is past, look to see me again.’ He then bared his arm, and drawing his knife, stuck it into the fleshy part. The blood spouted forth, as he exclaimed, ‘For every drop that now falls to the ground there shall be counted one, two, three, aye, four victims, from the nest of the serpent.’

“ The red kings then slowly moved on, followed by their people, who gradually disappeared, yelling the war-whoop, and chaunting bloody songs, till at length their voices died away in the recesses of the forest. The alarmed and irritated Heer muttered to himself, ‘*Verflucht und verdunt sey deine schwarze seele*,’ and, together with his train, returned gloomy and dissatisfied to his village of Elsingburgh.”

Upon the whole, while we can give no extraordinary praise to this production, it exhibits an occasional power of description, and still more, a considerable portion of light and easy humour, which makes it bearable and even entertaining. Walking in the track of the author of *The Pioneers* and *The Spy*, the power displayed, as in most cases of imitation, is very inferior. Upon the whole, however, the tone is good, and the feeling manly; and we hold it to be a good sign that the

American writers are looking out for *Stories*, in the annals and tradition of their comparatively young antiquity, rather than attempting to delineate the factitious gentility and worn-out associations of European society, like Geoffrey Crayon. It is for every country to furnish the chief sources of its own characteristic delineations; and the productions of the late C. B. Brown, the New York History of Crayon aforesaid, and the tales of *The Pioneers* and *The Spy*, already alluded to, prove that neither *materiel* for this branch of inventive and descriptive composition, nor adequate power to use it, is any longer a *desideratum* in Anglo-America. Q.

CONVERSATIONS OF THE DEAD.—No. VI.

Scene.—THE AMARANTHINE BOWER OF MILTON.

Interlocutors.—SOCRATES, MILTON.

S. I have the honour to revisit you, friend Milton, and should have no objection to renew our conversation respecting the machinery of your poetry, should such conversation happen to consist with your leisure and with your wishes.

M. The harp of Orpheus could not be more charming to me, Socrates, than is the sound of your voice. But I perceived clearly, at our former conference, that the morality of the *fall* of man was not consistent with your philosophy. Perhaps you may entertain a better opinion of that other branch of the subject, toward which Bishop Newton would direct attention, and with which you originally proposed to have begun your animadversions.

S. Why, we have in reality been unconsciously coasting along the Bishop's *terra firma*, almost for the whole of our past voyage, without discovering any port of conviction, wherein we could safely rest at anchor. However, I will endeavour to think with him, and with you, if I should find it practicable, that the *redemption* justifies the ways of God to man*: and certainly there is something redeeming to your own philosophy in certain passages of your *Paradise Regained*.

M. In my *Paradise Regained*! Well, I confess, I was ever partial to that poem† myself. The English critics, I know, have reprehended my partiality, but you now console me.

S. (*smiling*). At least you see I am not angered by your making the Devil‡ speak well of me there. But it was to quite another part of the *Paradise Regained*, that I meant to allude. It was to that part wherein you appear to repudiate those false notions to which you seem wedded in the *Paradise Lost*: It is where you would extinguish that delusive light, that *ignis fatuus* of false glory, which you had before lit up, and persuaded yourself that you valued so much above the primitive happiness of man. In your later poem, you wisely contrive to

* Dr. Newton, in his annotations on this verse, says that "the ways of God to man are justified in the many argumentative discourses throughout the poem, and particularly in the conferences between God the Father and the Son."

† "It is commonly reported that Milton himself preferred this poem to the *Paradise Lost*; but all that we can assert upon good authority is, that he could not endure to hear this poem cried down so much as it was, in comparison with the other."—Newton's *Life of Milton*, LXII.

‡ See *Paradise Regained*, B. IV. vv. 273, 280.

make Satan address himself to, and endeavour to attract the attention of, Jesus Christ, towards that desire of glory by which *men* are so easily stimulated. Will you permit me to observe, in passing, that heaven itself appears to be the place where the Devil first caught the idea? But the Son of God, in your *Paradise Regained*, disclaims its influence. This is becoming——

M. But you don't seem to attend to my distinction between false and true glory. I have written,

“ They err, who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest,”

and so forth. This is *false* glory; and the *true* I have characterised as follows; beginning indeed with a doubt, which, as I now conceive, cannot be far from meeting your ideas,—and to which I am probably indebted for the commendation with which you have been pleased to speak of *Paradise Regained*, to my no small gratification.

— “ If there be in glory ought of good,
It may by means far different be attained;
Without ambition, war, or violence:
By deeds of peace; by wisdom eminent;
By patience, temperance.”

And I then proceed to cite the examples of Job and yourself.

S. I know you do; I am much obliged to you; and would willingly show myself grateful for the favour. But should we not also attend here to Satan's reply? You have an English proverb (as I have heard) expressing that the Devil is justly entitled to his due—But allow me to repeat the verses:—

“ Think not so slight of *glory*; therein least
Resembling thy great Father: he seeks glory,
And for his glory all things made: all things
Orders and governs. Nor content in heaven,
By all his angels glorified; requires
Glory from men; from all men, good and bad,
Wise or unwise; no difference, no exemption;
Above all sacrifice or hallowed gift,
Glory he requires——
From us his foes pronounced,—glory he exacts.”

Should it be argued that you did not intend that your Devil should deliver gospel truths, and that we are not therefore to receive them as such; the rejoinder of Jesus must be taken into the account, with its admission of Satan's asseverations, and its feeble, quibbling, abortive attempts to justify the father, by means of that ambiguity, and miserable, evasive, shifting of terms, of which I have before complained, and to which you must be driven whenever you attempt to justify passion—(more especially a passion so vulgar)—in a Deity. Attend now, with your purified ear, to the earlier part of the speech which you have written for your Saviour, and with which you have immediately followed what I have recited from Satan:—

“ With reason, since his word all things produced:
Though chiefly not for glory, as *prime end*,
But to show forth his goodness——

—— What could he less expect
Than *glory*, and *benediction*,—that is, *thanks*;
The slightest earnest, readiest recompense,
From them, who could return him nothing else.”

Could Dryden have had *these* verses in view, when he made it necessary to combine a Homer and a Virgil, in order to produce a Milton, and pronounced that "the force of Nature could no further go?" The firmness of your philosophy evidently "felt unusual weight," when you penned such passages as this, which I could almost call pettifoggging,—and bent under the superincumbent obligation. The distinction to which you called my attention can no longer serve your turn; and you will not, I believe, persist in asserting that you have represented your Deity as actuated by that quiet, serene, love of glory, which you have done me the honour to say I preferred, as being compatible with patience and temperance; but will rather acknowledge, that the ambitious and conquering kind is imputable, which Christ for *himself* disclaims. This is what I lamented at our former conference; and why? Chiefly because the talent of no other poet enabled him, with half the effect which that of Milton might have produced, to stimulate the imaginations of his readers to the conception of that immense and mysterious *power without passion*, which can belong to God alone. It is clear that you found, or fancied, yourself obliged to adopt the passionate God of the Pentateuch; and *passion* being utterly incompatible with my apprehension of DEITY, it is better for me to confess at once that I can never on this point become the proselyte of your fine poetry.

Of another of those mystic technicals—those sophisticated attributes, which you felt or fancied yourself obliged to adopt along with the vindictive Deity,—I shall perhaps be told that it can be known and understood only by those to whom Heaven vouchsafes to impart it. These are the grand priestly *stops* to philosophical discussion. As far as plain sense can penetrate, novices are to pray until their inflated fancies flatter them that they are heard, and that *Grace* is vouchsafed; but since (as is well known to my disciples) I ever steered clear of all this sort of free-masonry, I shall only add, that the *sense* which you *seem* to annex to Grace, must operate, in its *vis inertia*, as a stop to you also, from all further enforcement of the *Free-will* of man; that faculty being, according to the present doctrine, absorbed in the Free-will of Heaven.

Did you not perceive the palpable contradictions which you put into the mouth of Perfect Knowledge, and how you subjected yourself, and those whose doctrines you adopted, to the censure you have passed on those disputants of Pandæmonium, who

———"Reason'd high
Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate;
Fix'd fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute;
And found no end—in wand'ring mazes lost?"

Did you not discover the reproach of inconsistency to which you subjected yourself, when you caused the Deity to say of his creatures Adam and Eve—

"Not free, what proof could they have given sincere
Of true allegiance, constant faith or love,
Where only what they needs must do appear'd,
Not what they *WOULD*?—"

"Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who *will*.
Yet *NOT* of *will* in him: but GRACE in me
Freely vouchsaf'd—"

"Some have I chosen of peculiar *Grace*
Elect, above the rest—*So is MY WILL*;
 The rest shall hear me call—

— "While offer'd *Grace*
 Invites: for I will clear their senses dark,
What may suffice, and soften stony hearts
 To *pray, repent, and bring obedience due*.

— "Man shall find *Grace*
 And shall not *Grace* find means, that finds her way
 The speediest of thy winged messengers,
 To visit all thy creatures; and to all
 Comes unprevented, *unimplored, unsought*?"

M. Perhaps there may remain one point, Socrates, to which you have not yet thoroughly attended. We everywhere learn from our sacred Scriptures, that the whole plan and conduct of the grand drama of human redemption, was to display the immensity of the divine *MERCY*; therefore have I written, that

"Mercy first and last shall brightest shine:"

and I must be permitted to say that, toward the conclusion of your former discourse, you spoke of this attribute with a degree of disrespect, not warranted, as I thought, either by my poem or your own reasoning. Surely you would not now justify that Areopagus which condemned you for impiety?

S. I would not. I would always endeavour to join in your professed purpose of justifying the ways of God to man. And this I would trust to do, with those upright and pure intentions which, as you justly observe, the Holy Spirit must prefer before all temples; I would never implicitly adopt, with blind timidity toward the priesthood, but with reckless temerity toward truth, the wretched masquerade system of unexamined mystical technicals and cant nomenclature, that I found in use in any of those temples, how brightly soever emblazoned with glory. But, Milton, can you for a moment suppose that I meant to condemn the reality of *mercy*! that truly Godlike attribute? Did I not say *miscalled* mercy?

M. You certainly did, Socrates; and perhaps I may be mistaken in my supposition that you were a little transported with warmth at the moment.

S. *Why* did I say so? Because, had the mercy of which you treat, and in which you would persuade your readers to place credence, been genuine and sincere, would the divine *atonement* on which you dwell with so much plausible emphasis, as being necessary to satisfy a certain abstract idea of immutable justice, by which (to adopt for an instant your own inconsistencies) the Lord of Fate himself was governed—would it have been deferred for four thousand years? Would not the sacrifice have been immediately made? Would not the son, or lamb, of God, have been immolated on the first rude altar erected by Abel or Adam—not on the cross of Pilate?—Why could not Abel himself, or some other apparently-immediate offspring of Adam—by that process of incarnation to which none but Omnipotence can have miraculous recourse (or by some other miracle, less or more wonderful, as might best have suited your moral or your poetic purpose) have been the expiatory sacrifice? Had not this been a much wiser *œconomy*? Would not a common, calculating, human, mind, far less a *Deity*, have known that the divine benevolence, and mercy, and—glory, if you please, which was

to be displayed on this all-important occasion, had thus been immeasurably increased, without increasing the pains and penalties of the Messiah? Does the divine mercy shine the more or the less bright, think you, for the sacrifice being delayed till millions of souls had perished? How does your system of ethics hold together here? How do you assimilate, on the occasion of this most important advent, infinite power, with infinite wisdom, and infinite mercy? Can you reconcile these incompatibilities otherwise than by repeating that priestly hush, that the ways of Heaven are inscrutable; which would be at once acknowledging the failure of your original purpose, by virtually confessing that you were unable to "assert eternal Providence, and justify the ways of God to man?" Surely, Milton, in these parts of your poem, your giant strength was stultified, your mind was maddened and blinded, and the priests of Dagon kept you grinding in the prison-house, like your own Agonistes. As to the superstitious special-pleading about *mercy* and *justice* both being "*advocated* (forsooth) and satisfied, through Heaven and Earth"—If either of these attributes were *infinite*, as the priestly doctrine pretends, the other must be annihilated: in as far as they are mingled, they are neutralised. They are elements of mutual destruction. I must here confess to you, my friend, that a prime purpose of my present visit is to induce you,—now that you are blessed with Elysium and leisure,—to revise your immortal poems (more especially their *machinery*, as you poets term it) and expunge those passages wherein you appear to the eye of Philosophy so much to resemble your own Comus.

M. My own Comus! How can I resemble Comus, if, as you have before pronounced, I am like blinded Sampson?

S. I anticipated this objection, and mean to leave you to make your own election as to this parity. You will not suppose I mean to insinuate that Sampson and Comus were alike; and you may recollect, that early in our conversation I suggested my doubts as to whether or not you were trammelled or free. There lies the distinction. If you were *not* blinded by the religious prejudices of your time, but had your eyes open, you are like your own Comus, a powerful,—pleasing, sorcerer, offering his drugged cup

—— "To ev'ry weary traveller:—
 —— Which as they taste,
 For most do taste, through fond intemp'rate thirst,
 Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,
 Th' express resemblance of the Gods, is changed
 Into some brutish form,—
 And they—so perfect is their misery,
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement!
 But boast themselves more comely than before,
 And all their friends and native home forget."

Neither can less than the virtue and purity of your *Lady*, preserve your unwary readers from becoming tygers, hogs, and wolves.

COMMON PLACES.

LXXIV.

A crowd was collected under the Horse-Guards, and on enquiry I found it was to see the Duke of York come out. "What went they forth for to see? They were some of the lowest and most wretched of the people, and it was perhaps the sense of contrast,—a sense of which the great and mighty have always availed themselves liberally, to cherish the enthusiasm of their admirers. It was also curiosity to see a name, a sound that they had so often heard, reduced to an object of sight; a metaphysical and political abstraction actually coming out of a door with a ruddy face and a frock-coat. It was, in the first place, the Commander-in-chief, and the Commander of the troops at Dunkirk, the author of the love-letters to Mrs. Clarke and of army-circulars, the son of the King, and presumptive heir to the crown;—there were all these contradictions embodied in the same person. "Oh, the wonderful works of nature," as the *Recruit* in the play says on looking at the guinea which has just enlisted him: so we may say on looking at a king or a king's brother. I once pointed out the Duke of York to a Scotchman. "Is that his Grace—I mean his Royal Highness?" said the native of the North, out of breath to acknowledge the title, and pay with his tongue the instinctive adulation which his heart felt!

LXXV.

When Effie Deans becomes a fine lady, do we not look back with regret to the time when she was the poor faded Lily of St. Leonard's, the outcast and condemned prisoner? So, should the cause of liberty and mankind ever become triumphant, instead of militant, may we not heave a sigh of regret over the past, and think that poor suffering human nature, with all its wrongs and insults, trodden into the earth like a vile weed, was a more interesting topic for reflection? We need not be much alarmed for the event, even if this should be so; and the way to Utopia is not "the primrose path of dalliance;" and at the rate we have hitherto gone on, it must be many thousand years off!

TABLE TALK.

A writer in Blackwood is endeavouring to turn public attention to Coleridge's translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein*, and in the progress of his task has found out a few obligations on the part of Mr. Wordsworth to this noble production. Every reader of "The Excursion" will recollect the beautiful passage on the origin of the Grecian Mythology, so very generally quoted when that poem first appeared. Let them compare it with the following speech in *Wallenstein*:—

For fable is Love's world, his home, his birth-place:
 Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays, and talismans,
 And spirits; and delightedly believes
 Divinities, being himself divine.
 The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
 The fair humanities of old religion,
 The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
 That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
 Or forest, by slow stream or pebbly spring,
 Or chasms and wat'ry depths; all these have vanish'd.

They live no longer in the faith of reason !
 But still the heart doth need a language, still
 Doth the old instinct bring back the old names.
 And to yon starry world they now are gone,
 Spirits or Gods, that used to share this earth
 With man as with their friend ; and to the lover
 Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
 Shoot influence down : and even at this day
 'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
 And Venus who brings every thing that's fair.

Some people always speak of the great and the little in the way of inversion. "Elephants," says Swift, "are always drawn smaller than life—fleas, larger.

"Vision," observes the same author, "is the act of seeing things invisible."

Once again, Mr. Dean—"I never knew a *wag* (as the term is) that was not a *dunce*."

Barrow was the *Magnus Apollo* of the first Earl of Chatham, who had studied this author so constantly, as to be able to repeat his elaborate discourses from memory.

SOLACE IN SORROW.

Oh ! it is sweet, amid the waste of years,
 To meet with one—be he till then unknown—
 That cometh from the land where first our feet have gone.

When friends are lost, hopes withered, and our tears
 Freeze in their fountains—but a voice breaks through,
 Hearts warm, hopes bloom, and eyes weep love anew !

It is a soft Spring rain that doth awake
 The flowers of Paradise, in grief to know
 The friends of youth more blessed, or dream that it is so.

What though sure knowledge strive with hope, and break
 The illusive mirror ? it betrayeth not—
 Is it not sweet, though sad, to prove them unforget ?

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REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Don Juan. Cantos XII. XIII. and XIV.

[Concluded.]

THE commencement of Canto XIV. is distinguished by one of those deep sceptical ponderings which so signally distinguish the poem of *Don Juan* both from its Italian models and every kindred effort. In the following stanzas on Death, the subject of Suicide is finely, and, begging pardon of the exclusively pious, usefully illustrated, in regard to the moral and physical weakness which may lead to it:—

For me, I know nought; nothing I deny,
Admit, reject, contemn; and what know *you*,
Except perhaps that you were born to die?
And both may after all turn out untrue.
An age may come, Font of Eternity,
When nothing shall be either old or new.
Death, so call'd, is a thing which makes men weep,
And yet a third of life is pass'd in sleep.

A sleep without dreams, after a rough day
Of toil, is what we covet most; and yet
How clay shrinks back from more quiescent clay!
The very Suicide that pays his debt
At once without instalments (an old way
Of paying debts, which creditors regret)
Lets out impatiently his rushing breath
Less from disgust of life than dread of death.

'Tis round him, near him, here, there, every where;
And there's a courage which grows out of fear,
Perhaps of all most desperate, which will dare
The worst to *know* it:—when the mountains rear
Their peaks beneath your human foot, and there
You look down o'er the precipice, and drear
The gulf of rock yawns,—you can't gaze a minute
Without an awful wish to plunge within it.

'Tis true, you don't—but, pale and struck with terror,
Retire: but look into your past impression!
And you will find, though shuddering at the mirror
Of your own thoughts, in all their self confession,
The lurking bias, be it truth or error,
To the *unknown*; a secret prepossession,
To plunge with all your fears—but where? You know not,
And that's the reason why you do—or do not.

In allusion to the reception of his various productions, Lord Byron thus observes upon the nature of his own feelings as a writer, and upon one of the causes of the objections to *Don Juan*:—

I think that were I *certain* of success,
 I hardly could compose another line :
 So long I've battled either more or less,
 That no defeat can drive me from the Nine.
 This feeling 'tis not easy to express,
 And yet 'tis not affected, I opine.
 In play, there are two pleasures for your choosing—
 The one is winning, and the other losing.
 Besides, my Muse by no means deals in fiction :
 She gathers a repertory of facts,
 Of course with some reserve and slight restriction,
 But mostly sings of human things and acts—
 And that's one cause she meets with contradiction ;
 For too much truth, at first sight, ne'er attracts ;
 And were her object only what's call'd glory,
 With more ease too she'd tell a different story.

Proceeding to the story, we are favoured with a happy sketch of the qualities necessary to a generally agreeable man, and more especially to an *uncoxcumbical homme d'bonnes fortunes*. We find Don Juan among the foremost in manly sports and the chase, easy and alert in the succeeding festivity, elegant and dextrous in conversation, and as to the dance, our author alone can do him justice :—

And then he danc'd ;—all foreigners excel
 The serious Angles in the eloquence
 Of pantomime ;—he danced, I say, right well,
 With emphasis, and also with good sense—
 A thing in footing indispensable :
 He danced without theatrical pretence,
 Not like a ballet-master in the van
 Of his drill'd nymphs, but like a gentleman.
 Chaste were his steps, each kept within due bound,
 And elegance was sprinkled o'er his figure ;
 Like swift Camilla, he scarce skimm'd the ground,
 And rather held in than put forth his vigour ;
 And then he had an ear for music's sound,
 Which might defy a Crotchet Critic's rigour.
 Such classic pas—sans flaws—set off our hero,
 He glanced like a personified Bolero ;
 Or, like a flying Hour before Aurora,
 In Guido's famous fresco, which alone
 Is worth a tour to Rome, although no more a
 Remnant were there of the old world's sole throne.
 The "*tout ensemble*" of his movements wore a
 Grace of the soft Ideal, seldom shown,
 And ne'er to be described ; for to the colour
 Of bards and prozers, words are void of colour.
 No marvel then he was a favourite ;
 A full-grown Cupid, very much admired ;
 A little spoilt, but by no means so quite ;
 At least he kept his vanity retired.
 Such was his tact, he could alike delight
 The chaste, and those who are not so much inspired.
 The Duchess of Fitz-Fulke, who loved "*tracasserie*,"
 Began to treat him with some small "*agacerie*."
 She was a fine and somewhat full-blown blonde,
 Desirable, distinguish'd, celebrated
 For several winters in the grand, *grand Monde*.
 I'd rather not say what might be related
 Of her exploits, for this were ticklish ground ;
 Besides there might be falsehood in what's stated :

Her late performance had been a dead set
At Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet.

The circle smiled, then whisper'd, and then sneer'd ;
The Misses bridled, and the matrons frown'd ;
Some hoped things might not turn out as they fear'd ;
Some would not deem such women could be found ;
Some ne'er believ'd one half of what they heard ;
Some look'd perplex'd, and others look'd profound ;
And several pitied with sincere regret
Poor Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet.

The story here takes a perceptible step forward.

But, oh that I should ever pen so sad a line !
Fired with an abstract love of virtue, she,
My Dian of the Ephesians, Lady Adeline,
Began to think the Duchess' conduct free ;
Regretting much that she had chosen so bad a line,
And waxing chiller in her courtesy,
Looked grave and pale to see her friend's fragility,
For which most friends reserve their sensibility.

The Lady Adeline's serene severity
Was not confined to feeling for her friend,
Whose fame she rather doubted with posterity,
Unless her habits should begin to mend ;
But Juan also shared in her austerity,
But mix'd with pity, pure as e'er was penn'd :
His inexperience moved her gentle ruth,
And (as her junior by six weeks) his youth.

There is a little of the Mephistophiles in the developement of the female heart acting under and operated upon by such distressing predicaments. The husband is also well painted :—

And first, in the o'erflowing of her heart,
Which really knew or thought it knew no guile,
She called her husband now and then apart,
And bade him counsel Jann. With a smile
Lord Henry heard her plans of artless art
To wean Don Juan from the Siren's wile ;
And answer'd, like a Statesman or a Prophet,
In such guise that she could make nothing of it.

Firstly, he said, " he never interfered
" In any body's business but the king's :"
Next, that " he never judged from what appear'd,
" Without strong reason, of those sorts of things ;"
Thirdly, that " Juan had more brain than beard,
" And was not to be held in leading strings ;"
And fourthly, what need hardly be said twice,
" That good but rarely came from good advice."

And, therefore, doubtless to approve the truth
Of the last axiom, he advised his spouse
To leave the parties to themselves, forsooth,
At least as far as *bien-séance* allows :
That time would temper Juan's faults of youth ;
That young men rarely made monastic vows ;
That opposition only more attaches—
But here a messenger brought in dispatches :
And being of the Council called " the Privy,"
Lord Henry walk'd into his Cabinet,
To furnish matter for some future Lévy
To tell how he reduced the nation's debt.

The poet here debates upon the 'indescribable something'
Which pretty women—the sweet souls—call *Soul*,
wanting in most husbands, but especially in Lord Henry :—
A something all-sufficient for the *Heart*
Is that for which the Sex are always seeking ;
But how to fill up that same vacant part ?
There lies the rub—and this they are but weak in.
Frail mariners afloat without a chart,
They run before the wind through high seas breaking ;
And when they have made the shore through every shock,
'Tis odd, or odds, it may turn out a rock.

The general guilt of idleness, as an accessory before the fact, is well described in the following stanzas :—

There is a flower called " Love in Idleness,"
For which see Shakspeare's ever blooming garden ;—
I will not make his great description less,
And beg his British Godship's humble pardon,
If in my extremity of rhyme's distress,
I touch a single leaf where he is warden ;—
But though the flower is different, with the French
Or Swiss Rousseau, cry, "*Voilà la Pervenche !*"
Eureka ! I have found it ! What I mean
To say is, not that Love is Idleness,
But that in Love such Idleness has been
An accessory, as I have cause to guess.
Hard labour's an indifferent go-between ;
Your men of business are not apt to express
Much passion ; since the merchant-ship, the *Argo*,
Convey'd *Medea* as her Supercargo.

The story of *Adeline*, we apprehend, will point out a fine study for the circles in which she is fictitiously placed :—

Our gentle *Adeline* had one defect—
Her heart was vacant, though a splendid mansion ;
Her conduct had been perfectly correct,
As she had seen nought claiming its expansion.
A wavering spirit may be easier wreck'd,
Because 'tis frailer, doubtless, than a stanch one
But when the latter works its own undoing,
Its inner crash is like an Earthquake's ruin.
Now when she once had ta'en an interest
In any thing, however she might flatter
Herself that her intentions were the best,
Intense intentions are a dangerous matter :
Impressions were much stronger than she guess'd,
And gather'd as they run like growing water
Upon her mind ; the more so, as her breast
Was not at first too readily impress'd.

The innocence with which *Adeline* is led into a dangerous interference, is thus described. We possibly need not say, that the conclusion of stanza 93 is founded on the celebrated observation of Dr. Franklin, that the best friend which a man of the world can obtain is a sensible French woman, who has no design upon his person or his passions :—

She was, or thought she was, his friend—and this
Without the farce of friendship, or romance
Of Platonism, which leads so oft amiss
Ladies who have studied friendship but in France,

Or Germany, where people *purely* kiss.
 To thus much Adeline would not advance ;
 But of such friendship as man's may to man be,
 She was as capable as woman can be.

No doubt the secret influence of the sex
 Will there, as also in the ties of blood,
 An innocent predominance annex,
 And tune the concord to a finer mood.
 If free from passion, which all friendship checks,
 And your true feelings fully understood,
 No friend like to a woman earth discovers,
 So that you have not been nor will be lovers.

Lord Byron seems to write feelingly on this subject :—

I've also seen some female *friends* ('tis odd,
 But true—as, if expedient, I could prove)
 That faithful were through thick and thin, abroad,
 At home, far more than ever yet was Love—
 Who did not quit me when Oppression trod
 Upon me ; whom no scandal could remove ;
 Who fought, and fight, in absence too, my battles,
 Despite the snake Society's loud rattles.

We must not omit the following anecdote on Friendship, given by way of note :—

In Swift's or Horace Walpole's letters I think it is mentioned, that somebody regretting the loss of a friend, was answered by an universal Pylades : " When I lose one, I go to the Saint James's Coffee-house, and take another."

The Canto breaks off without any certain anticipation of the result of the very dangerous interference of the lady :—

Whether Don Juan and chaste Adeline
 Grew friends in this or any other sense,
 Will be discussed hereafter, I opine ;
 At present I am glad of a pretence
 To leave them hovering, as the effect is fine,
 And keeps the atrocious reader in *suspense* ;
 The surest way for ladies and for books
 To bait their tender or their tenter hooks.

Whether they rode, or walk'd, or studied Spanish
 To read Don Quixote in the original,
 A pleasure before which all others vanish ;
 Whether their talk was of the kind call'd " small,"
 Or serious, are the topics I must banish
 To the next Canto ; where perhaps I shall
 Say something to the purpose, and display
 Considerable talent in my way.

We here finish our brief notice of the forthcoming Cantos of *Don Juan*, which we scarcely need observe is to be regarded as a slight discursive announcement only, leaving more regular and analytical criticism to those to whom, in the present instance, it more formally and properly belongs. The most pious and consistent will of course abuse and extract as usual.

Travels through Part of the United States and Canada, in 1818 and 1819. By John Duncan, A. M.

THE author of these two able and highly useful volumes thus observes upon the more particular object of his enquiry during his sojourn in the United States :—

"In the numerous works which have been published, both on the United States and Canada, comparatively little has been said as to the moral condition of the inhabitants, their literary and religious characteristics;—on these, certainly the most important features in the American character, the writer is persuaded that much misapprehension prevails in his native country, and he would gladly be instrumental in removing a part of it. He does not indeed pretend to have given any of these subjects a systematic discussion; but they have been steadily kept in view as particularly deserving of attention, and he hopes that he has succeeded in bringing together a good deal of information, on matters of permanent interest and importance, without altogether excluding topics of a lighter kind, on which a traveller is generally permitted to be somewhat loquacious."

The manner in which Mr. Duncan has executed his task, is highly creditable to his talents and powers of observation. We make no abatement for strong prejudices and prepossessions on the score of his own creed, which are bearable enough when set off by a free and vigorous espousal of the principle of entire liberty of conscience, and an unequivocal assertion of the impropriety of persecution or social annoyance for religious opinion of any kind. Were it not for this healthy and manly assurance, we might be led to remark upon the profusion with which Mr. Duncan puts forward his Kirk of Scotland orthodoxy throughout the publication, and to doubt the qualification of so rigid an adherent to any one strong set of opinions to do justice to all the rest. He, however, who acknowledges the honourable laws of the open field, acquires a right to maintain his own system to the best of his ability, and when and where he pleases: and next, possibly, to that philosophical appreciation and impartiality, which is the rarest of all a traveller's endowments, is the report of an honest and able opinionist, whose bias is at once discoverable, and for which we as naturally make an allowance as the machinist for friction. We should have been equally satisfied, indeed, if Mr. Duncan had been not quite so staunch a Calvinist; if, for instance, like the Episcopalian of New York, whose sentiments he quotes, "he would shrink with horror from consigning Jews, Arians, and Socinians to indiscriminate perdition;" but uniting, as he does, with the zeal of his creed, a portion of the vigorous spirit of independence which has associated that stirring species of puritanism with the rise and progress of civil liberty, we do our best to receive complacently the one with the other.

Mr. Duncan landed in New York in May, 1818, and favours us, in the first instance, with a very tolerable general sketch, reserving his more elaborate estimate of that important city to the close of his book. He then proceeds to Boston, when he gives an interesting account of the celebration of the 4th of July, the anniversary of American independence; and in the oration of a Mr. Gray, composed for the occasion, an honourable proof of the moderation and good sense of American republicanism is afforded. The labourers in the rugged vineyard of prison discipline will also find some information here worth attending to. We can but smile at the lachrymals in the following account of Harvard College, coupled as they are with the unwilling acknowledgment of its leading scholastic and literary eminence:—

"The literary and scientific reputation of Harvard University stands very high; and except Yale College, none in this country can contest with it the pre-eminence. It has upwards of twenty Professorships, and between three and four hundred students. There is one feature, however, in its character, which excites the most melancholy reflections; its theological creed is undisguised Socinianism, and it is said

that nearly all the professors are of these sentiments. This must be, to a parent of scriptural sentiments, a powerful reason for sending his sons elsewhere for their college education; for what are literary or scientific attainments, even of the highest order, when weighed in the balance with purity of religious faith? It is asserted, indeed, on behalf of the University, that no attempt is made to proselyte its students, and that they are allowed to attend worship with whatever denomination they or their friends may choose. All this may be true so far as regards active and open endeavours to inculcate doctrinal sentiments; but what is to be the young enquirer's defence from that subtle leaven which is necessarily infused into almost every lecture upon morals and philosophy; which affects the essentials of the system, and therefore all its ramified details; and which tinctures every conversation on a religious topic which meets his ear? Although he were safe from the influence of the lectures, who will warrant him against the ridicule and sophistry of his fellow-students; by far the greater part of whom are of Unitarian families, and who have been accustomed from their infancy to laugh at every distinguishing principle of that belief to which they deny the character of *rationality*? Four years' exclusive intercourse with Socinians, spent in acquiring ideas upon every subject of speculative and experimental truth, is an ordeal to which no Christian parent ought to expose his son, however great his confidence in the correctness of his principles and the vigour of his mind.

"From Harvard University press issues the North American Review, beyond all comparison the first literary journal in the United States. The reputed editor is Professor Everett, and it evinces in him and his coadjutors talents and acquirements, literary and philosophical, of a very superior order. Would that its theological opinions were from a purer source!—happily they are but seldom obtruded.

Who can doubt that Professor Everett, when he reads these volumes, would wish himself able to say the same thing of Mr. Duncan?

The following anecdote is highly honourable to the inhabitants of Boston:—

"Boston is by many reputed the most hospitable of all the large cities in the United States. It becomes not a wanderer, who has experienced kindness and attention wherever he has gone, to exalt one city at the expense of others, but I can with safety say, that I have met with nothing in Boston which is not perfectly in harmony with such a reputation. Let me, however, record an act of the citizens still more honourable than the ordinary deeds of hospitality. In the winter of 1816 a most destructive fire desolated a great part of the town of St. John's, in Newfoundland. When the tidings reached Boston, the sensations of sympathy and commiseration were instantaneous and powerful. They did not, however, exhaust themselves in unavailing expressions of regret; the townsmen determined that their kindly feelings should be felt as well as heard of. Forgetful that, the year before, the two countries had been enemies to each other, forgetful of every mercantile jealousy, and the contested right to fishing on the banks, which America was eager to claim and Britain reluctant to concede—they recollected only, that hundreds of their fellow creatures had been burned out of their homes, amid the frosts, and fogs, and snows, of a Newfoundland winter, and that a great part of their winter provisions had perished in the flames. That very day a vessel was chartered, and a full cargo of flour, meat, and other provisions, industriously collected and put on board; I believe that even the porters and carmen on the wharfs laboured gratuitously; and on the third day the vessel left the harbour, to brave the hardships and the dangers of a winter passage to that inhospitable shore. He who prompted the act of humanity, watched over the means employed to accomplish it; the vessel reached Newfoundland in safety, entered the port, discharged her cargo, and returned, with the overflowing thanks and benedictions of many a grateful heart."

We are next led to the state of Connecticut; and, in the account of Newhaven, we are favoured with some additional curious particulars of the fate of Goffe and Whalley, the fugitive Judges of Charles I. An elaborate, and apparently *impartial* comparison is also drawn by Mr. Duncan between the course of education at Yale College and that at the University of Glasgow. Indeed, to the state of academical education throughout the United States, our traveller necessarily pays considerable attention. The result is encouraging as to gradual improve-

ment, but the progress is slow, as the great body of the Americans cannot yet be made fully to feel the advantages of these establishments, and are more favourable to common grammar-schools. None of the Colleges are therefore so richly endowed as possibly they ought to be, in conformity with American pretension; but we strongly suspect, that in the present political stage of the United States, the too ample endowment of them would be a still greater evil.

The account of Philadelphia is very informing. We select the following particulars:—

“ In a literary point of view, Philadelphia enjoys a respectable rank among American cities, but as yet Boston is far before any other. I was not a little surprised to learn by the ‘Picture of Philadelphia,’ that in 1811 it contained fifty-one printing offices, employing one hundred and fifty-three presses, and I believe that since that period the number has increased. A considerable proportion of these must be supported by newspapers, of which there are no fewer than eight published daily, besides many once, twice, and three times a week; but after deducting what are necessary for these, there must remain a very respectable number devoted to literature of a more permanent and aspiring kind.

“ Philadelphia has produced the finest and most accurate specimens of typography that have yet appeared in America, and there is a decided superiority in most of the works printed here, to those executed either in Boston or New York. There are two letter foundries, and several printing-press makers. The Columbian press, invented by a person of the name of Clymer, a native of Philadelphia, appears to be in many respects very superior to any other that I have yet seen.*

“ Many periodical works have at various times been published here, some of which are still continued; and though their success has been in no instance equal to that which is at present enjoyed by the North American Review, yet some of them exhibit a large proportion of respectable talent.† For reprints of the heavier British books, Philadelphia is quite famous. The Encyclopædia Britannica was begun in 1790, by Mr. Dobson, an enterprising countryman of ours. When the first half volume was published, of which 1000 were printed, he had but 246 subscribers; they increased however so rapidly that of volume second 2000 were thrown off; the first was soon after reprinted, and in a short time he found it extremely difficult to procure a sufficient number of printers and engravers, to carry forward the work with sufficient rapidity. Dr. Rees’ larger work, and that of Dr. Brewster, are at present in progress. The Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews are regularly reprinted at New York; and several of our other popular periodical works in different parts of the Union.

“ It is a mistake to suppose that books are cheaper in America than in Britain. The works of our modern authors, indeed, which at home are exclusive property, loaded with an enormous copy right, and which we can purchase only in the shape of handsome octavos or more elegant quartos, suffer here instantaneous transmutation into an humble duodecimo, occasionally of most plebeian aspect, and for two dollars or less you may obtain the verbal contents of most of the Albemarle Street two guinea volumes; but in all books of which the copy right has expired, our British editions are superior in execution and accuracy and quite as low in price, as those which are published in America.

“ In historical engraving I have seen no specimens of American art which are very superior. Westall’s illustrations of our modern poets have nearly all been copied, but there is a harshness in the engraving which contrasts very disadvantageously with the productions of Heath. In the execution of bank notes, however,

* Mr. Clymer has subsequently come over to London, and obtained a British patent for his press, which has been extensively adopted and is universally approved of. The first of them that came to Scotland has now been at work for four years in our office, where we have presses on six different constructions, but though two or three of the kinds are excellent, our workmen consider the Columbian as decidedly the best they have ever pulled. (1823.)

† The Analectic Magazine, published in Philadelphia, was for a considerable time edited by the elegant author of the Sketch Book, and Bracebridge Hall. Some of the papers of the former work were first published in the Analectic.

Philadelphia may challenge the world. Messrs. Murray, Draper, Fairman, and Co. have distinguished themselves by some remarkably ingenious discoveries, which have been applied with singular success to this branch of the art; and their notes, which you meet with in every quarter of the Union, are distinguished by an originality of style and delicacy of execution which much surpass those of our native country, and if they do not afford a perfect protection from forgery, must at least render it exceedingly difficult.*"

The following account of a flour-mill at Baltimore indicates a department of the arts in which, from the genius of the people, and their projecting and speculative habits in advertence to inventions of practical utility, the skill and ingenuity of the mother country will be and is most successfully rivalled. After all too, the first steam-boat was certainly propelled in a transatlantic stream:—

"Baltimore is celebrated for the fineness of its flour; the superiority of which arises from the perfection at which they have arrived in the machinery by which it is manufactured. I have recently visited a mill driven by steam, in which manual labour is so completely excluded, that the sailor who delivers the grain at the wharf is the last person who applies his hand to it, till it descends into the barrel in the shape of superfine flour. It is difficult to convey a proper idea of machinery without the aid of drawings, but I trust you will be able to comprehend the following rude outline of the process. A covered trough which projects from the mill to the edge of the wharf, receives the grain as it is emptied from the vessel; within this trough, is an axle revolving longitudinally, around which are thin pieces of wood projecting into the trough, and continued along in a spiral line. As the revolution of the screw of Archimedes raises water, so this axle by revolving among the grain forces it backward in a regular current from the wharf to the mill. The grain on reaching the inner end of this trough is received into a succession of little tin buckets, which are strung upon an endless belt revolving upon two wheels, the higher of which is in the garret floor. As these buckets turn over the upper wheel they empty their contents into a box, from which the grain is conveyed to the fanners, where it is thoroughly cleaned. From the fanners it is conducted into the hoppers, in the floor below; here eight pairs of stones are kept constantly at work. From the stones the flour descends into a long wooden trough, similar to that into which the grain was first thrown; and another spiral screw, revolving here, urges it gradually forward to another series of buckets, which carry it to an upper story, and discharge it under a machine for cooling it. This consists of a spindle revolving perpendicularly, with a horizontal shaft crossing it near the floor, in the under part of which are teeth formed of thin slips of wood, which nearly touch the floor, and which are so disposed in relation to each other, that while they stir the flour round, they at the same time convey it inwards to the centre. The flour is thus spread thinly over the floor, and as the teeth revolve among it, it describes circles successively smaller and smaller, until it falls through an opening into the bolting machines in the story below. Here are three bolting cylinders, producing the various degrees of common, fine, and superfine flour; and from them it is finally received into barrels, ready for inspection and shipping. This mill manufactures with ease a thousand bushels a day; and the flour which it produces, always commands an advance on the average market price."

The monstrous and indefensible conduct of our army in Washington, it seems, settled a very dubious point—namely, whether that rising capital should remain the seat of American government or not?—

"What the natives were at a loss to decide, the British may be said to have decided for them. The burning of the Capitol and the President's house during last

* A more minute account of this inimitable style of engraving might have been given, but that its appearance is now familiar to all who take any interest in such subjects; and specimens from the London establishment of Messrs. Perkins and Heath, are to be met with every day. Its value may be appreciated by the fact, that none have spoken so highly of it as the best engravers of our native country. The most curious and most useful part of the discovery, is that process by which metal plates of the same design may be multiplied by pressure, to any extent, and with as much facility as impressions are obtained on paper (1823).

war, has settled the question, and it seems to be now ascertained to the satisfaction of speculators, that Washington is to continue, at least for a considerable time to come, in the undisturbed enjoyment of her metropolitan privileges. How an event so disastrous should lead to consequences so propitious, may seem in some measure a paradox, but it is one of easy explanation. When the rebuilding of these edifices came to be the subject of deliberation in Congress, the question as to the removal of the seat of the legislature was necessarily discussed; national feeling, however, co-operated powerfully with other considerations to influence the decision; the proposal was at once scouted, and the requisite amount was enthusiastically voted to efface the memorials of British triumph. Preparations were instantly made to rebuild the Capitol and the President's house with more than their original splendour, the value of building ground and of houses took an immediate start, and Washington now exhibits abundant proof of the enterprize and elasticity of the national character."

Again:—

"Of all the errors committed on our part during that unhappy war, this was undoubtedly one of the greatest. Setting aside the question as to its abstract defensibility, on the ground of retaliation or otherwise, it is obvious that it was in the highest degree impolitic; because its immediate effect, as might have been anticipated, was to break down party-spirit among the Americans, and to unite them as one man in support of the measures of their Government. The firebrand was no sooner applied to their Chief Magistrate's Palace and the National Senate House, than thousands who had from the beginning maintained a systematic opposition to the contest, at once came forward and took up arms to maintain it; their national feelings were roused into powerful excitement, and they joined in one loud voice of execration at the destruction of their national edifices. Our Ministers, had such been their object, could not have devised a more effectual way of strengthening Mr. Madison's hands. Had our troops recorded their triumph upon the front of the buildings, and left them uninjured, the indignant feeling of humiliation would have wreaked itself on those by whose imbecility the capture of the city had been occasioned, and who escaped so nimbly when it fell into the enemy's hands. But the burning of the buildings saved Mr. Madison; a thirst for revenge of the insult overcame every other feeling, and the war became thenceforward, what it had not been before, decidedly popular and national."

Along with the Capitol and the President's house, the public offices were also destroyed, and no less than five libraries, and many public documents and papers connected with the revolution. We might imagine an invasion of Goths or Huns rather than of a British army headed by British gentlemen! The future historians of America, in allusion to Rome, might possibly compare it to the intrusion of the Gauls, had not their own authorities risked anything but a Gaulish massacre. The feeling of the Americans on this subject is pithily commemorated on the defaced monument which had been erected to the memory of some of their own officers:—

*Mutilated by Britons,
25 August, 1814.*

In giving an account of Trumbull's picture of the Declaration of Independence, which is a collection of portraits, Mr. Duncan supplies the following note:—

"Of the fifty-six individuals, whose signatures are affixed to the Declaration of Independence, only the following five were living while I was in America; so far as I know the number has not been subsequently reduced:—Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia; John Adams, of Massachusetts; Charles Carroll, of Maryland; William Floyd, of New York; William Ellery, of Rhode Island.

Having given an extract derogatory to our national character, it is with pleasure we supply the following anecdote, forming part of a very pleasing account of Mount Vernon, the well-known residence of General Washington, and now his honoured burying-place:—

"I was quite gratified to hear from a gentleman of Judge Washington's family, that when the British ships of war passed Mount Vernon, they honoured the memory of the departed hero by lowering their fore-top-sails; and their bands, as another gentleman informed me, played Washington's march. That was indeed a manifestation of most correct and honourable feeling on the part of the commanding officer."

In speaking of Albany, we are instructed in the nature of a peculiar result of the collision of interests in the United States, or rather of a salutary republican jealousy; for such we esteem the cause, whatever the pressing or temporary inconvenience of the effect:—

"Albany, though a small town in comparison of New York, has been for a long time the seat of the State Legislature. It seems a remarkable feature in the domestic politics of America, that both the Supreme and State Governments select remote towns, or, more properly speaking, villages, as the scene of their legislative labours, in preference to the populous cities upon the sea coast; notwithstanding the many inconveniences which must necessarily result from being thus in a manner excluded from the living world, from access to recent intelligence, and from means of ascertaining the minds of their more intelligent fellow-citizens in sudden and difficult emergencies. We have an annoyance at home somewhat similar in kind, although much smaller in degree, in those parts of the country where some old decayed borough tenaciously maintains its dignity as county town, taking precedence of the younger commercial or manufacturing cities, which have greatly outgrown it in wealth and population; but with us this is an unwished-for consequence of the gradual change which manufactures and commerce have produced in the country, and is an evil which we tolerate because it is not very easily removed. In America, on the other hand, it is a matter of deliberate and voluntary choice, resulting from the republican constitution and the prevalent system of universal suffrage. A jealousy exists, throughout the agricultural districts, of the influence of the larger cities; and no sooner do they begin to concentrate a considerable portion of the wealth and talent of the State, than the landholders take the alarm, and vote the legislature away, some hundred or two of miles into the interior. In this way the Legislature of Pennsylvania was sent from Philadelphia to Lancaster, a small town sixty-two miles off, containing about six thousand inhabitants; and subsequently to Harrisburgh, thirty-five miles farther, with only between two and three thousand. It may thus travel onward till it is ultimately stopped by the State of Ohio, or the shores of Lake Erie; and for the capital of New York, it may be necessary hereafter to search somewhere about the falls of Niagara, or the lake of a Thousand Isles."

The great canal just completed, which connects Lake Erie with the Hudson, joins the latter in the neighbourhood of Albany. We learn from the most recent American papers the triumphant conclusion of this stupendous undertaking, which Mr. Duncan thus describes in a note, in which he has collected the genuine particulars from the most correct authorities:—

"The western canal, which was begun in 1817, and is now navigable for two-thirds of its whole length, commences at Black Rock at the bottom of Lake Erie, runs parallel to the river Niagara till it joins the Tonawanta creek, makes use of its bed for eleven miles, and then stretches along, with but little deviation from a straight line, till it approaches the Mohawk river, at a small town called Rome, a few miles above Utica; thence it runs parallel to the south side of the Mohawk, till it joins the Hudson near Albany. Its whole length will be 363 miles, and the country through which it passes is singularly adapted for canal navigation. After leaving Lake Erie, it rises by locks 48 feet, to the summit level, and thence descends at intervals 601 feet, to the level of the Hudson. In the whole extent there are 77 locks. Two levels extend severally 65 miles and 60½ miles, without locks, and between two points 240 miles apart there was not, it is said, a single yard of rock which it was necessary to remove. Connected with this astonishing undertaking, is a corresponding branch beginning at Waterford on the Hudson, eleven miles above Albany, and running northward to Whitehall, formerly called Skenesborough, at the bottom of Lake Champlain. A glance at the map of the United States will at once show what an enormous extent of inland trade is thus laid open to the city of New York. The Champlain canal is 61 miles long; the whole length therefore of the two will

424 miles. Each canal is 40 feet wide at the surface, 38 at the bottom, and 4 feet deep; the locks are 90 feet long, and 14 feet broad. The estimated expense of the Erie canal was five millions of dollars, and of the other, one million; in all, 1,350,000*l.* sterling; but by an unusual result in such undertakings, it is ascertained, from what is already finished, that they will be completed for probably 200,000*l.* less. The literary journal to which I have already alluded says, that the average cost of the Erie canal per mile, is 13,800 dollars, 3105*l.* sterling, while the cost of canals in England has generally been about 5060*l.* sterling, per mile, notwithstanding the difference in the price of labour."

The fact of a great national undertaking amounting to 200,000*l.* less than the estimated cost, appears to us still more extraordinary than the fact of cutting a canal 363 miles long; for we can account for the one result by an arithmetical progression, but no sort of British experience will enable us to comprehend the completion of a vast national work under the estimated expense. A republican lesson on this subject would be extremely useful, as Woolwich, Strand Bridge, and Caledonian Canal expenditure fully prove. But to resume:—

"Of the ultimate effects of this canal, and the spirit for such undertakings which it has diffused through the whole country, it is impossible," says Mr. Duncan, "to form an adequate conception. There is not a doubt that these canals will also carry off a large amount of trade which would otherwise have found its way down the St. Lawrence to Canada. When the country on the Canadian side of Erie, and the lakes above it, is settled, the farmers will find a much nearer market for their grain by the smooth navigation of the canal, than by the *portage* at the Falls of Niagara, and down the furious rapids of the St. Lawrence, besides gaining nearly two months in the year of those which they now lose by the ice. The Champlain canal has already begun to bring down to New York a lucrative trade, from the banks of that lake which heretofore went northward to Montreal. In fact, much of the moral and political as well as commercial aspect of this vast continent, will, in the course probably of a few years, undergo a very great revolution. The Erie canal has done more to endanger to the British crown the loss of Upper Canada, than all that warlike operations could ever have effected."

We had seriously intended to close our notice of these very interesting volumes in one article, but the extracts have so grown upon us, and we find so many more particulars which are generally interesting, we feel ourselves tempted to extend it to another number. This is the more necessary, as the author resumes his general summing up for the conclusion of the work; and we have found ourselves unable to pass on to it as uninterruptedly as we expected. Moreover, we feel some desire, on our own part, to conclude with a detail of the general impression, in regard to the rising energies of the United States, which this very characteristic work has left on our minds. For these reasons therefore, and others which it would be superfluous to enumerate, we shall reserve the conclusion of this article for next week.

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARDS.

A pick-axe and a spade, a spade
For — and a shrouding sheet!
O! a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.—HAMLET.

I LOVE a country church-yard. I love to wander among the contrasted grave stones where the rich lie in no contemptuous fashion by the side of the poor, and where the only distinction between wealth and penury is in the few additional feet allotted to ambitious pride to

record on the polished marble that such a man was born, such a man lived, and such a man died—and there ends the tale.

But independently of this contrast which naturally leads to lowering notions of humanity, there is something so serene, so calming, and so unworldly within the precincts of a church-yard, that to me it is impossible to pass one where the rudely built church is caught at intervals between the gloomy yews, and perchance the well-grown oaks, and where the moss-grown dwarf wall, running between the holy sanctuary and the busy road, marks the boundary of death and the never-failing sanctuary that gives peace to trouble and rest to fatigue. Here the houseless wanderer finds a home. My body, mind-guided, bends involuntarily towards the neat turn-style, that modestly retiring admits the solitary visitor, and I wander with infinite pleasure through the straight lines and right angles formed by the careful sexton in digging his graves. Each grave-stone is to me "a simple annal," and whether I read of the good father, the kind child, the affectionate mother, or even nothing but the name of the lifeless being that there lies dormant, I have the faculty within that enables me to pursue their actions in my own course. The very turn of the stone, the smoothness or neglect of the grave, the freshness of its verdure, are to me all traits that help to make a picture out of what sort of a being that was that now lies impotent and motionless. But when I meet with the quaint epitaph, the pithy sentence, that in half a dozen lines is to record the virtues of perhaps a century's growth, I stand and decypher the half-legible letters with a *gout* and delight that is truly vivifying. I like to read of a woman that has passed her weary days in solicitude and anxious care for the welfare of her husband and her family, or of the man who has struggled with hardships, hoping, and toiling, and hoping that he shall by and by be able to climb at least a little hill, and look round with pleasure on the happy horizon of his own making; and though the uncouthness of the wording or the mistakes in the orthography may call from pedantry and criticism a satirical smile, I forget that there is such a thing as grammar in the world, or if I remember it, it is only to feel the more certain that the eulogy is true, and that the genuine hand of affection, overcoming its native bashfulness, has taken up the pen to record the virtues of appreciated merit.

Epitaph-hunting is one of my hobbies. I read and read and read, and never willingly quit the place if I am conscious of leaving one behind. This feeling has given me many treats, and I have often found my trouble richly rewarded, after poring over a number of common-place tomb-stones (most of which, however, have their claims for me) to find some rich morceau lurking beneath the shade of a sinking stone, that some years hence it would be in vain to try to decypher. It is to this passion that I owe my first acquaintance with Ben Jonson's admirable epitaph, which I discovered in some church-yard, I forget what, inscribed on the tomb-stone of the lady of a nursery-man:—

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much virtue as could die,
Which, when alive, did vigour give
To as much beauty as could live.
Virtue, worth, and goodness joined,
Formed the essence of her mind.

I had never read or heard it before, and it entirely took me by surprise; if I remember right, I had been reading just before my perpetual plague, "Affliction sore, long time I bore, &c." Conceive my delight in popping on such a *bijoux* as this. I am sure I must have read it a dozen times before I was satisfied, and at length marched off with it in my memory to display with proud delight at home. I was then very young, and the first thing I did was to announce my incalculable prize, the value of which, however, was nominally though not intrinsically lessened by the information I received, that it was well known as Ben Jonson's, and therefore, though I might have made a beautiful discovery for myself, I had made none for the world. It is many years ago since I read this epitaph, perhaps I have never repeated it since, I certainly never wrote it down, yet the words instantly offered themselves to my memory, and I shall love it ever, for it has the additional merit to me, above its real worth, that I discovered it in some obscure nook, and was able to appreciate its excellence. I believe, at that time, it helped not a little to flatter my vanity.

There is something in the architecture of country churches that admirably tallies with my kindly feelings towards the receptacles of the dead that surround them. The rude square tower of Saxon growth, formed of unhewn stones, or broken flints, mixed in a thick mortar; the superadded peak, by courtesy called a spire, that has sprung from it in a later age for decency's sake, and in many instances the here and there ships that have been joined to the main body of the building for the reception of the increasing parish, all serve to render the scene charmingly rustic, and to point out that here you may throw away all the false politenesses and ceremonies of the world, and indulge at large in the native growth of your own sensations. A church-yard is a sort of Palace of Truth, where the mind, to itself at least, is to be opened in unrestrained discourse, and to pour forth its original feelings with all the untutored freedom that nature prompts.

If we quit the immediate precincts of this place of charm, there is still something in its neighbourhood to remind us where we are, and to please the imagination. The neat parsonage is sure to be near with its smooth lawn and well-cleaned windows, smiling on the road-side traveller a pleasing benediction; and usually the decent alma-houses attached to the parish are to be met with here, where drooping age finds a crutch to sustain it against the last buffets of a rude world. A thickset hedge, or perchance a row of shaking aspens, emblems of the ancient forms that flit around them, will often divide the little portion of ground set aside for these remnants of men from the land of their last home, that is ever near to remind them softly that there they must end; and in those quiet scenes they see the conclusion of every thing.

The church-yard of the place where I went to school was, and always will be, dear to me. It stood almost at the entrance of the village, with a neat white railing, a more modern invention for the dwarf wall, in front, to separate it from the road; and the church-yard, through which the frequently-intersecting path wound to the porch, was thickly set with tombs of all sizes and descriptions. In one corner I well remember a stately monument of smooth stone, topped with a vast sarcophagus, that round its ample sides announced "the birth, paren-

tage, and education" of the once proud mortal that lay there in mournful dust; near it grew some stately firs, and often towards the autumnal equinox I have seen the angry wind shake down the nuts in mimic shower on this piece of human ingenuity, and watched them bound from one angle to another of the walk as they presented themselves in jutting proportion. Near the church door stood a capacious yew, the largest I certainly ever saw, and I have heard it eulogised as the finest in England; its sturdy trunk sprang from the earth just where several of the paths met in one large arena before the venerable porch; over this space the luxuriant branches of the yew spread themselves, and with their thick foliage formed a natural portico against the dazzling sun or pelting torrent. Another monument I likewise well remember, though whose existence it records has entirely escaped me, was a little square, surrounded by iron railings, and gradually falling to pieces; the main device, and what I suppose has principally impressed it on my memory, were four little naked boys, Cupids I then thought them, though now I can hardly believe that the God of Love could find his way to the throne of Death. Be they what they might, there they stood with picturesque patience supporting the flat tablet which finished the whole design. I have some faint recollection that they had torches in their hands, but whether this was really so, or only the after-offspring of my own brain, owing to my thinking them Cupids, I cannot assert.

Sweet village, and sweeter church-yard! in thee, near thee, and round thee, I have wandered many a summer's day, full of my own boyish reveries, and solitary as my own thoughts, save now and then I would meet an old care-worn yet well-known countenance, that would kindly greet me with the words of cheering humanity; and then, the acknowledgment of human beings over, would pass on his way, and leave me again to the glory of a summer sky, and the undisciplined starts of my own foolish brain, that seemed to partake of the sentiment of the very woods through which I wandered; and burst to and fro in as uncontroled a course as the wild branchings of the sweet green-wood forest, where the wind whistled, the birds sang, and I wandered—all alike free.

BIRROWS.

COMMON PLACES.

LXXVI.

Mankind are an incorrigible race. Give them but bugbears and idols—it is all that they ask; the distinctions of right and wrong, of truth and falsehood, of good and evil, are worse than indifferent to them.

LXXVII.

The DEVIL was a great loss in the preternatural world. He was always something to fear and to hate. He supplied the antagonist powers of the imagination, and the arch of true religion hardly stands firm without him. Mr. Irving may perhaps bring him into fashion again.

LXXVIII.

Perhaps the evils arising from excessive inequality in a state would be sufficiently obviated, if property were divided equally among the surviving children. But it is said it would be impossible to make a law for this purpose, under any circumstances or with any

qualifications, because the least interference with the disposal of property would be striking at its existence and at the very root of all property. And yet this objection is urged in those very countries, where the law of primogeniture (intended to keep it in disproportionate masses, and setting aside the will of the testator altogether) is established as an essential part of the law of the land. So blind is reason, where passion or prejudice intervenes!

LXXIX.

I should like, once in my life, to spit in the face of a legitimate monarch, who claimed me and the rest of mankind as his property. Whoever he might be that openly or in his secret mind did this, assuredly, with a fit opportunity, the sacredness of his person would not prevent me from thus expressing my opinion of him and his claims.

LXXX.

Kings, who set up for Gods upon earth, should be treated as mad-men, which one half of them, or as idiots, which the other half, really are.

LXXXI.

Tyrants are at all times mad with the lust of power.

LXXXII.

Reformers are naturally speculative people; and speculative people are effeminate and inactive. They brood over ideas, till realities become almost indifferent to them. They talk when they should act, and are distracted with nice doubts and distinctions, while the enemy is thundering at the gates, and the bomb-shells are bursting at their feet. They hold up a paper Constitution as their shield, which the sword pierces through, and drinks their heart's blood! They are cowards, too, at bottom; and dare not strike a decisive blow, lest it should be retaliated. While they merely prate of moderation and the public good, they think, if the worst comes to the worst, there may still be a chance of retreat for them, hoping to screen themselves behind their imbecility. They are not like their opponents whose all is at stake, and who are urged on by instinctive fury and habitual cunning to defend it: the common good is too remote a speculation to call forth any violent passions or personal sacrifices; and if it should be lost, is as fine a topic as ever to harangue and lament about. Patriots are, by the constitution of their minds, poets; and an Elegy on the fall of Liberty is as interesting to hear or to recite as an Ode on its most triumphant success. They who let off Ferdinand the other day, confiding in the promises of a traitor and in the liberality of a despot, were greater hypocrites to themselves than he was.

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REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Travels through part of the United States and Canada, in 1818 and 1819. By John M. Duncan, A.B.

[Concluded.]

MR. DUNCAN gives a very interesting chapter upon the American Indians, in which he ably combats the selfish arguments that represent them as altogether incapable of civilization. We can all estimate both the source and the value of this application of logic, so exercised as it has been on the subject of Negro slavery:—

“What I have seen and heard among the Tuscarora Indians, confirms to the utmost what I have long believed, that it is folly and worse than folly, to talk of the impossibility of civilizing the North American aborigines. It is a matter of shame to intelligent men, that such assertions should ever have been made. That it may be difficult to carry it into full effect I readily grant, but the principal obstacles which exist, have arisen from the unprincipled conduct of the white traders; many of whom, if morality were the standard of our determination, are much better entitled to the appellation of *savages* than the poor despised Indians.

“Since the period when Europeans first set foot in the western continent, their conduct towards the Indians has been with few exceptions, for there have been a few, a combination of deceit, rapacity, and cruelty, too atrocious to be characterized by any ordinary epithet of aggravation. They found a few thousands of naked men in peaceful possession of immense tracts of fertile ground, watered by vast lakes and navigable rivers; they cast their covetous eyes upon the immense continent; and at last, by fraud and intrigue, succeeded in acquiring possession of nearly the whole, and in almost entirely extirpating the race by which it had been peopled.

“It would be a long and a heart-rending tale, to recount the various circumstances under which this has been accomplished; but features of general resemblance pervade them all. The white men were strong—the red men were weak; the white men were crafty and designing—the red men open and unsuspicious; the white men wanted the land—the red men were obliged to let them have it. Rum, powder, and the bayonet, were the efficient agents in completing the change. The Indians were instigated to mutual havoc and massacre, and the whites completed what they began. The dispirited remnants of the scattered tribes became the slaves of drunkenness and sloth; and the land which was yet left them, they were easily persuaded to exchange for intoxicating liquors, or whatever else their spoilers chose to give. ‘Finally,’ said the Indian chief, ‘they drove us back from time to time into the wilderness, far from the water, and the fish, and the oysters. They have destroyed the game; our people have wasted away, and now we live miserable and wretched, while they are enjoying our fine and beautiful country.’

“After Europeans had thus plundered them of their territory—debased, and almost exterminated their race—to fill up the measure of their cruelty, they slandered their character with every possible misrepresentation, till the Indians of North America are regarded, by most European nations, as the very abstraction and condensation of all that is hateful in human nature;—men whom it is perfectly impossible to reclaim from barbarism, and who may therefore be consigned to destruction, without the slightest injustice, and without any cause for remorse, completely blotted from the catalogue of living creatures.

"One of the principal arguments, if such it can be called, by which some have sought to prove their incapacity for civilization, is the circumstance of their having so rapidly melted away before the encroachments of the whites, and having so seldom become incorporated with their invaders. But any other result must have been almost miraculous. Let it be recollected that the whites, not contented with destroying themselves as many as they could, took every opportunity of artfully instigating war between one tribe and another; and that on every occasion on which the various European settlers themselves fell out and fought, each party collected to its aid multitudes of Indian warriors, to be food for the weapons of their destructive warfare. In the contests between the French and British colonists, in the revolutionary war, and in the recent unhappy renewal of hostilities, the Indians were, without reason or pity, involved in contests in which they were no way interested, and crushed between the two contending powers, like grain between the millstones. Rancorous hatred to the whites and to each other, has been promoted in every possible way; spirituous liquors copiously administered for the basest of purposes; immorality of every kind eagerly promoted, loathsome and hitherto unknown diseases propagated; instruction of every kind withheld from them; and yet in the face of all this, we are called upon to hold up our hands like simpletons, and wonder that the Indians have disappeared!"

Let us, however, hear both sides: Mr. Duncan quotes from a leading American the most forcible condensation of the line of argument which he controverts:—

"'It is tolerably well ascertained,' says the journalist, 'that they (the Indians) cannot support the neighbourhood of civilization. Foreign and ignorant judges may sneer at this, but it is a simple fact ascertained by experience. To take measures to preserve the Indians, is to take measures to preserve so much barbarity, helplessness, and want, to the exclusion of so much industry and thriftiness.—The object of true humanity is, not blindly to better the condition of a given individual whether he will be bettered or not, but to put a happier individual in the place of a less happy one. If it can be done by changing the nature of the latter, it is well; if it cannot, leave him to the operation of his character and habits; do not resist the order of Providence which is carrying him away, and when he is gone, a civilized man will step into his place and your end is attained.'"

In speaking of the original peopling of America, Mr. Duncan comes to a conclusion, that the various remnants of antiquity in the State of the Ohio, and elsewhere, are *not* of Indian origin. The human bones found in some of these *tumuli*, and the fragments of armour composed of copper, overlaid with silver, bespeak a different people; for until the arrival of the Europeans, the Indians were entirely unacquainted with metals, and the bones which have been excavated denote quite a different race of men; nor have the Indians any sort of tradition concerning these relics. The following account of three distinct Indian languages is curious:—

"Among the Indians who formerly peopled that part of the continent which lies east of the Mississippi, three languages appear to have been spoken, radically different from each other. At least all the dialects, of which any vestiges survive, have been satisfactorily traced to one or other of three great sources; among which as yet no affinity has been detected, except that of a somewhat similar grammatical structure. We should probably err, however, were we to decide that these nations were not originally of a common origin. They were unacquainted with letters, and their languages were therefore liable to perpetual change; and as it is but lately that these supposed primitive tongues have been reduced to so small a number, it seems not improbable that further investigation may limit them yet more.

"These languages have been called the Iroquois, the Lenapé, and the Floridian. The first is the origin of the dialects spoken by the Six Nations, to which I have already alluded, and other tribes formerly existing north of the St. Lawrence. The second was spoken by the Delawares and others, once occupying the greater part of the interior of the United States. The third is spoken by the Creeks, and others in the southern States, and Florida.

"The Lenapé tongue appears to have prevailed much more extensively than either of the others, and was, so far as we yet know, much more copious and systematic.

Its grammatical system is highly artificial, and disappoints completely every *a priori* idea which we can have of an unwritten language spoken by roving hunters. In place of the division of nouns into the genders, it recognises only the distinctions of animate and inanimate, and this classification passes also into verbs. It possesses a singular, dual, and two plurals, a particular and a general. In the verb, the variety of moods and tenses appears to have exceeded that of the Greek; and its flexion is modified not only by pronominal prefixes and affixes, as in the Hebrew, but also by others having an adverbial and conjunctive power. The verb enters besides into combination with nouns, adjectives, and prepositions, with a facility unknown in European languages, so that a very complicated idea which in modern languages would require a circumlocution, is intelligibly condensed in the Lenapé into a single word, expressive of person, action, time, place, and circumstance. From this characteristic of the Indian languages, for it extends throughout them all, an American writer has given them the very appropriate epithet of *polysynthetic*.

"The language of the Iroquois is thought to exist in its purest state in the Mohawk dialect. The other five nations readily understand what is written in the Mohawk, although each individually has a different tongue. The Iroquois seems not to have been so critically analyzed as the Lenapé, but so far as has been yet ascertained, it corresponds in most of its grammatical peculiarities, particularly that of being polysynthetic. It recognizes, however, the distinction of masculine and feminine in nouns.

"The Floridian is less known than either of the others, and with regard to those dialects prevalent to the westward of the Mississippi, there seems to exist no certain information."

The comparison drawn by Mr. Duncan between the inhabitants of the two banks of the river St. Lawrence is very amusing, and the difference is pleasantly illustrated by the following passage:—

"Were a canal cut from Montreal to La Chine, a distance of only nine miles, those troublesome rapids which intervene would be avoided, and the necessity superseded which at present exists of transporting so far, by land, all the merchandise which goes up the country. Such a canal has been talked of for about twenty years, and some time ago 25,000*l.* was voted for it, by the provincial legislature. Farther than this it has not yet advanced. In the mean time these fidgety Yankees are pushing vigorously forward their canal of 364 miles between lake Erie and the Hudson, and the other of 60, between the Hudson and lake Champlain; and possibly when they have the whole finished, they may take a fancy to cross the St. Lawrence, and in a mere frolic turn up the nine miles between Montreal and La Chine;—it will hardly be a fortnight's work for them."

The ascertainment of the scientific line agreed upon for the boundary between the United States and Canada, it seems, has produced unexpected results to both sides:—

"About eleven miles from Isle aux Noix we pass Rousse's Point, upon the western bank, where a very fine semicircular stone fort has been erected since last war by the American Government. This in the event of future hostilities would have been, in the hands of the Americans, a complete safeguard against the advance of any hostile squadron from Canada; but it has lately been whispered that the Commissioners for ascertaining the forty-fifth parallel of latitude, the boundary line between the two countries, have discovered that this fine fort stands on British ground, and will of course become an unintentional present from the United States to his majesty. The chief astronomer employed on behalf of Britain was a passenger with me in the steam boat, but he preserved a very prudent silence, and declined answering any questions on the subject.*"

The following account of the commemoration of St. Andrew's day at New York is very characteristic, both of Mr. Duncan and of the mixture of old and new sentiment which necessarily prevails among the various classes of emigrants from the old world:—

* This report was eventually confirmed, and excited not a little exultation on the one side, and mortification on the other. The theodolites of the astronomers however have subsequently made another discovery, less to the taste of the Canadians, which is, that the only navigable channel of the Long Sault rapid is on the American side of the line, and of course that our boats must ask leave to navigate it.

" Nov. 30th. St. Andrew's day. A broad blue banner is flying from one of the windows of the City Hotel, 'blent with the silver cross, to Scotia dear,' and at half past four I go like a true Scotsman to dine with the St. Andrew's Society of New-York. My heart throbbed high as I passed along Broadway, after breakfast, and saw the national banner waving over the democratic heads of the New Yorkers—Scotland for ever!

" Dec. 1st. I was sadly mortified last night;—a miserably insipid mixture of *Yan-keeism* and *Land-of-Cakeism*; neither one nor other, but both spoiled.

" At four I repaired with Mr. — to the hotel; paid five dollars for a ticket, and was introduced in due form to the president *pro tempore* of the Society.* He and the other office-bearers received their *brither Scots* in the large dancing hall of the hotel; they were conspicuous among the men of the *north countrie*, by broad blue and white collars, from which hung a large medallion of the patron of Scotland.

" While dinner was serving in the adjoining room, our national feelings were roused by a brawny limbed son of the mountains, who with the drone of a pair of immense bagpipes under his arm, strutted up and down the hall, braying Scottish airs with all his might. By and by the dinner bell rang, the ample portal was thrown open, and the northern tide flowed in.—'The Campbells are coming aho! aho!' The president took post at the convex extremity of a large horse-shoe table, the vice-presidents at either end, and when all had arranged themselves in due order, the chaplain of the society, Dr. —, was called upon to officiate. The *gillies* of the hotel, however, had neglected to give the signal in the antichamber, and while the reverend clergyman was raising his voice within, the pipes were still vociferating without, so that the sounds drowned each other and we lost the benefit of both.

" As soon as the covers were removed, my eyes ran over the ample board in quest of the barley kail, the smoking sheep's head and trotters, the sony haggis,

' Wha's pin wad help to mend a mill,
In time o' need.'

But alas! these national luxuries found no place in the bill of fare; even a solitary fragment of oatmeal cake was not to be seen. A sumptuous dinner was before us, but not a solitary dish that was characteristic of our native land.* The toasts however I expected would be more commemorative of auld langsyne, and the music exclusively national;—presently some scrapers of catgut, perched in the orchestra, twisted *Yankee Doodle* out of their asthmatic instruments, and scarcely was a Scottish tune given us during the whole of the evening, whose effect was not immediately neutralized by an American one.

" By and by the cloth was removed, and the president gave the word,—'The day, and all that honour it,' which was repeated at right and left by the croupiers, and swallowed with enthusiasm. 'Scotland the land of our nativity,' 'America the country of our adoption,' followed in due course. 'The President of the United States;'—rather too soon, thought I. 'The King of Great Britain and all friendly powers;'—The King of Great Britain and all friendly powers!—and is it only because he is one of the *friendly powers*, that Scotsmen at a national anniversary drink their good old king's health! It needed the king's anthem, which followed this toast, and would have needed more, to make it palatable. 'The Vice President of the United States, elevated by the voice of a free and intelligent people, to the second situation in the only representative government upon earth.' Och-hon a-ree! Och-hon a-ree!—and are Scotsmen in America so utterly regardless of their country's renown, that they thus at a St. Andrew's dinner slight the sovereign of the land, and slander its free constitution—the envy and the admiration of the whole world?—and all because the Vice President of the United States, and the Mayor of New York, had *honoured* the Society with their company? Truly such Scotsmen should abjure the name."

* The President was at that time in England.

* On remonstrating afterwards with one of the office-bearers of the society on the inconsistency of such a St. Andrew's dinner, he told me that the cook had tried on one occasion to manufacture a haggis, but that the appetites of the American-Scotsmen had become too refined to relish such fare. They sipped a morsel or two from the point of a tea spoon, and then hollowed out. "Waiter, to y this." I heard in another quarter that into the said haggis introduced, as an American improvement; but this I could not believe.

Under the head of New York, which concludes these very able and instructive volumes, is comprehended much of the general observation and characteristic remark which form no mean part of their value,—the remarks of Mr. Duncan upon that slavery, the existence of which forms so great and inconsistent a blot in the otherwise fair social and political pretensions of the United States. It is not, however, by a blind attention to American delinquency alone, in this particular, that our author distinguishes himself;—on the contrary, he admits that the introduction of slavery in America was against the wishes of the early colonists—a point also ably set forward in the recent publication of Mr. Barham, who shows that both in the West Indies and the Anglo-American states, Great Britain at once both established and protected the nefarious trade and system of Slavery, the consequences of which are now becoming so great a source of perplexity in all three. Mr. Duncan observes, that when the United States became independent, they should have done away with slavery; and then proceeds to remark, that some of them *have* done so, but that others hold fast to the system with the utmost tenacity. True,—with precisely the same sort of tenacity which characterises the West Indian proprietor; and what argument can be used against the consequent procrastination in the federal government, which is not equally applicable to our own in regard to the West Indian colonies? The silly boast that a slave cannot exist on British ground where they are not wanted, while they are an established property where they can be made useful, is not a whit less inconsistent than the correspondent vaunts in regard to the *only* land of freedom, so frequent in the mouths of the Americans. In point of fact, the struggles of property and self-interest are very similar in both countries, and if the faultless are to throw the first stone, a stone will never be thrown. This, in regard to the main question;—in reference to many of the incidental iniquities growing out of the system of slavery in the United States, Mr. Duncan is more successful; and he mentions one or two in relation to the kidnapping of free negroes, which are of the very essence of shameful oppression and injustice.*

Mr. Duncan is very amusing upon the newspaper press of America, which, with certain exceptions, seems to be planned upon the model of our Irish journals, and to exhibit in point of party hostility, and personal attack, a very close resemblance. They however fall short of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in one particular,—the construction of journals under the protection of party, with a view to malignant attack, slander, and annoyance alone. They have neither Blackwoods, Bulls, Beacons, nor Antidotes at present; for, although their inferior prints can scold coarsely enough, they display little of that concentrated and quintessential rancour and malignity, a small portion of which, like the newly discovered *acetate of morphine*, can poison with safety, and assassinate without redress.

With respect to American literature, the sentiments of Mr. Duncan seem to us to be eminently sound—the observations upon the operation of periodical criticism especially. That it may now and then operate to alarm and repress peculiar genius, we allow; but that it tends to

* See Note, Vol. II, page 256.

forward the mass is equally certain. Satisfied that the advancement of many vigorous and healthy plants is far beyond the forced production of a few rare ones, we willingly accept the evil with the good, although every way disposed to lessen the alloy as much as possible :—

“ Much has been written on the subject of American literature, and various theories have been proposed to account for the comparative scantiness of original compositions, and the frequent inferiority of much that has been written. I have no new hypothesis to propose upon the subject. The fact is sufficiently accounted for by the state of the country, as a young and a rising one; offering more encouragement to commercial and agricultural adventure, than to literary and philosophical pursuits; and probably this kind of mental tutelage has existed longer than its natural time, from the influence of a hereditary disposition in the natives to look elsewhere for their literature. Those who were disposed to write, felt a misgiving in their hearts as to their own strength, and allowed their powers to be deadened by a chilling awe of foreign criticism. Those again who were to purchase their writings, felt no confidence in literary productions of domestic origin; they did not expect much, and they were slow to admit the existence of even moderate excellence. Every vessel from Liverpool brings an importation of new authors, which the accommodating booksellers immediately transmute from a costly into a cheap form, and a torrent of British authors, of legally accredited talent, deluges the land, and carries with it the minds and the partialities of the multitude. Our Reviews have contributed to increase and perpetuate this feeling of intellectual subordination. They have almost always in criticising American authors doled out their praise in very niggardly portions, and frequently accompanied the little which they gave, with a tone of affected condescension more disheartening than censure; patting, as it were, the author like the schoolboy on the head, and comforting him with—
‘ Very well for an American,—very well indeed!’

“ Indications, I think, are very plainly discernible of a change in this respect. Not many large or aspiring works indeed have yet been published, of a very superior kind, but here and there a fugitive essay has made its appearance, or discourse, or memoir, like those to which I have alluded; not unfrequently without the author's name, who seems to shrink from the wrath of the literary inquisitors; many of these exhibit a purity and nervousness of style, with an independence of mind which may probably stimulate their authors to try their strength in more sustained efforts. The public voice too has begun to cry shame, at the sceptical disbelief which has so long prevailed, of the possibility of American literary talent; and when some master spirit has fairly vindicated his own inherent strength, and set the bold example of revolt from European domination, he will doubtless find a band of brothers, ready to rise with enthusiasm and determination to aid him in the conflict; and a second revolution, yet more honourable than the first, will sooner or later be the consequence. Men have no conception of what they are able to achieve, till they fairly task their energies in the trial. There is abundance of talent in the country, conversational, oratorical, and professional; there is widely diffused a great amount of general information, and its inseparable attendant, a desire to acquire more; there is much purity of moral sentiment, and much sterling religious principle; there is a fair proportion of classical learning, and a still larger share of scientific knowledge;—these are the very elements of literature, even of the highest order, and although they may slumber unseen and unheard of for a time, the connexion of cause and effect must cease, if they do not ultimately blaze forth in enduring brilliancy.

“ The powerful aid of periodical criticism will not be wanting; and who can calculate what that mighty engine has wrought in Britain? It has drawn forth latent talent, it has encouraged and rewarded timid worth, it has spread a taste for reading and a taste for philosophizing, and it has infused a literary spirit into thousands who knew not its inspiration; it has at the same time checked presumption, exposed ignorance, and punished folly: and although these beneficial effects have not been produced without a good deal of concomitant mischief, and sometimes cases of cruel individual injustice, yet no one can dispassionately estimate the relative amounts, without at once confessing that the good has far outweighed the evil.”

Our author, with a little occasional inconsistency, excusable enough in a Printer to the University of Glasgow, detracts from the value of the open representative system of America, and speculates on the probable result when the country becomes more populous,—“ a pure de-

mocracy is not fit for *fallen creatures*." Mr. Duncan, however, in the following animated passage, finds out that complete *Religious Freedom* is perfectly so; and we ask him how it can possibly exist while representation is a partial and private property? The spirit of a peculiar sect which is prevalent in these observations does not detract from their general soundness:—

"In the religious freedom which America enjoys, I see a more unquestioned superiority. In Britain we enjoy toleration, but here they enjoy liberty. If government has a right to grant a toleration to any particular set of religious opinions, it has also a right to take it away; and such a right with regard to opinions exclusively religious I would deny in all cases, because totally inconsistent with the nature of religion, in the proper meaning of the word, and equally irreconcilable with civil liberty, rightly so called. God has given to each of us his inspired word, and a rational mind to which that word is addressed. He has also made known to us, that each for himself must answer at his tribunal for his principles and conduct. What man then, or body of men, has a right to tell me, "You do not think aright on religious subjects, but we will tolerate your error?" The answer is a most obvious one, "Who gave you authority to dictate?—or what exclusive claim have you to infallibility?" If my sentiments do not lead me into conduct inconsistent with the welfare of my fellow-creatures, the question as to their accuracy or fallacy is one between God and my own conscience; and though a fair subject for argument, is none for compulsion.

"The Inquisition undertook to regulate astronomical science; and Kings and Parliaments have with equal propriety presumed to legislate upon questions of theology. The world has outgrown the former, and it will one day be ashamed that it has been so long of outgrowing the latter. The founders of the American republic saw the absurdity of employing the Attorney-General to refute deism and infidelity, or of attempting to influence opinion on abstract subjects by penal enactment; they saw also the injustice of taxing the whole, to support the religious opinions of the few, and have set an example which older governments will one day or other be compelled to follow.

"In America the question is not, What is his creed?—but, What is his conduct? Jews have all the privileges of Christians; Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Independents meet on common ground. No religious test is required to qualify for public office, except in some cases a mere verbal assent to the truth of the Christian religion; and in every court throughout the country, it is optional whether you give your affirmation or your oath.

"It has been often said, that the disinclination of the heart to religious truth, renders a state establishment absolutely necessary, for the purpose of christianizing the country. Ireland and America can furnish abundant evidence of the fallacy of such an hypothesis. In the one country we see an ecclesiastical establishment of the most costly description, utterly inoperative in dispelling ignorance or refuting error; in the other, no establishment of any kind, and yet religion making daily and hourly progress, promoting enquiry, diffusing knowledge, strengthening the weak, and mollifying the hardened. The religious aspect of America is no doubt chequered with gloomy spots, and I believe that in a large portion of the southern States, ignorance and irreligion prevail to a deplorable extent; but even in our own comparatively small portion of the globe's surface, how large a proportion of parishes are to be found, where there is all the apparatus of religion, a steeple, a benefice, and an incumbent, but an utter famine of the bread of life? and in how many more do we find that dissentism, that is, systematic opposition to the established religion, has been the sole means of preserving the knowledge of the truth?

"When we dispassionately examine the history and present condition of the various divisions of the United States, we shall be constrained to admit that religion has made as extensive progress as we could possibly have expected from any establishment; nay, that it is probably in as active a state of advancement, in the older sections of the country, as in any part of the world. If any would imagine that an establishment would have improved matters, let him look to Canada; and even setting aside all reference to the French population, let him tell us what has been effected, among those of British descent, by a lordly episcopacy, supported by annual stipends from government, and a seventh part of all granted lands. I refer, of course, in these remarks, to evangelical religion, properly so called.

The advice of our hard-headed traveller, in respect to emigration to

America, is equally sensible and judicious, steering equally clear of the obliquity of vision arising out of political discontent at native country, on the one side; and of the bilious colouring of disappointed adventurers on the other. It thus forcibly concludes:—

“ In a word, my advice would be; If you are enjoying a moderate degree of prosperity at home, do not think of quitting it. Your success in America is at best problematical; while the difference of customs, manner of living, and climate, is what many will find it very difficult to endure. Of those who emigrate, there are certainly many who prosper, and some who accumulate fortunes; but how many are there at home who are equally successful, who have never stirred from their native city? Hundreds have come to America, who bitterly lament their folly; and who have found, to their dear-bought experience, that gold neither paves the streets, nor grows upon the trees.

“ There cannot be a doubt, however, that the United States are a rapidly rising nation. There is much in their political and social system that may need improvement; but there is also much in both from which the older Hemisphere might profitably take instruction. They know nothing of the feudal barbarisms, which yet in a thousand ways obstruct the progress of knowledge and improvement even in Britain. There are no close corporations, to prevent an ingenious man from reaping the reward of his skill, in any branch to which he may direct it. At home, were I to discover an improved way of baking a loaf, or a more expeditious and durable way of constructing a shoe, I could not practise my invention. Both are chartered crafts; in the one of which I should have to purchase my freedom, and in the other I could not purchase it at all. No such exclusive privileges exist here.

“ Discovery in arts and sciences have already made rapid progress in America, and in all probability will continue to do so. There is an elasticity in the national character, which makes them in some measure discontented with beaten tracks;—all are aiming at something new; and when all are aiming, some must be successful.

“ As merchants, none but the British can match them for restless activity and enterprise; and they are happily free from some of the fetters which encumber our motions. There is no East India Company to annoy them with its monopoly; and they are already the favourites in the Chinese market, in spite of the influence of our eastern nabobs. Their merchant ships probably excel those of all nations for elegance of model, and rapidity of sailing, and there is not a free port in the world where their sailors may not be found.

“ Of their future destiny and influence we can say nothing; but he is not a friend to his species who does not wish well to the United States. A grand experiment in politics and religion is there going forward—an experiment which, if successful, will be productive of unestimated happiness to the human race; and whether successful or not, will, we know, be one in that chain of events, which is to issue in diffusing over the whole earth,

—“ A liberty

Unsung by poets, and by senators unpraised;

Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the powers

Of earth and hell confederate take away!”

The concluding chapter of this work is taken up with a summary of the state of religion in the United States, as exemplified in its places of worship, and Missionary, Bible, *Episcopal*, and other distributive and inculcative societies. The detail, of course, is not of a nature for extract in a necessarily brief review like our own; but there is quite enough to overthrow the position of the disinterested reasoners, who regard rich ecclesiastical establishments as essential to purity and intensity of faith. The United States are clearly as actively religious as any country in Christendom; possibly, having nothing to contend for in that particular, in the simple advancement of assumed truth they are a few degrees more so. Mankind are more ready to communicate general advantages, than to share a monopoly.

With a restriction to the nature of the information which Mr. Duncan in his preface more directly professes to supply, we hesitate not

to affirm, that we have been far more interested and amused with his labours than with those of any of his more recent predecessors. His religious peculiarities and predilections we have described, but possessing, as he does, a happy talent for observation, and for the conveyance of that which he observes, it is easy to allow for his excess of aversion to Socinianism and church organs, as well as for that most unfortunate of the fruits of unmeasured attachment to an exclusive and excluding creed,—a disposition to query the benefit of all exertions in the way of amelioration and improvement, which spring from other sources. The natural powers and mother wit of Mr. Duncan being happily stronger than even his prejudices, the result comes out pretty well after all, and the Americans need not seek for a more “honest chronicler than Griffith.”

Looking at the every day increasing mass of corrective information, in relation to the United States of America, we think that the time is not far distant, when the general notions concerning this land of freedom and energy will be tolerably accurate. We think we perceive at present, that the vulgar and exaggerated tone of the virulent declaimers on both sides the Atlantic is declining; and that, while such contemptible misrepresentations as those in the Quarterly Review are seen through and despised, the shallow misconception in regard to emigration, and the inducements to cultivate the American wilderness, is equally appreciated. That the United States form a republic, and flourish without a church establishment, would be quite enough for Quarterly Reviewers, if even their rising greatness produced none of the inflation and presumption of which it supplies a great deal; and which, by the way, rather furnishes the subject than the object of so much Admiralty and be-laurelled abuse. Labouring in their vocation, these stipendiaries must debase a rising *republic* at all events, and in some respects, a rival maritime one still more; while, on the other hand, a consciousness of high destinies, and a perception of growing importance, is continually producing materials for this useless verbal castigation. We say *verbal* castigation, for it will exceedingly perplex Messrs. Barrow and Southey to discover a single act of critical and practical statesmanship, in which the authorities of America have not displayed, and do not display, a coolness of judgment, a soundness of discrimination, and a happy union of energy and decision, which might do honour to the oldest government in the world. We are not aware of any European diplomacy which has reason to boast of its superior dexterity in a business-like intercourse with that of America.

It being impossible to deny the vast expansion of moral and political sources of greatness in this vast rising country, it is part of loyal scepticism to look forward to a period when so loose a government can no longer exist. Even Mr. Duncan, without giving in to the usual Tory jargon on this theme, is of opinion that a time may come when the extent of personal representation may lead to confusion. To say what any country will be two or three centuries hence, would be difficult:—what was our own as many centuries ago?—but to imagine human nature so besotted as to grow away from free institutions into close ones, with all the advantages of an early education in the principles of freedom, is what we cannot be readily brought to believe. It

is contrary to the tenor of all modern history; a truth which, in the long run, even Spain and Portugal will assist to demonstrate. It is useless to appeal to ancient history; the printing-press "has changed all that;" for although men continue the same, the circumstances which surround them are totally different. Neither, in respect to America, is any parallel to be drawn from the unfitness for representative freedom of the despotically-governed inhabitants of Europe. Emancipated slaves are almost unavoidably tumultuous; but what is to render educated freemen so unruly? It would be unfortunate indeed, if the best and noblest theoretical principles, reduced to action, could not form for themselves as safe and commodious railways as the most odious and unnatural practices and misgovernment. Let us *hope*—nay, let us *trust* the contrary; and without clogging the clearness of our perceptions with visionary ideas of perfectibility, spurn at these insidious attempts to make that unavoidable which is only contingent, and thus cowardly give up the game of liberty as "unfit for *fallen creatures*."

In fact, in reference to these gratuitous anticipations, not altogether discouraged by a party in America itself, whose object it is to temper the impetuous tide of democracy, we can look only to one rational ground of apprehension,—the necessity that will sooner or later arise for strengthening the hands of the general Executive. This must sooner or later follow; and to guard against the effects of this unavoidable delegation will be the grand difficulty of the friends of freedom in America; but with neither established church nor an aristocracy, it will scarcely be insurmountable. There is a great difference between pulling down establishments and peerages, and preventing their formation.

To conclude, the United States of America may be regarded as a grand although fortuitous experiment on the side of liberty; promising in the extreme, and likely, in its consequences, to modify the future history of the world, by shewing the high degree of freedom to which man may be socially and politically framed, and in which able and efficient national government may be safely yet energetically administered.

An Essay on Apparitions. By John Alderson, M. D.

MOST of our general readers are acquainted with the very acute and illustrative essay of Dr. Ferriar of Manchester on this subject. The present comparatively brief production is republished, in order to claim for its author a priority in regard to the theory advanced by both. There is an order of mind to which this dispute will be of some consequence; but we must confess that to us it is of very little. The two points established by it, we imagine, are *now* admitted by most who can boast of *mens sana in corpore sano*, always presuming the non-interference of prejudice or superstition. In point of fact, however, Dr. Alderson is clearly entitled to the merit of simply stating the probable rise of every ghost story that ever was manufactured without the aid of imposture; and of deducing from facts and cases submitted to his *own* observation and medical skill those conclusions, which Dr. Ferriar *subsequently*, and we hope without intentional concealment, assumed the merits of

being the first to deduce and enumerate. Dr. Alderson published first in 1810, Dr. Ferriar in 1813; but the former gentleman's statement amounting simply to a paper drawn up for a literary society, escaped due general notice in the first instance; and although subsequently republished, the more popular work of Dr. Ferriar had, in some measure, allayed all curiosity on the subject.

Next to the influence of superstition, and the discouragement uniformly given from quarters which it is unnecessary to specify, to scepticism generally, we may attribute the lingering credulity in regard to supernatural appearances, to that universality of tradition, upon which Dr. Johnson has laid so mischievous a stress in his *Rasselas*. It is impossible to get rid of so much testimony, by the general charge of imposture; and a vague imputation of the effects to a disordered state of the imagination was not sufficient to the assailment of undeniable asseveration. The great merit of the works of the Drs. Alderson and Ferriar consists in a simple and practical exhibition of cases, which account at once for all the supposed phenomena, and leave the credit of the various grave persons unimpeached who have either deposed to the existence of phantoms from their own experience, or who have been irresistibly led to confide in the statements of witnesses in whom they could do no other than implicitly confide. In this small tract, Dr. Alderson enumerates four or five cases, that came under his own cognizance and cure, which, although few, are in themselves sufficient to shew the real source of the vast variety of visitation from the other world, which has eternally haunted the mind of man, and existed in legend and record, in every stage of human existence. We give the first of them as the most curious and comprehensive:---

"I was called upon some time ago to visit Mr. —, who at that time kept a dram shop. Having at different times attended him, and thence knowing him very well; I was struck with something singular in his manner on my first entrance. He went up stairs with me, but evidently hesitated, occasionally, as he went. When he got into his chamber, he expressed some apprehension, lest I should consider him insane, and send him to the asylum at York, whither I had not long before sent one of his pot-companions.—Whence all these apprehensions?—What is the matter with you!—Why do you look so full of terror?" He then sat down, and gave me a history of his complaint.

"About a week or ten days before, after drawing some liquor in his cellar for a girl, he desired her to take away the oysters which lay upon the floor, and which he supposed she had dropped;—the girl, thinking him drunk, laughed at him, and went out of the room.—He endeavoured to take them up himself, and to his great astonishment could find none.—He was met going out of the cellar, when at the door he met a soldier, whose looks he did not like, attempting to enter. He desired to know what he wanted there; and upon receiving no answer, but, as he thought, a menacing look, he sprang forward to seize the intruder, and, to his no small surprise, found that it was a phantom. The cold sweat hung upon his brow—he trembled in every limb—it was the dusk of the evening; as he walked along the passage the phantom flitted before his eyes—he attempted to follow it, resolutely determined to satisfy himself; but as this vanished, there appeared others at a distance, and he exhausted himself by fruitless attempts to lay hold of them. He hastened to his family, with marks of terror and confusion; for, though a man hitherto of the most undaunted resolution, he confessed to me that he now felt what it was to be completely terrified. During the whole of that night he was constantly tormented with a variety of spectres, sometimes of people who had been long dead, at other times of friends who were living; and harassed himself with continually getting out of bed, to ascertain whether the people he saw were real or not. Nor could he always distinguish who were and who were not real customers, when they came into the room, so that his conduct became the subject of observation; and though it was for a time attributed to private drinking, it was at last suspected to

arise from some other cause. When I was sent for, the family were under the full conviction that he was insane, although they confessed, that in everything, except the foolish notion of seeing apparitions, he was perfectly rational and steady. During the whole of the time that he was relating his case to me, and his mind was fully occupied, he felt the most gratifying relief, for in all that time he had not seen one apparition: and he was elated with pleasure indeed, when I told him I should not send him to the asylum, since his was a complaint I could cure at his own house. But whilst I was writing a prescription, and had suffered him to be at rest, I saw him get up suddenly, and go with a hurried step to the door.—‘What did you do that for?’—he looked ashamed and mortified, and replied, ‘I had been so well whilst in conversation with you, that I could not believe that the phantom I saw enter the room was not really a soldier, and I got up to convince myself.’

“I need not here detail particularly the medical treatment adopted; but it may be as well to state the circumstances which probably led to the complaint, and the principle acted on in the cure. Some time previously he had had a quarrel with a drunken soldier, who attempted, against his inclination, to enter his house at an unreasonable hour, and in the struggle to turn him out, the soldier drew his bayonet, and, having struck him across the temples, divided the temporal artery; in consequence of which he lost a very large quantity of blood before a surgeon arrived, there being no one present who knew that, in such cases, simple compression with the finger upon the spouting artery, would stop the effusion of blood. He had scarcely recovered from the effects of this loss of blood, when he undertook to accompany a friend in his walking-match against time, in which he went forty-two miles in nine hours. Elated with success, he spent the whole of the following day in drinking; but found himself, a short time afterwards, so much out of health, that he came to the resolution of abstaining altogether from liquor. It was in the course of the week following this abstinence from his usual habits, that he had the disease he now complained of. All his symptoms continued to increase for several days till I saw him, allowing him no time for rest. Never was he able to get rid of these shadows by night when in bed, nor by day when in motion; though he sometimes walked miles with that view, and at others went into a variety of company. He told me he suffered even bodily pain, from the severe lashing of a waggoner with his whip, who came every night to a particular corner of his room, but who always disappeared when he jumped out of bed to retort, which he did several nights successively. The whole of this complaint was effectually removed by bleeding, by leeches, and by active purgatives. After the first employment of these means, he saw no more phantoms in the day time; and after the second, once only, between sleeping and waking, saw the milkman in his bedroom. He has remained perfectly rational and well ever since, and can go out in the dark as fearlessly as ever, being fully convinced that the ghosts which he was so confident he saw, were merely the creatures of disease.

The summing up of Dr. Alderson on the cases of which the foregoing takes the lead, is simple, explicit, and undeniable:—

“The hallucination, which the foregoing cases detail, may be distinguished from partial insanity, from delirium, from somnambulism, and from reverie, to all of which it bears some resemblance. In partial insanity, the patient, though sensible on most subjects, is generally intent on one particular train of thought; and, whenever he has occasion to speak upon that subject, he flies off into some absurd notion or other, and no argument whatever can drive him from his purpose. In delirium, the patient neither knows where he is nor what he does, except for a few moments, when violently roused. In somnambulism, there are certain voluntary motions performed, without our being sensible of volition. In reverie, the mind is so wholly intent on its own particular train of thoughts, that the patient takes no notice whatever of any thing around him.

“But in such cases as I have detailed, there is no point on which the patients can be said to be irrational; they merely state that they perceive objects, where we know, and where they can very easily convince themselves, that they do not exist:—

——— ‘their thoughts
Are combinations of disjointed things;
And forms impalpable and unperceived
Of others’ sight, familiar are to them.’

“When this circumstance occurs in the day-time, and more frequent opportunities for examination are afforded, they do convince themselves of their non-existence,—

and, when, as I have said before, their own reason is assisted by the more cultivated and unimpaired understanding of those around them,---when there is no art, no attempt at imposition, the whole is clearly made to appear a mere delusion, a *deceptio visus*, arising from a temporary disordered state of the animal functions, wholly independent of the persons or bodies those figures represent. But what must have been the case in other circumstances? Suppose these phantoms had only appeared in the night?---suppose the physician had affected all the arts and tricks of the designing magician, or the crafty priest---how would it have been then?---Why, precisely what we have before asserted:---they would have gone through life with a belief in the actual re-appearance of the dead, as well as the capability of communicating with the spirits of their departed friends; and thus they might have contributed their evidence to the vile impositions of those who have made a gain of the credulity of mankind, and who have, from interested motives, encouraged the fear of ghosts, the worship of demons, the belief of supernatural agency, which they could controul by their spells; of those who, like Owen Glendower, can call spirits from the vasty deep, or of the mystic masons, who pretend to show you the spirits of long departed friends. Here too we see how a Mahomet, a Swedenborg, a Jacob Behmen, may have not only imposed on the world, but also on themselves, the whole farrago of their celestial communications, and converse with superior beings; and it seems to me probable, that certain professors of this art may have the power of throwing themselves into that state, in which they can bring before them those imaginary unsubstantial beings. This is no new opinion. If I remember right, it has been related of the Pythian priestess, and appears to me to be the case with the wizards of Kamtschatka, and is probably the object of the whirling motion of the dervises, and of the serpent-eaters in Egypt."

Dr. Alderson further observes, that the common argument against ghosts,---that they are only seen by *one person at a time*, although indicative of the real source of the illusion, has failed to command the belief which is due to it. In point of fact, what we have already hinted is too true,---that certain gifted and amiable persons, possessed of minds of not the very first concoction, have been involuntarily disposed to connect a disbelief in apparitions with a state of mind indisposed to the necessary quantum of faith in other matters. We have before alluded to the opinion put by Dr. Johnson into the mouth of Imlac, in *Rasselas*. Cumberland adopts a similar argument: and hear Addison, who wrote before either of them:---

"I think a person who is terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the reports of all historians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of ghosts fabulous and groundless. Could I not give myself up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons, who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact."

It was in the reign of Queen Anne that Glanville wrote his *Book upon Witches*; and upon the unphilosophical principle thus assumed by Addison, Johnson, Cumberland, and their great and little followers, the grave testimonies which that sagacious divine produced of an universal belief in witchcraft, ought to be received as a proof of its existence. Witches suckling devils, riding on broomsticks, and transformed into hares, were everyday occurrences, as witness the reverend and worshipful hands of the Clergymen, the Justices of the Peace, &c. &c. of half the parishes in England. Addison lived to see the penal Acts founded on such testimony repealed, and the belief in it laughed to scorn; and would have done well to distrust it on kindred occasions.

Upon the whole, this brief ~~and~~ Alderson, at once supplies, in a small compass, an ~~un-~~ to a superstitious belief in ghosts on *testimony*, an ~~information, which~~

will frequently rally the disordered mind into a salutary combat with the effects of disease. Our sole regret is on the score of the innumerable good stories which will shrink into most inelegant fiction, by the cold touch of a philosophy so inelegantly founded on mere matter of fact.

THEORY.

If learning be ever productive of happiness, it is when connected with the habit of theory. For a person, under the guidance of this habit, sees in almost every thing a verification of the system; and those objects or combinations which make against him he is expert at removing to a great distance, and, consequently, reducing to almost nothing. He uses reason in the constructive part of his labour; but, because that is fallible, his system will have errors; and to bend and shape facts to support these, is the work of passion. The whole man, therefore, is thrown into an easy current, which produces no counter ones; and to move in it, is to be happy. It is common enough to ridicule minds of this description, but, we fear, not quite so common to understand them; for theory, in some shape or other, has been the failing of the greatest and best of men. It requires no ordinary reach, indeed, to frame a system of any thing that shall stand the test of ordinary examination; for, be the principles ever so sound, and ever so harmonious among themselves, one flaw in the mold which they must be cast in, to be made palpable to common apprehensions, is sufficient to draw upon their author the reprehension of the usual judges of such things.

Every man is inwardly theoretical and positive; and it is because philosophical systems break, or turn into a new direction, his little particular current, that he becomes disposed to pick them to pieces. They are good as long as no interest or vanity of his is disturbed by their influence. But it seems a circumstance to be regretted, that a pre-formed taste, or a prevalent fashion, should suspend a veil between the young inquirer after truth, and those forms of intellect which reside nearest the *adyta* of her fane. The man of exalted theory is to the sceptic, what a jeweller, having his gems laid out in order in his shop, is to a man with an equal quantity huddled up in a wallet on his back. The shop is worth something. Theory has, besides, a kind of generative principle within itself, for it puts ideas, if one may so speak, into a state of fermentation, and extracts a new spirit from their union. Whereas scepticism keeps its perceptions in a cold and unprolific separation, and though they be brilliant as the stars, they are also as unproductive. But theory, like the principle of attraction, tends constantly to unity and proportion, and whoever would wish to see the utmost splendour of the human imagination, must seek for it in the writings of systematic philosophers. This, it is true, has been converted into blame; but let it be remembered, that imagination has been used only as a lamp to light up the deep recesses of an obscure palace, for such is nature.

It appears from what has been said, that theory is something more than a mere case to exhibit truth in; though men fashion it, of necessity, according to the greater or less capacity of their minds. It is in all cases, however, productive of much good. It exercises invi-

and invigorates the discriminating powers. It induces a habit of circumspection, lest a man make the "latter part of his common-wealth contradict the beginning," and accustoms the mind to follow its ideas to their remote consequences, that objections may be foreseen and provided against. The greatest apparent inconvenience resulting from it is dogmatism. But a man is always positive in proportion to the vividness of his conviction of the truth or falsehood of a proposition; and it is only those whose bluntness of perception prevents, their arriving at clear ideas of anything, who linger between truth and falsehood in that state which is commonly called being open to conviction. To be sceptical, is to be persuaded of the doubtfulness of everything; and this persuasion may be accompanied by as much dogmatism as the inverse of it. The framer or supporter of a system has always one advantage—he is sure to be more contented with himself, because it is essentially more pleasing to build than to destroy. Spinoza was an illustrious example of this. His opinions were less consolatory, in a certain sense, than those even of Pyrrho himself; but the delight arising from following the path of what he deemed truth, through the whole dominion of nature, made him insensible of almost everything commonly desired by men. He attained, perhaps, as high a degree of that serene felicity which merits the name of happiness, as it is permitted man to reach in this world. His speculations united him to nature: her constancy and sameness lent simplicity and equability to his mind. It does honour to the memory of those princes who sought his society: they must have thought of something distinct from the arts of petty power.

The man without a system, of some sort or other, is a mariner without a chart: he is at the mercy of the winds and waves. In such a man paradox, or, occasionally, a little contradiction, is a venial fault. He attempts to build without cement, and with unhewn stones, and so rents and roughnesses are unavoidable. What is worse, he has favourite notions, though disclaiming a favourite set, and wears them, as the old knights did their mistresses' favours, in his hat, to challenge essay of prowess. These, commonly, are the acute angles of ideas, if the expression be allowable, nipt off from their broad pyramidal bases, and singular from their extreme tenuity. The reader wonders at the fineness of the thought, which dazzles the more from being put in sparkling contrast with the heavy masses around it; as the lightning appears more bright when it cleaves its way through the dark ridges of a cloud. The little sceptic feels the objects around him escape the grasp of his mind; he can never drive them into a *cul de sac* where they must at length turn round and be taken. He lives in a land of shadows in which everything seems disposed to elude being known—he struggles with indistinct forms—he becomes weary without becoming wise—and at length determines to lie still, and suffer the phantoms to mock him as they please. But this is a state of inward agony—a feeling of the absolute nothingness of life. How much better is it to erect a mound upon which speculation may sit above the atmosphere of error! though, occasionally, a cloud may mount and stain the purity of the prospect! *Hic labor, hoc opus est!*

To have a system, is to have an everlasting spur to thought, an aim to which you tend "through evil and through good report." It is this which raises a shaking among the dry bones of knowledge, which

gathers together principles, turns up the soil of the mind, and implants those healthy and vigorous shoots of thought, beneath which happiness delights to recline. It suffers no stagnation in the stream of life, no branching off of minor rivulets into useless channels, but, drawing all into one broad bed, it creates a deep and fertilizing river, of what otherwise might have putrified in a morass. It espouses action to speculation, and the chorus of their epithalamium is—*Valete curas.*

TO THE DOG WHICH SLEEPS AT THE FOOT OF THE TITIAN
VENUS.

You little dog, how can you sleep so ?
If I were in your place, I'd creep so
Quickly up higher in the bed
That I would soon be head to head
With her upon that bed reclining ;
Who seems to me (forgive me) pining
For me to come and join her there.
I'm vain, you say ?---Look at that air---
That eye which beams on me desire---
That mouth which breathes a breath of fire---
That flesh which spreads an atmosphere
Of love in the surrounding sphere---
That arm which, pressing on the sheet,
Proves how superlatively sweet
'Twould be to feel it on one's flesh,
At once so smooth, and warm, and fresh ;
With its small hand, so soft and springy---
Its touch---its slightest touch---would wing ye,
Be ye so ever old or stupid,
With all the youth and fire of Cupid,
When springing into Psyche's arms,---
The *Soul* arrayed in mortal charms.
And then the other hand---but no---
Language in vain would farther go---
I gaze---it makes my flesh to creep so---
You little dog, how *can* you sleep so ?

β.

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THE
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REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Ultra-Crepidarius; a Satire on William Gifford. By Leigh Hunt.

FOR reasons which it is obviously unnecessary to enumerate, no literary appreciation of *Ultra-Crepidarius* will be attempted in the following brief notice, which, with the exception of a few remarks on the circumstances which have produced it, will be confined to a little explanatory observation and illustrative remark.

However beneficial in light, airy, or incidental application, an elaborate expenditure of satire on a particular individual is possibly defensible on two grounds alone,—in absolute self-defence; and in a chastisement of the perpetrator of vices and follies which have become a public nuisance. Without advertence to fair and legitimate criticism, or to the usual hostile darts, which, whether hurled by Hectors or Priams, all who publish should expect to encounter, we are scarcely called upon to say, that in respect to the first of these motives, the plea of justification of the author of *Ultra-Crepidarius* is notorious. Giving the widest allowance to excursive remark in the discussion of merits, and an entirely open field to the *quiz* and the *squibbery* of the very large existing college of anonymous *Littlewits*,—unless malignant insinuation, envenomed slander, and knowingly false and rancorous imputation, be also provided for, our Satirist is amply vindicated. So much for the self-defence plea; and as to the more general one, will it be found wanting in the estimation of any regular reader of the Quarterly Review, who belongs not to the clan which that miserably insidious and canting vehicle is constructed exclusively to support? The leader of any venal and interested gang of stipendiaries may claim to fight in his vocation, and to conduct an attack upon the opinions which he is hired to oppose,—but what right has he to assail persons when disconnected from their opinions? Or, to speak without a figure, what is more iniquitous than a pretended literary review, which decides not in reference to a work, but to the party or political bias of the author of it?—on a poem, for instance: “Is he one of us?” “No.” “Then down with him.” Such is the critical principle of the Quarterly Review, which, however, is happily beginning to operate to its own overthrow, and which will scarcely survive the precarious existence of the wretched-tempered man under whose nominal management it has been disgracefully displayed,—the “cankered carle,” who may be fairly attacked by every man, not because, in resemblance of the valiant Ishmael, every man has been attacked by him,—that might

have been honest,—but because he has meanly laid in ambush for those only, whose heads and ears would fetch a price at the seraglio door; rejoice the viziers and eunuchs; and repay the despicable executioner in hard sequins for his brutal performances.

Mr. Hunt alluded in the third number of *THE LIBERAL* to the *jeu d'esprit* which has now made its appearance, as having been composed four years ago. That it has not appeared before he attributes to a deficiency in his duties as a good "hater;" and that it now sees the light, to motives quite as defensible. Having once resolved, he does not spare; as will be seen by the following quotation from the preface:—

"The person who crawled for his portrait in the following sketch, has no excuse for the malignity of his very mediocre pretensions and slavish success. He is no inexperienced youth; nor is he poor in his old age. He has grown grey, yet he has not grown wiser. He has endured sickness and melancholy, yet they have not made him humane. The young he has treated as if he had never wanted encouragement himself, nor found it. The delicate of health he has not spared, though his own hand shook that struck them. It is said I attacked him first. It is not true. He attacked a woman. He struck, in her latter days, at the *crutches* of poor Mary Robinson—a human being, who was twenty times as good as himself, and whose very lameness (that last melancholy contradiction to qualities of heart and person, which he might well envy) was owing to a spirit of active kindness which he never possessed. The blow was bound to make every manly cheek tingle; and I held up the little servile phenomenon in the "Feast of the Poets." For this, and for attacking powerful Princes instead of their discarded mistresses, he has never forgiven me. My first notice of him was in his praise: to which, if I mistake not, I owe the important requests which Mr. Murray made me to write in the Quarterly Review. I was then a youth, and knew his writings only piecemeal. I did not write in the Quarterly Review; and I soon acquired knowledge enough to sound the shallow depths of the Editor. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ*. Hence the "misquoting" criticism on the Story of Rimini. Hence, and for no other cause, his unfeeling attack on Mr. Keats; for extraordinary genius was calculated merely to perplex him. Hence, in some measure, his unchristian hatred and misrepresentation of the christian temper of Mr. Shelley: for if ever faith and charity were separate, it was in the persons of these two men. Mr. Gifford's faith delights in scorning charity, and extinguishing hope."

The machinery and versification of *Ultra-Crepidarius* remind us in a small degree of "The Feast of the Poets." Mercury, rising one morning, misses one of his winged shoes, which Venus, with whom he was at that time domesticated (*d bonnes fortunes*) had dispatched to Ashburton, to bespeak a similar pair for herself. Not returning, the God and Goddess agree to go in search of it, and scarcely alight before they stumble on a *Shoe*, which behaves with the greatest disrespect to everything light, airy, beautiful, or winged; until, exasperated, Mercury translates him into the good-natured Aristarchus of the Quarterly. The following passage will convey a fair notion of the spirit and versification:—

"As soon as I finish my words, thou shalt be,
Not a man, for thou canst not, but human to see:
Thy appearance at least shall be taken for human,
However perplexing to painter or woman.
In ev'ry thing else, thou shalt be as thou art,
A thing made for dirty ways, hollow at heart.
Serve an Earl, as thou say'st; and, in playing the shoe,
Let the stories told of thee, malicious or true,
Only lead thee hereafter to scandalize too.
But let not an Earl stop thy progress; go higher,
And at every new step show addition of mire,
Like one, who, in climbing a loose-moulded hill,
Finds his foot growing heavier and dirtier still,

Strain after all those, who ascend to the crown ;
 But all who are falling, assist to kick down :
 Then getting at top, gape with sycophant joy,
 And poking about for becoming employ,
 Make signs thou art ready, with pliable span,
 To clasp any foot, that would trample on man.
 But despair of those nobler ascents, which thou'lt see
 Stretching far overhead with the Delphian tree,—
 Holy ground, to climb up to whose least laurell'd shelf
 Thou would'st have to change natures, and put off thyself.
 Stop, and strain at the base ; yet, to ease thy despair,
 Do thy best to obstruct all the feet that come there,
 Especially younger ones, winged like mine,
 Till bright, up above thee, they soar and they shine.
 Should even the graves, such as lie near the spot,
 Of critics and note-makers, help thee a jot,
 Be sure to pretend that the heap's of no use,
 And repay those who gave thee a lift with abuse.*
 Dig into their errors, their merits conceal,
 And then shudder to think that the dead can not feel.
 All things, in short, petty and fit, say and do,
 Becoming a man with the soul of a shoe.
 Boast thy origin once, because good common-place
 Has pronounc'd such behaviour a merit and grace ;
 But after that once, be consistent, and show
 A great horror of lowness, because it is low.
 Pick out for thy path, through the region of letters,
 The very worst tracks that dishonour'd thy betters ;
 Like boys, who to get a sensation and splutter,
 Prefer, to the pavement, a kick through the gutter :
 Thus, edit no authors but such as unite
 With their talents a good deal of dirt or of spite ;
 Ben Jonson, because he was beastly and bluff ;
 And Massinger,—mince through his loathsome stuff ;
 And Persius,—let him be writ down' Imitated,
 And say to poor Juvenal, ' Thou art translated.'
 These Latins will help too thy fondest of *psichants*,
 And swell thy large hate with the hates of the ancients.
 But as for such writers as Shakespear and others,—
 Low fellows, who treated all men as their brothers,
 Base panders, whose heads ran on love and a wood,
 Blasphemers, who thought the great Jupiter good,
 Who had right to be naked, and yet not asham'd,—
 Be sure to inform us, that they may be damn'd.
 I hear some one say, ' Murrain take him, the ape !'
 And so Murrain shall, in a bookseller's shape ;
 An evil-eyed elf, in a down-looking flurry,
 Who'd fain be a coxcomb ; and calls himself Murray.
 Adorn thou his door, like the sign of the Shoe,
 For court-understrappers to congregate to ;
 For Southey to come in his dearth of invention,
 And eat his own words for mock-praise and a pension ;
 For Croker to lurk with his spider-like limb in,
 And stock his lean bag with way-laying the women ;
 And Jove only knows for what creatures beside
 To shelter their envy and dust-licking pride,

* " Mr. Gifford is particularly furious and triumphant at the mistakes or little wit of his predecessors in annotation. He is angry that a pioneer is not a general ; forgetting that he himself, at his best, is but one of the company. His own mistakes in criticism, if not in the commoner tasks of annotation, are numerous, and betray a sebleness of observation and sentiment, always compelled to stop short of anything deep or elevated. His footing is only fit for beaten paths ; and his eye cannot discern the best things that adorn even those. Sir Andrew can as soon give an exquisite reason.' "

And feed on corruption, like bats, who at nights
 In the dark take their shuffles, which they call their flights.
 Be these the Court-critics, and vamp a Review;
 And by a poor figure, and therefore a true,
 For it suits with thy nature, both shoe-like and slaughterly,
 Be it's hue leathern, and title the *Quarterly*.
 Much misconduct it; and see that the others
 Misdeem, and misconstrue, like miscreant brothers;
 Misquote, and misplace, and mislead, and misstate,
 Misapply, misinterpret, misreckon, misdate,
 Misinform, misconjecture, misargue; in short,
 Miss all that is good, that ye miss not the Court.
 Count the worth of a mind, not from what it produces,
 But what it will take to fall in with abuses.
 Is any one ardent, sincere, independent?
 What distancing virtue! Pray try make an end on't.
 Does any discover what you never could?
 Pretend it's a trifle no gentleman would.
 Does a true taste appear for the authors you edit?
 Take pains, by your scorn, to show you never had it.
 In short, be the true Representative Tool
 Of a whole 'Court of Coblers' got up into rule."

Subsequently the Poet, invoking Pope, imagines an *Avatar* of the heroes of the Dunciad. We select a few specimens of the bodies which they chuse to inform:—

"Happy Page shall be Best, well aware of his fury,
 Concanen be Croker, and Lintot be Murray:
 In Southey poor Blackmore, beginning to doat,
 Shall not only turn a new stave, but his coat:
 The Wards and the Welsteds shall pamper their spleens,
 And club in Scotch papers and Scotch Magazines:
 And finally, thou, my old soul of the tritical,
 Noting, translating, high slavish, hot critical,
 Quarterly-soutcheon'd, great heir to each dunce,
 Be Tibbald, Cook, Arnall, and Dennis at once.*
 * * * * *

When the great and their flourishing vices are mention'd,
 Say people "impute 'em," and show thou art pension'd;
 But meet with a Prince's old mistress *discarded*,
 And then let the world see "how vice is rewarded."

The virtuous indignation against *discarded* mistresses (the Sultanas *regnant* are uniformly sacred personages with moralists of this school) we presume, was acquired in the family of the deceased Earl Grosvenor, which, as our readers are aware, was almost proverbial for purity, in respect to the intercourse of the sexes.

To conclude, the person attacked cannot reasonably complain of this dose of bitter aloes from the hand which presents it. Most likely he will not take any open notice of it. Why should he, when he can spit vipers in return, at least once a quarter; or, more characteristically still, — *anguis in herba*,—await *sweltering* amidst the rank literary vegetation of his review, until his natural venom can be ejected with equal safety and malignity.

* "Tibbald, an ostentatious annotator; Cook, a poor translator; Arnall, a government hireling; and Dennis, the famous Dennis, the most irritable and envious critic of this nation, till his soul entered the unhappy little body before us."

The Fall of Constantinople, a Poem, with a Preface animadverting in detail on the unprecedented conduct of the Royal Society of Literature. By Jacob Jones, Jun. of the Inner Temple, &c.

ALL the world is aware of the formation of the Royal Society of Literature, and nobody on earth acquainted with anything which it has done, besides holding out inducements which it has not fulfilled, and thereby seducing harmless people into gratuitous rhyming, and a temporary sojourn in the Paradise of Fools. An equally ingenuous and irascible innocent of this description is Mr. Jacob Jones, Jun. whose detail of injuries—he will pardon us—made us laugh “sans intermission,” if not “quite an hour by the dial.” Not but that Mr. Jones has reason to complain, or that the Royal Society of Literature is not a very silly affair, but there is something so immensely ludicrous in a grave Society baiting with moonshine and catching poetical gudgeons by the score, it is impossible to resist the humour of it. The outline of this lamentable history is as follows:—

With a profundity as to results which belongs to a body of *Literati* composed chiefly of grave and learned personages, who become members *ex-officio*—lawyers, judges, politicians, and what not,—it is discovered that a premium of a hundred guineas will produce an excellent dissertation on the Age of Homer; one of fifty guineas, an essay on the history of the Greek Language; and another of fifty guineas, a poem on the Fall of Constantinople. Unfortunate temptations these to Mr. Jacob Jones, Jun.—for, yielding to two out of the three, with an equal portion of perseverance and simplicity, he boxes himself up for five months to the production of an Essay on Homer, and a poem on the Fall of Constantinople—and behold the reward! The Society first *postpone* giving the prizes to the productions furnished, and after inviting the unlucky candidates to revise and amend, decline giving them altogether. Peruse, gentle reader, the following intimation, and imagine the indignation of Mr. Jacob Jones, Jun. and such of his fellow sufferers as sought a similar explanation:—

“SIR,—I am directed to inform you that the Council of the Royal Society of Literature are of opinion, that *much* INDUSTRY and ABILITY have been shewn in *some* of the Essays presented for competition, but that they do not think any one of them *fully* deserving the Premium proposed. I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

“RICHARD CATTERMOLE, Sec.

“4, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, July 22d, 1823.”

As poetic expectant, Mr. Jones received an intimation in the very same words, except for “industry,” read “ingenuity,” and for “Essays,” “Poems.” It is impossible to be more pleasantly official.

We are by no means certain that Mr. Jacob Jones is a Cambrian Celt, but we strongly suspect it, for he has not only published this book—a common piece of resentment on the part of the *genus irritabile*—but has gravely applied to a counsel for advice, as to the ground of action for a breach of agreement, and obtains the following satisfactory explanation:—

“Such is the state of the English Law, that there are many rights without remedies—now as this agreement was a *nudum pactum*, the violation of it is not an actionable fraud. In equity and natural justice, however, the action is a swindling transaction.”

That is to say, the Society, having promised prizes to the best productions offered, good or bad, ought to have distributed them in strict conformity to such promise, whatever their intrinsic merit. We agree with Mr. Jones and his counsel learned in the law, and recommend a bill in Chancery forthwith.

So much for the wrong on general grounds. In looking to the poem here given, as that supplied by our angry and unfortunate bard, without being either absurd or discreditable to his scholarship, it is precisely one of those smooth mediocre productions that premiums are calculated to engender, and which, if they are not worthy the premium, are certainly not worth anything else. Academical prizes may now and then usefully elicit a poetical genius, although we exceedingly doubt it; but as a broad and general inducement to general national intellect, they are absurd, for no candidate of acknowledged or of conscious great powers, will put on harness and stoop to contend for them. We fully believe that the Royal Society of Literature met with no contribution, the publication of which could do it honour; but anything but a Royal Society of Literature would have foreseen such an issue. A promise, however, having been made, it should have been kept. "The Fall of Constantinople," by Mr. Jacob Jones, as a prize poem, would not have exalted their foresight to the skies, but it would at least have preserved their honour.

The pertinacious irascibility of Mr. Jacob Jones, Jun. has produced a publication which will instruct in more ways than the author intended. Everybody was convinced, in the first instance, that a Royal Society of Literature would, from the very nature of things, become a species of party patronage, and, by negating the independence, necessarily promote the subserviency of genius. We quote the following passage from the letter transmitted by Mr. Jacob Jones, with his Essay on Homer:—

"The peroration, for composing which, I had only two hours to spare, might be much enlarged and improved; and a dedication to his Majesty might give scope for a short piece of writing, which should be vigorous and masculine, without the smallest approach to being fulsome, and which might be PUBLICLY USEFUL as well as privately acceptable."

Now we do not complain of this as an absolute servility on the part of Mr. Jacob Jones, who seems to pride himself on his Toryism, but it is quite sufficient to indicate the species of mental prostration, which the Society, with its premiums and its pensions, is likely to foster. In point of fact, a Royal Society of Literature is a folly everywhere, but in England something worse. If we examine the higher productions of English intellect, how many shall we find that could never have exhibited the free breathings of mind by which they are at present distinguished, had they been produced under the influence of a Royal Society of Literature? Without adverting to direct and unequivocal opinions, passages must have been modified, lest this or that construction might have been put as their being offensive to power, and intellect would have danced in chains, as all intellect must do which bows down at such a shrine. In a word, we cannot discover a more injurious Institution in a free country, than a Royal Society as aforesaid, if absolutely effective and rich. As it is, the mischief is small, and the result—puerility.

Having spoken with no great degree of admiration of the "Fall of Constantinople," it is but fair to observe, that in some of the minor poems appended to it, Mr. Jones has evinced both poetry and pathos. We supply an example:—

ON THE SULIOTE WOMEN,

WHO, WHEN PURSUED TO THE VERGE OF A PRECIPICE, THREW THEIR CHILDREN DOWN
IT, TO SAVE THEM FROM BECOMING THE SLAVES OF THEIR OPPRESSORS, THE TURKS.

The Spartan's pass may live in song,
And freedom consecrate his shrine;
Let fame a nobler tale prolong,
And, woman! let that tale be thine!

Go! bid the Pasha haste, and see
A sight that angels weep to view;
Bid his red eyes roll savagely,
And, mothers! bid him gaze on you.

Your infants' shrieks arise to heav'n;
Their blood shall call its vengeance down;
Mercy shall pass him unforgiv'n,
And Pity greet him with a frown.

But hark! the crags are echoing round,
As on the furious foemen press;
"Woman"—it is the rallying sound;
Yet theirs will be a fierce caress.

See, on the precipice's height
The heroine-phalanx take their stand;
Theirs the gaunt she-wolf's cubless might;
Theirs the robb'd mother's desperate hand.

The sword is on them—firm, and free;
The Suliote-mother yields her breath;
Yes! such a mother smiles at thee,
Infuriate Death!

Yet, heroines! yet one struggle more,
One last, long grapple with the foe;
Your sucklings bid the wretch restore,
Down-tumbling to th' abyss below.

'Tis done! the vulture-feast is spread
O'er the red steeps, in grim array;
Go! bid the tyrant count his dead,
He ne'er shall carry them away.

Rejoice, rejoice, ye Suliote-brave!
"The Infant's steep"—your watchword wild;
'Twas there the Moslem found a grave,
The mother sacrific'd her child.

The Spartan's pass may live in song,
And freedom consecrate his shrine;
Let fame a nobler tale prolong,
And, woman! let that tale be thine!

We suspect that Mr. Jacob Jones is a very great original. Here we have notices of Dissertations on Homer, are favoured with poems on the Fall of Constantinople, and what not; and behold, in a note he informs us, that he is about to publish a pamphlet against the TREAD WHEEL Discipline—Prodigious!

Since writing the foregoing observations, we find that Mr. Jacob Jones, Jun. has cancelled his angry preface; and through the medium of a very suspicious person, one MODERATOR, the fact is announced in the JOHN BULL.—Worse and worse!

Sabæan Researches, by Mr. Landseer.

MR. LANDSEER has long been known as an eminent artist and antiquary, and upon several occasions has distinguished himself at the Royal and other Scientific Institutions of the metropolis by his Lectures on subjects connected with the Fine Arts: and it seems that the "*Sabæan Researches*," just published, have been embodied from a Course of Lectures recently delivered by him at the Royal Institution on the subject of certain Engraved Antiques of a very peculiar kind; which Mr. L. shows to have been the Sacred Signets of the most ancient Sabæan Nations, and their immediate successors. From the shapes of these gems—from the substances of which they are severally composed—from the subjects they each contain—and from other evidences, with which all are more or less replete, the date of each signet; the country to which it belonged; the rank of its possessor; and various other interesting consequences, are inferred with a discrimination, and by reasoning, calculated to convey a like impression to that which seems to have been received upon the mind of the author relative to each of the wonderful diversity of topics brought under examination.

In comments of this nature, it is usual to afford the world an opportunity of forming its own judgment, by introducing such extracts as appear to contain something like a sample of the work in question; but, in the present instance, it would hardly be possible, even were our limits more adequate, to break off one fragment from the whole that would show more than that it belonged to a fabric of very curiously unique workmanship; and that it could not appear away from the place whence it was taken, and where alone it was designed to be seen, without detriment to both itself and that of which it was a member. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with giving a little further *general* description of the book, and with pointing out a few of the *particular* advantages which it seems to us capable of conferring upon the arts and sciences, upon philology, and upon religion.

The Work is comprised in Eight Essays, each of which has its special tendency; forming altogether a quarto volume of considerable magnitude; and every treatise is illustrated with Engraved Specimens of certain cylindrical and other shaped Signets or Gems; or with some particular detail found represented on these venerable remains of ancient art. Each Essay is addressed to some individual who has signalized himself in pursuing or promoting scientific achievements; and the adoption of this epistolary style has enabled the author to communicate, in a familiar way, the discoveries he has made; and to argue questions that might, perhaps, have been otherwise dry and unpalatable to general readers, in the most intelligible and agreeable manner.

From what has been thus *generally* advanced, it might be supposed that inquiries concerning such antique relics as Arabia and Chaldea offer, could only interest the profound virtuoso; but from Mr. Landseer's "*Researches*" it will be found that the subjects of these Oriental monuments concern readers of every class above the mere triflers in fiction. It is, indeed, true, that the investigation mainly relates to an article which, from its outside appearance, few would think worth stooping for, and the intrinsic quality of which none, therefore, but a

well-versed antiquary could know how to appreciate. But from the following concise specification of those branches of knowledge which may more especially extract valuable accessions from the results afforded by the successful labours of Mr. L., it will be at once manifest, that the very shards of Old Saba, Babylon, &c. are able to teach us many acceptable facts as to the arts, the sciences, the religion, and the history of times to which written documents supply no clue.

The subjects found wrought upon these pieces of Sabæan sculpture appertain to such celestial objects as excited the most popular attention in those early ages and countries to which they severally belonged: and, such as have before sought in vain through the vague narratives of the primitive historians for some account of the earliest seat of systematic astronomy, will here find themselves agreeably and satisfactorily led within sight of the dawn of this now effulgent science. In adducing many of his evidences, and in deriving his dates, Mr. L. refers very much to that tardy recession of the fixed stars, and nutation of the poles, which, among other effects, causes what is termed *the precession of the equinoxes*, and which he has very appropriately and magnificently designated "The Great Century-Hand of Time." Concerning many of the constellations, and particularly those of Taurus, Aries, Boötes, Virgo, Cepheus, Cassiopeia, and the successive solstitial signs, some very interesting facts have been elicited from the symbolical representations contained in these very ancient works of art. In short, those best versed in astronomy and its early history, will find themselves rather surprised, after the lapse of so many centuries, to behold the sages of nations long since in oblivion, restored to light, and exhibited before their eyes, peopling, as it were, the starry firmament.

As forming the first rude efforts now known to be extant among the Arts of Design, the Gems of Babylon must possess an interest which none but the professed artist, or the amateur who has taken a philosophical view of the progress of these arts in all their branches, can duly appreciate: yet, from their venerable character, these miniature specimens of deified personifications, are subjects which every classic poet and mythologist must have some curiosity to become acquainted with; and more especially so from the unsophisticated originality with which they come stamped.

Though the author, in prosecuting these novel inquiries, does not enter much into topics of a religious nature, yet he has very expressly shown that the Sabæan Signets of which he treats, are "Graven Images" of that very kind, the worship of which is so strictly prohibited in the decalogue. It is also deducible from the course of arguments contained in the work, that the first emotion of religion in the mind of man, which is generally termed *natural religion*, was, in all probability, excited by the sublime display of the starry Heaven: and *revealed religion* is also indebted to the author of these "Researches" for the removal of a troublesome stumbling-block with which all the translations of the Scriptures have been hampered. No commentator has ever been able to give any satisfactory solution as to that species of idolatry denounced under the term "Grove-worship;" and this difficulty Mr. L. has clearly shown to have arisen from quite a mistaken sense of the Hebrew word, "*Ashre*;" the true signification of which ~~he seems to have very effectually extracted~~; and he has also, in many

other places, evinced much discernment in sifting and rectifying etymological points. The sacred estimation in which the signets are frequently alluded to in Scripture were held, and the peculiar manner in which they were used in the ceremonies of religion and ratification of solemn compacts, is very fully explained: indeed, we may at once say, that the "*Sabæan Researches*" is a book that every bible-reader of an intelligent order may, with much advantage, consult.

Though the few foregoing observations may tend to show some of the main bearings in which this work is calculated to be conspicuously useful, yet it perhaps extends with equal application into other directions that relate to the early stages of the world. Indeed, the laborious task of exploring the secret contents of these Sabæan remains is manifest from a closely printed index which occupies many pages, and which will, no doubt, be esteemed a valuable appendage to a work so full of curious information, of which it may be considered an alphabetical analysis, well calculated to occasionally refresh the memory concerning any subject canvassed in the volume to which it is attached. The more insight any one may have previously had into the early history of mankind, the greater pleasure will he derive from the perusal of these "*Essays*:" and where but little knowledge on the subjects they embrace has been before acquired, they are calculated to convey much, and to create a thirst for more of a similar nature. In short, the detached traces which others had here and there marked of the early progress of Infant Science, Mr. L. has connected, and followed it up to its first stage, restoring and gilding its little footsteps through tracks where they had seemed totally and for ever obliterated.

COMMON PLACES.

LXXXIII.

In the late quarrel about Liberty, upwards of five millions of men have been killed, and *one king*.

LXXXIV.

The people (properly speaking) are not a herd of slaves just let loose, or else goaded on, like blind drudges, to execute the behests of their besotted task-masters; but the band of free citizens, taught to know their rights, and prepared to exercise them.

LXXXV.

The people are the slaves of ignorance and custom; the friends of the people are the dupes of reason and humanity. Power stops at nothing but its own purposes.

LXXXVI.

The Author of *Waverley* observes—"In truth, the Scottish peasantry are still infected with that rage for funeral ceremonial, which once distinguished the grandees of the kingdom so much, that a sumptuary law was made by the Parliament of Scotland for the purpose of restraining it; and I have known many in the lowest stations who have denied themselves not merely the comforts, but almost the necessities of life, in order to save such a sum of money as might enable their surviving friends to bury them like Christians, as they termed it; nor could their faithful executors be prevailed upon, though equally necessitous, to turn to the use and maintenance of the living; the

vainly wasted upon the interment of the dead.”—*ANTIQUARY*, vol. iv. p. 48.—If I were to attempt an explanation of the peculiar delight and pride which the Scotch are thus supposed to take in funeral ceremonies, I should say, that as inhabitants of wild and barren districts; they are more familiar with the face of nature than with the face of man; and easily turn to it as their place of rest and final home. There is little difference, in their imaginations, between treading the green mountain turf, and being laid beneath it. The world itself is but a living tomb to them. Their mode of subsistence is cold, hard, comfortless, bare of luxuries and of enjoyments, torpid, inured to privations and self-denial; and death seems to be its consummation and triumph, rather than its unwelcome end. Their life was a sort of struggle for a dreary existence; so that it relapses into the grave with joy and a feeling of exultation. The grey rock out of which their tomb is cut, is a citadel against all assaults of the flesh and the spirit; the kindred earth that wraps the weather-beaten, worn-out body, is a soft and warm resting-place from the hardships it has had to encounter. It is no wonder, therefore, that the Scotch prepare for the due celebration of this event with the foresight characteristic of them, and that their friends consign them to the earth with becoming fortitude and costly ceremony. “Man,” says Sir Thomas Brown, though in quite a different spirit, “man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave; solemnising nativities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery, even in the infamy of his nature.”—*See his URN-BURIAL*.

LXXXVII.

In the *HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN*, vol. iv. p. 13; we meet with the following reflections:—“Perhaps one ought to be actually a Scotchman to conceive how ardently, under all distinctions of rank and situation, they feel their mutual connexion with each other as natives of the same country. There are, I believe, more associations common to the inhabitants of a rude and wild than of a well-cultivated and fertile country: their ancestors have more seldom changed their place of residence; their mutual recollection of remarkable objects is more accurate; the high and the low are more interested in each other's welfare; the feelings of kindred and relationship are more widely extended; and, in a word, the bonds of patriotic affection, always honourable, even when a little too exclusively strained, have more influence on men's feelings and actions.” Thus far our author, but without making much progress in the question he has started. “*Via*, Goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while”—I might say, but I do not choose to say so, to the *GREAT UNKNOWN*. There is an enumeration of particulars, slightly and collaterally connected with the subject, but as “*Douce David Deans*” would say, “they do not touch the root of the matter.” In fact, then, the mind more easily forms a strong and abstracted attachment to the soil (in which it was bred) in remote and barren regions, where few artificial objects or pursuits fritter away attention, or divert it from its devotion to the naked charms of nature—(perhaps the privations, dangers, and loneliness incident to such situations also enhance the value and deepen the interest we take in them)—and again, in a rude and scattered population, where there is a dearth and craving after general society, we

naturally become more closely and permanently attached to those few persons, with whom neighbourhood, or kindred, or a common cause, or similar habits or language, bring us into contact. Two Englishmen meeting in the wilds of Arabia would instantly become friends, though they had never seen one another before, from the want of all other society and sympathy. So it is in the ruder and earlier stages of civilization. This is what attaches the Highlander to his hill and to his clan. This is what attaches Scotchmen to their country and to one another. A Londoner, in his fondness for London, is distracted between the play-houses, the opera, the shops, the coffee-houses, the crowded streets, &c. An inhabitant of Edinburgh has none of these diversities to reconcile: he has but one idea in his head or in his mouth,—that of the CALTON-HILL; an idea which is easily embraced, and which he never quits his hold of, till something more substantial offers,—a situation as porter in a warehouse, or as pimp to a great man.

TABLE TALK, LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, &c.

It is pleasant to understand, that, prejudiced as are the French on the subject of their poetry and drama, they are beginning to yield a few points to the school of England. We quote the following pleasant passage from the London Magazine:—"A reaction has been produced on the literature of France by the genius of foreign poetry, and particularly by that of England. The strokes have been long, slow, and reiterated, but the impulse has been not the less powerful; and the barbarian literature has awakened by little and little the spirit of jealous imitation. It is amusing to observe the more intelligent and less prejudiced of their men of letters coquetting with Shakespear. The attempt, to be sure, resembles the trimming a noble cedar into the form of a peacock; but it is praiseworthy and politic. The mere contact must have done good. We who, with our national reverence of established abuses, patronise Tate's Frenchified alterations of Lear, have no right to be affronted with Ducis, that he has re-cast some of Shakespear's principal tragedies, and new-modelled the fable, manners, and characters, after the standard of his country's drama. On the contrary, we should allow his merit handsomely, and congratulate the Parisians on their language receiving a considerable infusion of the passion of Shakespear's scene. To be sure, narration, as might have been anticipated, is too much substituted for action, and the plays are so far undramatised. The philosophy of Shakespear is also misunderstood: the translator has fixed his eye chiefly on his poetry, which he is ambitious to correct—and on the progress of the action, which he is sensible teems with interest, but which he thinks he can improve in its unity, by making prominent characters and incidents that Shakespear has kept in the back-ground. But Shakespear's knowledge of scenic effect is too profound, and his calculations of results too accurate, to allow of his management of what is called the business of the tragedy being safely called in question. The unfortunate officiousness, also, in making out every thing plain, and leaving nothing to the guess of the imagination, betrays an ignorance of one of the master-secrets of dramatic illusion, which Shakespear possessed by a sort of

intuition. The design which the author had in view is thus misunderstood; and so much of the reality of life is subtracted from the scene. Another impediment to the introduction of Shakespear, in all his native strength, on the stage of France, is the necessity of the poet being always in the view of the audience, who desire to see all the springs of his machinery, as if a conjuror were to explain the method of his playing the cups and balls; and who expect to have an epic representation before them cast into scenes, the dialogue tagged with rich rhymes, and every thing, even to the gallery which leads to a Queen's bed-chamber, expressed *noblement*. Short natural expressions, or interrupted sentences, are too much in common life; every thing must "come mended from the tongue" of the player; and the most sudden thought, or most hurried ejaculation, must evince the poet's mastery over his metre, and his skill in elevating his phrase to the decorous height of faultless tragedy. It is needless to point out how much of Shakespear's truth of imitation is sacrificed in this mechanical and unnatural process of accommodation."

LEGACY HUNTING.—We borrow the following from an Essay so headed in the New Monthly Magazine:—"Jacob's 'Jew's trick' upon his brother is a type of modern Hebraical dealings in the *post obit* line, and the model of that species of legacy-hunting in which Mother Church in her younger days was a perfect Nimrod. The passion of churchmen for legacies is of so violent a nature, that no English Parliament was ever strong enough to contend with it, or cunning enough to draw up a statute of mortmain, through the meshes of which the church could not slip. It must be owned that their "*adveniente mundi vespero*" was a capital hit in this line; and the getting men to part with their property, under the notion that all property was about to be instantly destroyed, without causing their own rapacity to bring the plea into suspicion, was a *tour de force* which shames the *droit d'Aubaine* of old France, and throws all regal and imperial schemes of legacy-hunting to an immeasurable distance. This remnant, however, of the good old times, as well as the savage method of doing business, is gone by. Although, therefore, the Holy Alliance may succeed in restoring the church to its old possessions, it is not probable that all the committee of right-lined extinguishers, with all their ribbons and baronies to boot, could persuade the bulls and bears of 'Change-alley to give a Benjamin's share of their loans and debentures to the parsons." The Parisian Censor will not allow Voltaire's tragedy of Mahomet to be performed at Paris, whether from a sympathy with religious imposture generally, or out of enmity to Voltaire, we know not. The first *may* be the reason, because it was not allowed to be played without great opposition on the part of the clergy in the first instance. In a perusal of the French Mahomet, no indifferent person will find any occasion for this prohibition; but High Priests as they have a sort of sixth sense on these occasions, and are under the influence of an association of ideas. Mahomet has, lately performed at Brussels, where Talma assumed a character; which has led the Parisian wits to observe, saying is fulfilled: Talma is not allowed country.

"A King may make a Noble but not a Gentleman," said one of the Kings of France. How gratifying, therefore, to the great body of the French people must be the discovery of their President D'Hozier, who has just published in Paris the first volume of a book intitled *L'Indicateur Nobiliaire*, containing the proper names of more than 15,000 families, whose Nobility, the worthy President observes, is incontestably established. Nor is this all: The list is so far from being complete, that this French Nugent Bell invites individuals who are not included in his first volume, to furnish him with copies of their titles, &c. in order that their names may be inserted in a second. Adverting to our commencing observation, this body forms what answers to the ancient Gentry of England, or more properly still, the Nobility and Gentry collectively, as the French Peerage, under the old regime, was confined to ten or twelve individuals, whose duties were any thing but legislative. According to the old way of thinking, no member of these 15,000 families can meddle with trade, or, without losing *caste*, condescend to be useful otherwise than in the army, the officering of which they have been in the habit of claiming as their almost exclusive privilege. Attending to the set of the counter-revolutionary current in France, the restoration of this mass to their pristine self-importance and public inutility seems to be a favourite point of Bourbon policy; and hence the publication of M. D'Hozier. It is scarcely possible to imagine a species of revival more nationally silly or socially injurious, than that of a vast body of small-propertyed people, who are to be abstracted from every idea of increasing it, except at the public expence, and by the engrossment of offices and emoluments, which, for the general benefit, should be open to all. If the French Chamber of Peers is ever to be any thing at all, it is evident that the minor *Noblesse*, who are not Peers, should amalgamate with the great body of the people, and not present the absurd spectacle of a privileged race, increasing geometrically to the no-substantial benefit of themselves and to the injury of every one else. We all know what the mass of these people were during the reign of Louis XV. and what they effected both for themselves and their country; and nothing is more obvious than that, together with the Priesthood, they are every way disposed to run the same race over again.

Professor Schlegel of Bonn has issued proposals, in Germany, England, and France, for a translation, and publication by subscription, of the Sanscrit poem of *Rama-yana*, or the exploits of Ramas. This, with the *Maha Bharata*, occupies the first rank among the poems which the Indians call *Puranas*, or ancient traditions. The fictions which it contains are spread not only over the whole extent of India, properly so called, but they have also penetrated into the Peninsula beyond the Ganges, into the islands of the Indian Archipelago, and into several countries of central Asia. The subject is the banishment of Ramas, a Prince descended from the Kings of Oude; his wanderings through the Peninsula; the carrying off his wife by a giant, the King of Ceylon; the miraculous conquest of that island; and the restoration of Ramas to the throne of his forefathers. The length of the *Rama-yana* is not excessive; being estimated at 24,000 distichs, which are contained in seven books.

THE earliest morning perambulation in the streets of London used to be that of the market gardeners; but we learn that, for some time past, the precedence is due to ice-carts. Ice for the confectioners, thanks to the enterprise of a speculative individual, is now furnished from Norway; and the imported ice, in avoidance of sun-shine, is borne in carts very early in the morning, from the wharfs below London-bridge, to the various ice repositories all over the town.

In the history of the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris, the following statement of the amount of the Animal Kingdom, as at present known, is given as tolerably accurate:—Quadrupeds, or mammiferous land animals, above 500; birds, about 5000; reptiles, 600; fishes, 300; molluscous animals and shells, 8000; insects, about 25,000; vermes, properly so called, zoophytical animals, &c. 4000. The whole shewing an increase in the amount of zoological objects, from 6137 species to at least 46,100 species in less than fifty years.

STANZAS TO A FLY THAT HAD SURVIVED THE WINTER
OF 1822.

Welcome! poor solitary thing!
Dreary St. Leon of thy tiny race!
Thine is the only feeble wing
Of all the swarms that buzzed about the place.
Seek'st thou thy glossy friends, or near relations,
That thus thou shun'st thy erewhile avocations?
No longer gentle music-making,
Nor sporting freakishly about the room;
No longer all our food partaking,
Nor shunning skilfully the destined doom;
No longer daring every hostile finger
That strove to punish thee when thou didst linger.
Thou deem'st us now no more thy foes;
The "hey-day of the blood" with thee is past;
In sooth thou judg'st us right; thy woes
Though *frighty*, claim our pity;—thou'rt the last
The old, sad, solitary Desolation—
Last of a kindred! without one relation!
Familiar art thou now, not vain,
And claim'st incongruous fellowship with me;
No link is left in the long chain
Of huge creation between us and thee;
The thousand clans of entomology
Have left thee, making no apology.
Who hast thou now but us t'admire
The sober beauty of thy downy back?
What eyes but our's (thy hundred we require)
To view thy wonders!—then thy knock
Of walking all along upon the ceiling!
Or canvassing a wine-glass without *resting*!
Will thy slight tiny form endure
(To thee an awful cycle!) one whole year?
No ambuscading spider's lure
Is true can now destroy thee; but I fear
The savage frosts, that murder pretty flowers,
Will not ~~deaden~~ ^{deaden} to crush thy feeble powers.
~~Will not~~ ^{Will not} ~~deaden~~ ^{deaden} till July's sun
Shall call thy legion ~~genus~~ ^{genus} to their game

THE LITERARY EXAMINER.

Of merry life,—what wondrous fun
Thy Christmas tales will cause! Then what a *name*
Thou'lt have!—a venerable Captain Parry,
Whose winter enterprise did *not* miscarry!

What dread accounts of cold long nights!
How to the chimney-corner thou did'st creep;
And, as the warmth retired, the heights
Of window-curtain folds thou scal'dst, to sleep,
And wait with limbs benumb'd the lazy dawning
Of household Phœbus, every dismal morning!

When too the evening hastened on,
And mimic summer cheer'd thy little frame;
Thou mayst recount how, one by one,
Thou visitest us all in happy game—
Fanning, in seeming fondness, all our faces,
Or traversing our hands to show thy paces,
Or choosing saucily the choicest places.

Then supper-time! what *summer* fly
Could *half* the glories fancy of that feast!
A Christmas supper! How thou'lt ply
Thy gastric erudition! and at *least*
Wilt prove, beyond appeal, thy reputation
As ultra gourmand of the Flighty Nation.

When thus thou'lt talk of Christmas sweets,
How will the listening epicures exclaim!
And vow they envy thee thy winter feasts;
For to be so regaled they'd brave the same:
Here apricots in floating ambiguity,—
There pine-apples in luscious perspicuity!

The wonders of a medlar will
Engage each subtle, disputatious fly:
But *thou* alone wilt boast the skill
To solve the mysteries of a rich mince-pie!
And a Twelfth-cake, endorsed with hieroglyphic,
Will stamp thee eminently scientific!

The cold and mystic misletoe, whose gloom
Seems antidotal to its merry use,
Thou hast explored; the snowy cheerful bloom
Of lauristinus; and the boughs profuse
Of vig'rous holly, with its coral lading,
Thou'st seen for weeks, despising summer fading.

Poor solitary thing, farewell!
Tomorrow's dawn perhaps may see thy form
In frosted death:—thy little knell
Shall not be heard! How many in the storm
Of life are wreck'd, and no bell kindly ringing
Informs survivors who to life are clinging!

I. J. T.—*Standerwick.*

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REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Percy Mallory. By the Author of Pen Owen.

AMONG the various other blessings for which we are indebted to Scottish sagacity, must be ranked a new and highly improved mode of literary announcement. The *eclat* produced by the Waverley Novels, aided by the locality of Publisher and Printer, has, no doubt, led to this improvement, which announces the shipment of a bale of invention, like a cargo of oatmeal. To this sort of notice of the genuine Scottish commodity, we have possibly little objection, but we cannot extend the indulgence to articles of English manufacture which only find their way to Edinburgh to be printed and published. Although the author of PERCY MALLORY is at once the Editor *de facto* of the *John Bull*, and the intimate friend of Mr. Croker, we cannot pass over the quackery of a formal intimation that the mighty production of his genius are shipped at Leith, and will shortly reach London. The hopes of a second treat, like PEN OWEN, has never disturbed the quietude of the most inveterate Novel reader, and it is too much to be alarmed this way without occasion. Moreover, as friends to the Metropolitan booksellers, we foresee infinite mischief in the necessity of transmitting manuscripts for publication to Edinburgh, in order to ensure the benefit of the announcement of the work as a piece of port news. The Underwriters, to be sure, may be correspondently benefited, but still we object, at least, to the extension of the practice. That Mr. Blackwood should be the publisher, in the present instance, is perfectly in the nature of things; and that the *primum mobile* of the *John Bull* should be led by sympathy to a business-like connection with the proprietor of a tissue of somewhat more able blackguardism of the same class, is anything at all but extraordinary.

But enough in the way of passing allusion, and to the merits of the important production which has so happily reached the desired haven. To the readers of *Pen Owen*, therefore, we will observe that *Percy Mallory* is indisputably a happier effort, but still retaining so much of the raw, flippant, and flighty manner of that production, as to prove that the *forte* of its parent is certainly not Novel writing. There appears to us to be two leading species of fiction-mongers in the formal story-telling line—the one of which deals most with manners, costume, and what the logician might call, the *accidents* of human nature—the other, with the universal movements and principles which regulate

the heads and hearts of all men. The talent of the first of these, however exquisitely displayed, is essentially descriptive, while the latter, being drawn principally from internal study, is involuntarily *egoistical*. The first of all Novelists is undoubtedly he, who most felicitously blends the two manners; but, with the exception of Shakespeare, we cannot mention either dramatist, or story-teller, in whom they are so duly amalgamated as not to leave the one or the other completely predominant. The author of the Waverley novels is another fine example, but he clearly takes his highest rank as a descriptionist—the painter of effects and appearances rather than of facts and of causes. Henry Fielding, again, is a writer who mixes the two qualities, but he was as evidently the student and delineator of the latter. We might carry the explanation and parallel much further, but it is quite sufficient to observe, that if a writer succeeds in neither of these departments, he has nothing to do with the composition of fictitious adventure; and this, without detracting from its merits, or affecting to regard it as a production exhibiting a total want of talent, is the case with the author of *Percy Mallory*. That work may prove the possession of certain respectable powers and attainments on his part, but it will equally prove that he cannot write a Novel—that is to say, a Novel, which is to be insured at Lloyd's, shipped at Leith, and to have its reaching port made an affair of as much importance as the arrival of one of King Solomon's galleons from Ophir.

The first thing which strikes us when we get thoroughly into the story, is the deficiency of the author of "*Percy Mallory*," in healthy invention. Every incident and character may be traced to recently preceding publications, and more especially to the Waverley Novels. The laird of Ellangowan and his lost heir, Meg Merrilies, Glossin, and others, recur to us eternally; not to mention the minor accompaniments of smugglers, gipsies, *et hoc genus omne*, without the felicity of vivid or original painting. A most laboured piece of aerial deliverance from the shelf of a precipice which in itself shows some power, is nothing in the world but an elaboration of the escape of Lovell and Isabella Wardour in the Antiquary. The fact is, the author ought not to belong to the corps who declaim against cocknies, for he is evidently at home in London only, and in a delineation of the factitious Corinthianism of a certain order of fashionables. This is altogether natural, and what might be expected from a practitioner of mimicry,—a wit on the establishment of the *John Bull*,—and a lively but extravagant farce-writer. A few of the scenes of this class are amusing enough, but strangely abstracted from all interest in the story, and consequently not quite so good in their way as those in the "*Winter in London*."

There is a certain exuberant vivacity congenial enough with a quickness of parts, and often sufficiently entertaining in itself, but with which we cannot possibly associate the notion of power or profundity.

Voltaire possibly was an example to the contrary; but if so, he was only one of that kind, the rarity of which proves the strength of the general rule. The author of "*Percy Mallory*" is certainly not a Voltaire, and attached to so religious a journal as the *Bull*, is doubtless piously thankful on that account; but neither is he a novelist; and both

the incident and character of "Percy Mallory" prove our assertion. Suppose we endeavour to give a general notion of the story.

The novel opens with the recovery of the infant son and heir of a gentleman of the North, who had been stolen away, with the aid of a half Meg Merrilies and her accomplices, for some purpose which does not immediately appear. A degree of suspicious confusion, which takes place in consequence of the substitution of this child for another, produces a distrust in the mind of the reader from the beginning, that the honest country gentleman has recovered the wrong calf; and so it apparently proves, until the close of the novel, when a second discovery takes place, and everything is made straight again. All this confusion arises from the anxiety of a Lord, who has an infant daughter only, to substitute a fictitious son and heir; to effect which, the aforesaid daughter is placed in a mysterious retirement, where she accidentally becomes acquainted with the hero, and a love business follows, neither of them knowing that the one is daughter to an Earl and the heiress of his personals, and the other his nephew and son to the heir-at-law of his titles and estates. This is quite enough to show that the story of "Percy Mallory" is the merest common-place of Leadenhall-street; and we can say little more for the characters.

The principal personage in this novel which has any marking at all, is a humourous old country gentleman, who can find no better reason for turning testy and misanthropical, than having hastily married a pretty and insipid woman of a family inferior to his own. We forget the maiden name of Mrs. Shandy, but it might have been a twin sister; just as, both in "Pen Owen" and the present production, the humourists have all, more or less, a resemblance to her systematising husband. But we scarcely deem oddities *characters*,—at least out of farces. Nothing in the world is more easy than to imagine a hypochondriacal, and consequently eccentric, old man or woman, and to give him or her peculiar phrases, singular gesticulation, and the habit of saying anything that could not be expected. This was the art of comedy-writing in the lofty days of Reynolds, Dibdin, and Cherry; and it finally died of inanition. Besides the honest oddity of this class, there is not a single passable sketch throughout the whole of the novel, unless we except a wily lawyer, and a sprig of exquisite fashion, both of which approximate to the representation of something. With respect to the nominal hero and heroine, they are allowed to be dull *ex officio*; a license, indeed, not unfrequently assumed in relation to those mere props of his story even by Sir Walter Scott. It is no mean art to be able to keep up an interest for merely handsome good kind of young people; a difficulty which we frequently detected in our early reading in this line. Heaven help us! but we know not whether we did not prefer the gay Sir Clement Willoughby to the sentimental Lord Orville; and heartily wished that Cecilia would choose the spirited and sprightly Belfield instead of the sombre and stately Delville. As to Richardson, we were so graceless, as to prefer Lovelace to Sir Charles Grandison all to nothing.

Is there then nothing to amuse in "Percy Mallory?" We have not said so: the story is infinitely too long; but there is occasionally the relief of much spirited whimsicality; and his talent for mimicry the lively author has transferred to paper. As part of a formal story,

nothing can be more *outré* than to introduce a descendant of the Grandisons who is made to assume all the manners of his great-uncle Sir Charles, and to carry the imitation throughout his family and household; but as a humorous piece of imitation, it is exceedingly diverting. We are to suppose this formal, graceful, and orderly group at dinner; Percy, the hero of the novel, a sprightly young man of twenty, being a relative and guest:—

"Percy led forward the hostess in all the pomp of Mecklin lappets—point ruffles—and damask drapery, that moved without the rumple of a fold, like a Dutch toy, on wheels. He would have made his peace during the journey across a hall that traversed the whole depth of the mansion—and through a suite of papered and bagged apartments which led to the *salon à diner*—but a very short observation of her Ladyship's checked his first attempt.

" 'There were few points,' she remarked, 'in which good Sir Hugh was so particular as punctuality in all engagements.'

"Percy said no more—Her Ladyship on their arrival took her seat at the head of the table—Sir Hugh seated himself at the bottom—Miss Gertrude and Percy *vis-à-vis* made up the *partie carrée*. Even the chaplain was absent—who, though partaking in the family characteristics, Percy had calculated upon as an occasional diversion in his favour—as he felt little disposed to take a share in any conversation likely to occur.

" 'Good Dr. Patterson is obliged to absent himself on account of some urgent business at Kendal,' observed Lady Rodolpha, as a sort of implied apology to Percy for Sir Hugh taking upon himself the duty of saying grace.

" 'Indeed!'—sighed Percy—viewing the formidable array of domestics planted round him, as if presenting a new barrier against escape, which seemed to engage his speculations to the exclusion of every thing else. After a long pause,

" 'Tell Mrs. Knowles,' said Sir Hugh, looking benevolently towards the butler—whilst his eyes watered—and the colour on his cheeks was somewhat heightened, 'that she has been rather too bountiful with her seasoning in the soup.'

" 'Certainly, Sir Hugh—but I had informed Mrs. Knowles, Sir Hugh, that her Ladyship, on Tuesday last, thought the vermicelli rather insipid.'

" 'Excellent Roland,' interrupted her Ladyship, 'you recollect my most trifling wishes.'

" 'They are our law, my Lady'—and at the signal, all the grey-headed livery-men bowed in token of their sympathy.

" 'Extremes,' observed Sir Hugh, with a smile, 'are generally pernicious—and so, my good Lady Rodolpha, I have been a martyr in your cause—your Ladyship cannot do less than assuage my torments by a glass of Madeira.'

" 'God forbid!' returned the gracious lady, 'that I should ever be the occasion of torment to my ever-indulgent Sir Hugh—but I flatter myself if your present sufferings can be so easily relieved, they have not been very excruciating—Am I not a saucy creature, Sir Hugh?'

" 'You are all excellence, and are never more endeared to me than when your Ladyship suffers your little playfulness of fancy to animate our happy domestic circle—Good Roland—-a glass of old Madeira to your excellent lady.'

" 'You have forgiven good Mrs. Knowles, my best of friends'—said Lady Rodolpha, with one of her most winning smiles—'for her bountiful extremes.'

" 'Sweetly engaging Lady Rodolpha!—had I really cause of offence, your Ladyship's happy mode of intercession would make me forget it, in the admiration of a talent so peculiarly your own.'

" 'Kind Sir Hugh!—you will make me vain.'

" 'No one has more reason—no one is less likely to become so than Lady Rodolpha de Lacy—'

" 'I declare, Sir Hugh—you make me blush—'

" 'For a naughty world, excellent woman—but never for yourself.—Worthy Roland,' turning to the butler—'tell Mrs. Knowles that her soup is like all she does—she is indeed a most excellent person.'

" 'You are the most charitable—Sir Hugh,' said her Ladyship; in a subdued tone of voice.

" 'It is my humble effort to be so—it is the duty of us all to be so—tell her, good Roland, that her soup is admirable—but add, as from yourself, that perhaps it would suit the taste of Lady Rodolpha and myself better, were it, in future, less highly seasoned.'

" 'I shall, Sir Hugh---what a master!' was added in a half-whisper to Mr. Polson, the steward, who stood retired---and was seconded by a bend, as before, from every one of the grey-headed circle in worsted-lace.

" 'How delicately considerate!'---observed her Ladyship---'Few but the ever-indulgent Sir Hugh would have thought of a reproof so gently, yet so effectually conveyed.' This was said in a whisper, and though heard by all---was understood not to reach beyond the back of the chairs---not a look or a wink---such as may sometimes be observed on the countenances of modern lacquies---ruffled the serene visages of the domestics.

" Sir Hugh, who was supposed to hear it, entered into a considerable long disclaimer, diverging from his own demerits, into a discussion upon general duties---and concluded by observing, 'That it was in the discharge of these domestic duties---by observing strict justice in our dealings---and by watching over our words and actions in the more ordinary intercourse with those over whose interests and concerns, in the various relations of life, we are in any degree supposed to have a control, that the higher duties of the magistrate, the legislator, and the sovereign power itself, are matured, and beneficially exercised---I remember,' he added, 'it was an observation of that most distinguished and exemplary of men, my ever-respected,' and he brushed a tear from his eye, 'great-uncle Sir Charles---' That a man's character might be known by the manner in which he would pick up a pin from the floor!"

" 'Admirable Sir Charles!' sighed Lady Rodolpha.

" 'Excellent appreciator of excellence!' returned Sir Hugh; 'but the moral virtues---'

" 'May I trouble your Ladyship for some trout before it is quite cold?' interrupted Percy Rycott---Miss Gertrude smiled.

" 'What is my amiable Gertrude thinking upon, that calls up one of her sweetest smiles?' asked Sir Hugh.

" 'I was only thinking'---and she blushed---'thinking that---'

" 'What, my good child,---you can have no thoughts that will not reflect credit on yourself, and convey something innocently pleasing to the good company.'

" 'Really, my dear Papa---'

" 'You know, my sweet Gertrude,' observed her Ladyship, 'it is a rule in our family to have no reserves---your worthy progenitors even held it a virtue to think aloud.'

" 'My dear Mamma---I really am ashamed of myself---I was only thinking of Percy's interruption.'

" 'Mister Percy---now, if you please, my excellent Gertrude.'

" The girl blushed again.

" 'Say on, sweet innocence,' said Sir Hugh in an encouraging tone---for a subject once introduced, was never suffered to die a natural death.

" 'Only, Sir---I was struck by the odd circumstance of Mr. Percy---'

" 'What have I done, Gertrude?' asked Percy, now looking up from his plate.

" 'Miss Gertrude---Mr. Percy Rycott, is about to inform us,' observed Lady Rodolpha, drawing herself up in form.

" 'Merely,' continued the hesitating girl, 'that he should think of the fish being cold, just as Papa was talking---talking of---moral virtues!'

" 'I beg pardon,' said Percy; 'but---I thought Sir Hugh had been scolding the cook, for putting too much pepper in the soup.'

" 'I---I scold! Mr. Percy Rycott.'

" 'Sir Hugh Ferebee de Lacy scold his domestics!' exclaimed her Ladyship with a look of utter dismay---a sudden convulsive movement agitated the whole line of domestics, after Mr. Steward and Mr. Butler had uttered a sigh, almost amounting to a groan---and turned up their eyes as if in the act of devotion---the grey subalterns went through the silent manoeuvre of a shrug of the shoulders only.

" 'It is clear, that my good young friend,' observed Sir Hugh, 'did not pay very particular attention to the few observations which the occasion appeared to require.'

" 'The transition from soup to fish was natural,' said Percy laughing, in the obvious desire of avoiding any further explanation.

" 'I should rather have said *artificial*, my good Mr. Percy---as it is only habit which---'

" 'Habit is second nature, you know, Sir Hugh---and, therefore---'

" 'I must not be interrupted; Mr. Percy'---and the very supposition of such a ~~happy~~ startled the servant who was changing Sir Hugh's plate---inasmuch that he let it fall---broke it, and with its contents, lodged it on the long flaps of his master's

laced vest, to the evident disturbance of the Baronet's philosophy. It was but a passing sensation---the poor man apologized and trembled---Mr. Butler pushed the man with some rudeness from the post of honour---and frowned on him, whilst he applied his clean napkin to the part affected.

" 'It's no matter,' observed Sir Hugh, collecting all his benevolence of manner, which appeared to be necessary on the occasion; 'Good Richard did not intend it.'

" 'No, indeed, your Honor---Sir Hugh.'

" 'I am perfectly assured of that---go---my worthy Richard---you had better retire---you appear to be much agitated.'

" 'Such a clumsy fellow!' muttered the steward.

" 'Such a master!' repeated the butler.

" 'God bless him!' whispered the liveried semi-chorus.

" 'The Dresden set, too?' exclaimed Mr. Polson, the steward, in a louder and more emphatic tone of voice.

" 'Never mind that, worthy Polson,' said her Ladyship smiling, through something that resembled a passing cloud of irritation; 'Good Richard's mind must not be disturbed by that reflection.'

" 'Heavenly, considerate being!' cried Sir Hugh, who stood in the act of being rubbed down like one of his long-tailed coach-horses, by his zealous grooms---Not even the most provoking of all domestic accidents can move the gall of your dove-like temper---most excellent of women---thou

" Mistress of thyself, though China fall."

To conclude: had "Percy Mallory" seen the light without puff or pretension, it might have been passed, like many other secondary attempts, without any demand of particular criticism; but as the production of the member of a confederacy, whose profession is the detection of *humbug*, the nonsense must be exposed. If butterflies are not to be broken on wheels, neither are they to be obtruded on us for elephants. We regard the production of a mediocre novel or play as one of the most venial of human offences; and we might have passed over the present humble affair with less animadversion, had we not recollected that *per fas et nefas* is the motto of the author, and of the virtuous combination of which he is a member. Had he a similar person to *himself* in his own *hands*, what would be the consequence? It is not right to press on the calamity of any man; but there is a species of animal whose conduct makes forbearance no mean virtue.

THE COTTAGE.

A little lowly hermitage it was,
 Doune in a dale, hard by a forest's side,
 Far from resort of people that did pass
 In travail to and fro.

SPENSER.

I AM fond of walking. Long solitary rambles, with earth below, heaven above, and my own reveries for my boon companions. I never quarrel with myself, nor hate myself, nor pity myself, but stand on that even and friendly footing that I would wish to do with all the world, but which the vile trammels of society, and the undulating sensations of humanity, forbid. If a good fellow or a kind friend come athwart me in my castle-building, I must fain dismiss him or myself; and I never yet met with mortal wight who could bear an unceremonious discharge half so well as myself from myself. The consequence is, that though I really prefer myself to every body else, yet I am constantly refusing converse with that same self, lest I should give umbrage to some cursed fellow that makes his appearance and expects to be listened to.

It is this that drives me from home and dear smoky London, to stretch my legs some thirty miles or so, through dale, and hill, and greenwood forest; for there I see none but the unknown passenger, the churlish beggar, or the dark-eyed Egyptian; and few of my acquaintances either like me enough, or understand my track sufficiently, to follow in my path.

It is in these walks that I feel sovereign lord and master,—the tyrant of my own domain. I can walk slow or I can walk fast. I may bid my thoughts soar to far-back Greece or on to some future Rome, without hurt to any. I can pile thought upon thought, and mix every passion of the human soul in my own particular mortar, without being laughed at by any; for none there be to say, "This man is a fool." I look round me and see Dan Phœbus sweeping on in his never-slackening chariot, shining with the most genuine philanthropy,—the perfection of Platonic love. The cunning winds, in gentle variation, steal over me, and move Nature's pretty foliage in the sweetest disorder; and if perchance some glassy stream run near in mimic hurly-burly of the ocean's storm, then shall each Zephyr that plays round the spot make the pure drops dance in dazzling motes before my eyes, while the scarce-heard song of Nature's teaching shall mark the ploughman's distant course. This is joy indeed: this is an approach toward those golden ages when crime had no name to express itself by.

It was in one of these rambles, last summer, that I met with a fine young boy crying piteously by the road-side. His cheeks were somewhat disfigured by tears, but weeping had not been able to destroy the rich colour that the hand of health had planted on his skin; and his hair, unbedewed by the drops that flowed from his eyes, sported in wanton dalliance with some gentle air, that, charmed by his loveliness, lingered on its weary way once and again to kiss his pouting lips. The folds of his little frock exhibited some small lodgments of dust, and on the surface of his shoes the loose gravel had found a resting-place, which served to mark that he had travelled for some distance along the road. In spite of his tender palpitations, there was an embryo smile playing round his lips, as it were, innate and inextinguishable; and when I spoke to him, a sudden sparkling of his eye gave outward proof of the first attempts of an inward soul.

The little fellow had lost his way, and called for his mammy with all that simplicity that attends the infantine notion, that it is but to ask and to have. He could give no name to the place where he lived, neither could he describe its situation; and it required all my legal ingenuity in cross-examination to make out that "he lived near a place where the birds build high nests, and make a noise one with the other." We were in a cross-road, and no house in sight, but luckily for the little urchin, I had about two hours before passed the rookery he described, and recognised his account of it: so we soon struck an agreement, by which it appeared that I was to retrace my steps, and lead him to the tall trees. What with resting, and carrying, and laughing,—for tears now, by the terms of our contract, were banished far away,—it was more than three hours before we reached the desired spot. When we came to the turn of the road that brought us quick upon the welcome scene, oh then what a shout of gladness did the little wanderer utter as he struggled to release himself from my arms, in the

swelling thought that he could bound swifter than the wind to his sometime-lost home. The cry had been heard, and a neat-looking female came quickly from the cottage, and had almost reached the spot where we were, by the time I had released my little fellow-traveller. Her cry on catching him to her arms was not so loud, but I am sure it was as genuine as his; and I had more than a minute granted me to survey the group before the one or the other were satisfied with their embrace. The news had spread like wildfire, that Harry was returned, and a gallant race was run between Will, and Ned, and Patty, to see who should be first to greet the lost lamb: and now came my turn; for according to little Hal, "I was the gentleman that had given him such a ride;" and my welcomes were not a few, for by this time the good man, on whose face there were still left the marks of late anxiety for his child, had come out, and all concurred in inviting me to the cottage.

I never refused a kind offer that I believed to be genuine, and so without further ado I joined the party, and entered the little Arcadia through a bower of sweet jessamine, interspersed here and there with wild rose bushes, whose delicate flowers appeared to re-open in spite of the gathering dews of night to welcome back the little wanderer. The cottage, like the children, the parents, the everything, was the picture of neatness. In the niches on either side of the chimney, and ranged on shelves beyond the reach of the babes, stood the heir-looms of the family, an antique assortment of wassail-bowls, china, grotesque jugs, and divers other invaluables, that had descended from father to son for more than a century. More towards the middle of the room two stupendous arm-chairs stood on either side the fire-place, whilst the last gleam of moonshine shooting in at the latticed window, cast a long shadow from them, the depth of which beautifully contrasted with the gloss of the polished oak floor. These, and a thousand other indescribable niceties made up the whole of the neat appearance and air of comfort that pervaded the dwelling. As a mark of particular favour, I was invited to fill one of the above-mentioned chairs, which were kept sacred for high days and holidays; and in a very few minutes, on the understanding that I could sleep on the two combined, it was settled that I should pass the night there; and to enhance the visit, the children had leave to sit up an extra hour. It is not worth while to detail any conversation that might have passed, for there was neither acrimony, scandal, nor any other of the indispensable qualities in it; yet strange to say, such as it was, we all found amusement in it, and it was very near the witching time of night before we perceived that old father Saturn had made a forced march upon us, and shortened our reckoning by at least an hour. On breaking up, I was provided with a blanket, and their sole domestic lighted a chirping fire in the grate. The few, but meaning words, "Good Night," were exchanged, and in a very short time all was quiet and at rest in the cottage.

Thus passed the night, and in the morning the pure song of Heaven's choristers poured gently into the cottage, and awakened me from dreams of Mab and all her fairy elves. In spite of the novelty of the machine in which I had slept, I found myself as much refreshed as if I had lain on a bed of down, and to the utter astonishment of my new

country friends, was the first up in the morning. As soon as I had given myself a shake, and performed the necessary ablutions, I made my way to the door of the cottage; no locks or bolts were there; for robbers were little feared and less known, and by the simple manœuvre of a latch, I was able to pass the threshold and enjoy the natural bower that spread itself over the lowly path. The roses were now out in all their vigour, the pearl drops that hung to their tender leaves by an invisible suspension glittered with the reflection of the sun's first rays. It was not long before my host made his appearance, and gave the morning salutation with the same good-humoured smile that had adorned his face the previous night, and offered many condolences for the badness of my night's accommodation.

My fair hostess, and the whole of the little tribe, were now up and about, and after a short walk round his farm, where there was little of modern improvement, but much of practical standard invention, we were summoned to breakfast, to which every body paid a strict attention; and now came the time most disagreeable both in anticipation and in performance, the minute was arrived when the word must be "Good Bye." Many a kind interchange of invitation passed, and many a good-humoured salutation; and, when I departed, more than one blessing was sent after me, for I had conferred on them a benefit, and corroding selfishness had not yet taught them to receive the advantage and forego the gratitude.

Nor was I idle. Heaven bless thee and thine, thought I, as I turned the corner that had first brought me in sight of the little paradise, and that now banished it from my view—Heaven bless thee and thine, and whether it be spring sending forth its tender blossoms to stand the first shocks of the rude wind, whether it be summer ripening those blossoms into maturity, whether it be autumn adding the last stroke—the final consummation to its perfection, or whether it be angry winter nipping with its terrific frown the gradual excellence of months, still may a mental sun, able to oppose the blasts of man's rude winter, spread its beams around thy little kingdom, and forming a halo too sacred to be broken, enshrine within its circle thy endearing merit.

OBSOLETE AND OBSCURE WRITERS.

SOME writers are born for the amusement of their own age, which, in vanishing, carries off their works along with it. They are trees whose roots descend no further than the vegetable mould, being too weak, or too fond of the warm surface, to strike down among the rocks and ribs of the earth. It is turning the handle of time the wrong way to attempt to revive them. They were never meant for posterity. The reasons upon which this conclusion is founded, are many: and the considering them carefully might be of some service to both writers and readers.

That those who write for the public should provide as fully as possible for their entertainment, must be admitted; but it is not unreasonable for an author to have at the same time an eye to fame and posterity. The latter is the true liege lord of the children of the Muses. But living at a distance, he cannot come in at the christening of his

subjects, or be witness of the sports of their infancy. Those who would reach his court, must strengthen their constitutions by exercise and diet, and live to the age of manhood. It were a poor compliment to the discernment of our own times to suppose it incapable of relishing what after ages shall admire; but yet a man may too exclusively regard the taste of his contemporaries. What pleases now, must not by necessity please at all times, though the presumption is that it may.

Those books are neglected which treat of subjects not generally interesting to mankind; which pick up the scraps and leavings of genius that they may seem to contain what even great men had failed to reach; their authors not distinguishing between overlooking and purposely passing by. The exposition of peculiar tenets of Theology, the portraiture of some transient observation of manners, or the treating even of important subjects after some corrupt fashion generated by circumstances, are necessarily inductive of oblivion. And this, though the authors be men of capacity; for men of no powers naturally sink into neglect, be their works conversant about what they may. It is in vain to think to remedy, by beauty of style, the inherent aversion of some subjects to longevity; the world has never yet bestowed immortality upon any work merely on account of its style. Men know their own interests too well to be guilty of this. They pardon a plain man the roughness of his expressions, if they be able to perceive the light of a great understanding flashing up from among them; from the same principle that they prefer travelling through the most rugged country which is rich in extraordinary natural objects, to rolling along a smooth way, whose sole recommendation arises from its own excellent structure.

To a man of sensibility, it is painful to reflect how many ingenious volumes which now circulate from hand to hand through the community, must, ere long, go the way of all paper and ink, and be seen no more for ever. The flashes of wit which now appear so discoverable in their pages, the pestilent breath of Time will totally extinguish, leaving nothing but a *caput mortuum* that shall weigh them down *ad plures*. Their authors, now wafted about on the breath of popularity, must themselves, alas! submit to his scythe, making way for some monastic scholar, whom in the day of their prosperity they treated as a mere day-labourer of the Muses.

Make a list (if the thing be possible) of the obscure books which make up the lifeless body of our public libraries, examine their subjects, inquire into the history of their publication, and you will find that such of them as were the productions of men of talent, treat of things which it is the interest of no human being to understand—that, notwithstanding, they were pressed by numerous friends to favour the world with the results of their studies—that the books ran through two or three editions—that such of mankind as look into such works were shortly drawn off by new ones of the same kind—and that then those laborious publications sunk once and for ever. Such has and such must be the fate of books composed without the basis of reason or nature for their support. In most families there are peculiar expressions, intelligible enough among themselves, which no one but

pale of their circle could translate into common sense. Nations are large families: there is a language and mode of thinking so exclusively their own, that it is not sense beyond their frontiers; and this, altering with the alterations of times and circumstances, becomes obsolete at the next shifting of the scene. The author who has made it the mine of his observations, and seemed the deepest looker into human nature to his intimates and friends, by their mistaking a small variety for the whole species, goes out of date with it. No efforts of critics, or others, can preserve him. This temporary opinion is a kind of cross-current over the great tide of time, occasioned by some chance wind, which ceasing to blow, the waters take their usual way, and those barks which were built only to sail in it, necessarily overturn and sink.

To interest posterity, and gain a lasting reputation, an author must grapple with the permanent passions of his species. The human heart is a deep slough, and he who stands finicking about the brink, afraid of soiling his shoes, will make no hand of it. The manner is less than the spirit and matter of a book, though it be by all means to be attended to in proportion to its value; but one has an aversion to see a palace built merely for a spider to spin its web in; and it is little better when, within the vast inclosures of long and high-sounding periods, we perceive a few naked ideas flitting to and fro as if lost in a labyrinth. Man is an old subject it is granted, but so is he a lasting and inexhaustible one. He yet includes much *terra incognita* in his make. But these lands must be sought by a sparing light through long and intricate ways; there is no setting up a traffic with them in a few weeks, and retailing in a kind of haberdasher's shop their *opima spolia*, reeking from the field of victory. Men can get no buyers who come out into the streets with one truth in their hands at a time, because the public suspect they did not come honestly by it. They must lay out their ideas in order, if they would have credit for being the original proprietors, and suffer men to examine them leisurely out of their own dark shop.

Writers have sometimes condemned themselves to obscurity by attempting to cut down the human mind to fit some hastily constructed theory. And moreover, many of these have been persons of strong intellect, unhappily led astray by following the *ignis fatuus* light of perhaps an idea purely accidental. But they were hewing an indiscernible substance, which, like the body of Satan, suffered their sword to pass through it, and closed again. There is no gaining a real immortality but by taking and describing man as he is. The various disguises he may put on, wear out, or are exchanged for others; he himself remaining beneath every mask eternally the same. Like a lover in masquerade, too, he secretly loves those who know him in all his changes; and thinks it a breach of affection to offer up adoration to any fictitious physiognomy, which for some purpose or other he may have been driven to assume. In like manner satire is a perishable subject, unless directed against the inherent vices of the human character. Horace and Juvenal will never cease to be read—but the *Dunciad* might already be cut out of the works of Pope without detriment. Even *Hudibras* is much more spoken of than read, though neither it nor *Don Quixote* can be accounted mere satire.

But of all causes that make works the property of forgetfulness, there is not one more effective than affectation of originality. It is a formal bidding adieu to nature. For under the influence of so unhappy a propensity, a writer no longer feels himself at liberty to say anything in the usual way. It were to forfeit his claim. His mind, in the perpetual orgasm of novelty, becomes unsettled and fidgetty; and he follows common sense about like an old slippered duenna keeping watch on a wild beirress, lest it should form some acquaintance with the ways of men. He must not take up with the old distinctions between right and wrong, because they are common-place, and excite no wonder. It is not his business to put established principles in motion for the production of some new result. He takes nature in hand as if she might be divided piecemeal, and for the sake of newness attempts to tie discordant parts together. He has no conception that the continuity of her operations cannot be broken—that though noiseless and mild, they are inevitable—that all we can do is faithfully to set forth what is, never dreaming of setting up a paltry dyke for the purpose of staying or turning off the irresistible march of causes and events. We are bound to the wheel of Nature, and though it should roll over us we must cling to it. But the knight-errant of originality understands nothing of this. He labours at his subject with eyes closed to all common beauties, hailing, with the enthusiasm of a prophet, every strange or uncouth idea that rises above the plane of his mind. Like a swimmer who is to gain some certain point, he dashes through crowding similes and metaphors, till he touches upon the extreme verge of resemblance, and, imagining this proceeding under the guidance of wit, fills his quiver with the points and shafts of arrows, throwing away the reed as vulgar and burdensome. The barb, however, will not fly without a body, to any certain aim; but as he pours out his riches, they are taken up, having no weight, by the storm, and scattered to all the winds of heaven.

A writer of this species should make up his mind to become obscure in a very few years. After ages can have no clue to the dark genesis of his thoughts, but would be reduced to guess at their import as if they were as many Delphian oracles. Were they worth interpreting this labour might be undertaken cheerfully; but how can a mind, intent upon nothing but strangeness, work out a reasonable proposition? C— is one of these writers. His mind is a glowing furnace, but he has stretched his dark canvass of sophistry between it and mankind, through the breaks of which a few flashes of light burst forth occasionally. A few of his pieces may live, and preserve his name; but the mass of his works will drop into the obscurity that now reposes upon the volumes of Quarles, Withers, and Daniel. P— is another. His imagination is artificial and inconstructive. It is slow and observing. There is not enough of fire in it to melt down his metaphors so as they may receive the stamp of his mind, or to light our way through the heavy march of his sentiments, or to form a Will-o'-the-wisp, which, by fitting before us in our path, may cheat us to the end of it. One feels himself in the *Slough of Despond* on entering his pages. The farther one proceeds, the deeper and more perplexed he finds himself. When going about for a new idea, he resembles Diogenes with his lan-

thorn ; it escapes from him through crowds of every-day notions ; he plunges after it ; he seizes on something like it, by mistake. Who in going through the labours of such a writer, can feel delight, or admiration, or enthusiasm, communicated to his mind ? Who ever can return to them as he returns to a pleasing path he has once wandered through, to renew an acquaintance with objects either fertile in charming associations, or calculated to call forth the fancy on her winged journeys ?

It is hard, however, to distinguish between an extensive popularity and a fame begun. Mr. Shelley was not, during his life, a popular writer ; nor are his works calculated, independently of the opinions they contain, to become popular ; but he has purchased a freehold in the territory of the Muses which neither time nor critics will ever be able to separate from his name. Whatever may be said, it is impossible to credit that his singularity was the effect of affectation, and not rather the aberration of a spirit drenched in enthusiasm, and fluctuating with the impulses of extraordinary feeling. He threw himself into the course, to run with nature to the extremity of her line, and it is no wonder, that, amidst the whirling dust of this Olympic contest, he sometimes forgot the charioteer. It may be also, that seeing men shot with poisoned arrows from the sanctuary, he betook himself to casting back their own weapons at the archers. Let his errors be confuted, his motives respected,—let his genius be honoured and cherished. He is *not* an obscure writer, though only now beginning to be read, and forms a strong contrast to those who are fated to become such. Perhaps he did not see his way with sufficient clearness through the incumbent swarms of his weighty thoughts, and may sometimes have raised, like a daring necromancer, more active principles than he could afterwards reduce to order ; but this did not happen because his mind was weak, but because nature is too strong for any mind, and will not have her secrets wrested from her by the bold impiety of mortals. The reader does not, however, go from his works with a conviction that he has seen through the whole texture of them. He is led to ponder on principles. His reason and his judgment are sharpened to come again to the onset, and he is never cheated with a shadow. What if some of Mr. Shelley's conclusions be wrong, and induce false notions of some of the highest things about which the human mind is conversant ?—it is because he chose to think on lofty subjects, and that it is the part of humanity to be liable to mistakes. Many writers are free from such errors only because they have never turned up the soil where they lie jumbled with their correspondent truths, the dross and the metal interveined, and almost indistinguishable. Lucretius and Aristotle are thought harmless enough now, yet are more instructive than when they were implicitly believed in. Sensible men never read to catch up opinions, but to hear, like judges, the pleadings of advocates for all parties, reserving their decision free for after thought.

Among our old writers, the obsolete and forgotten, as well as the illustrious, we commonly find a free vein of scholarship mitigating the strong acerbity of their nature. But in the former there is an essential deficiency in point of taste. Their speculations, whether high or low, are remote from human interest, or run among transient habits and

fading vagaries of the mind. There is too much of the spirit of "P. P. Clerk of this Parish" in them. The degree of estimation in which a man holds the great writers of antiquity, may perhaps be the least uncertain test by which to judge of his taste and discernment. He who is for ever like a mole, digging among the obscure fields of literature, may be sure that his mind has itself a strong tendency that way. He acts by a kind of presentiment, and may be looked upon as conciliating the shades of his future associates. There is a species of fatality in one's choice of books. There is an industry that is ruinous of the mind's force and elasticity. There is a mephitic odour which exhales from some of them, that disturbs and stupifies the brain. I have at this moment before me the "Psychozoia" of Dr. Henry More—as good a specimen of laborious dulness as one could easily find. Here scholarship, and deep or rather bottomless speculation, concur to drive away every shadow of meaning. Yet did the author assume airs of importance, predicating, as a certainty, that he should not be blamed by "anything but ignorance and malignity." *Blamed!* he hoped to be read, then! Let the most unlettered hind in the kingdom rejoice in his ignorance, for he has a mind more clearly human than the compiler of such follies as are contained in this book. Let the reader judge by the following passage from his preface:—

"This first book, as *you* may judge by the names therein, was intended for a mere *Platonick* description of Universal life, or life that is omnipresent, *though not alike omnipresent*. As in Noah's Deluge, the water that overflowed the earth was present in every part thereof, *but every part of the water was not in every part of the earth, OR ALL in EVERY PART*; so the low spirit of the universe, though it go quite through the world, yet it is not totally in every part of the world; *Else we should heare our Antipodes if they did but whisper*: Because our *lower man* is a part of the inferiour Spirit of the Universe."

Is the world to be blamed for neglecting such lucubrations as these? It is for the honour of human nature that they should be forgotten, and numberless are the productions which our worthy ancestors have left us in the same strain. England, indeed, and Germany, appear to have nourished most of these unintelligibles. But in this country the race is nearly extinct, nor would it be easy to revive it. For time is at least impartial in his ravages, pouring out the phials of his wrath upon our bad tastes as well as on our good. Unmindful of this, many of our critics seem to harbour a design of reanimating these skeletons of antiquity. But it is as barbarous as it is impolitic, to drag out such rude memorials of human weakness from beneath the accumulated oblivion of ages, to expose them to the scorn of the acuter intellects of these times. It is endeavouring to transform an annual into a perennial flower. It is taking the peaceful dead out of their coffins to expose them to the fierce passions of the living, by attempting to drive the latter out of their places for their reception. It is unjust. In the Journal of Time they have written their tale, and though their leaves are now closed, they have no right to usurp upon the small portion allotted to us. The wind of eternity, as blowing but one way, can never suffer those pages it has closed to be opened again. We must read them as they flutter past us, and inscribe what we have to say

rapidly, that we may give place to others. Fame keeps her roll apart, and eternally open; but it is by no means free to all. Her children are a privileged order. She sometimes judges by proxy, but, like the Roman Senate, disclaims her instruments if the affair prove not to her taste. The conductress to Fame is Art, which is never decried by those who have genius enough to make use of it. Art is the key that unlocks the treasures of genius, but when a man has but an empty chest, he may well laugh at locks and keys. Among obsolete and obscure writers, nine out of every ten were eccentric contemners of art. Men who trusted that a kind of blind instinct, taking the lead among their perceptions, would operate its effect by a species of plastic power. If man was from the first doomed not to reach simple bread and cheese but by the sweat of his brow, how can he expect that he shall be able, without vast art and labour, to bind up his thoughts into a frame that may be co-lasting with nature herself? It may be well enough for the present to pour forth our ideas in the newest fashion; like pan-cakes, they may require to be eaten hot. But I should like to see Fame's Index Expurgatorius for this century—she would make strange havoc, I am afraid, of our immortality. We go out to war with Time unarmed, or carrying only the sling and stone of fancy; but if our first blow miss, we are undone. The giant rushes on with his scythe—mows us down like grass—and then tramples us under his feet. Those who have suspended the signs of their triumph round his neck, used far other arts. They came to the trial in impenetrable armour, close as the scales of the crocodile; and withal were able to keep pace with the swift steeds of their enemy. Contemning the treachery of their own camp, they came off with victory; and those who at their outgoing strewed thorns and brambles in their way, have been known to weave a chaplet to adorn their brows at their return. Success is the test of a man's merit to little minds—his deservings are like water sprinkled on the sand.

FROM THE LABYRINTH OF DREAMS (AN UNFINISHED POEM).

VISION THE ***

Methought I looked upon the burial ground
Of a low church, whose site was on a hill;
It was of ancient structure; the round tower
All ivy-clad, where, year by year, the daws
Had reared their young; and in the massy porch
Were oaken seats, shining, and black, and carved
With uncouth figures and forgotten names;
The stony threshold was worn smooth and low
By the rude steps of generations past;
Around were many graves; the grass grew long,
Save on a few; the stones of some were down,
And hid with brakes, or stained with the green moss,
So that ye could not read the carven rhymes;
And many more had neither stone nor name.
It was the hush of silver-sounding eve,
And the broad disk of the descending sun
Was seen no more, but, like a golden sea,
The clouds were gathered to the molten west,
Drinking the mellow beams, till they became
A more ethereal substance, and a part

Of the great Paradise *, that floated down,
 Like an enchantment, in the autumnal sky:
 The leaves had grown to yellowness, the fields
 Were brown, and shadowed o'er with sheaves of corn;
 Afar were heard the bells of the last team,
 Distinct as it rolled heavily round a wood;
 And where the peasants' habitations reared
 Their lowly roofs, and cattle grazed around,
 The bark of dogs, the sounds of rustic sports,
 And the glad shouts of children on the green,
 Stirred the still air, and softened in the sky;
 And then a mingling burst of laughter came,
 Borne on the rising breezes of the night,
 And voices that grew momentary near;
 And soon appeared a motley female troop,
 Clad in the homely garb of rustic toil,
 With each of them a burthen: they were some
 Of the last gleaners of the first-swept fields,
 And down the churchyard-path they took their way,
 And as they went conversed aloud, and cast
 The ready jest upon each others' words,
 'Till the lone pile re-echoed the shrill sounds;
 But of the merry troop one lagged behind,
 A girl of lighter figure, whose dark eyes
 Seemed springs of mirth, although they now grew sad;
 And as the rest passed on, she turned aside,
 And stood amid a knot of nameless graves,
 Musing o'er one, as if the mossy sod
 Had grown o'er something that she could not leave;
 And then she stooped, and plucked a small blue flower,
 And muttered o'er its leaves, and seemed to listen.
 Just then were heard the notes of an old tune,
 Trilled in the distance by an unskilled hand,
 Which seemed to wind its undulations rude
 Like flame around her heart, and wake some pang
 That slept within her bosom as a snake;
 She started at the sound, and then stood still,
 'Till the big drops were glistening in her eyes,
 Then turning, brush'd the springing tears away,
 And followed onward where the pathway led.

* "The Paradise of Clouds" is Lord Byron's expression; but this piece was written before the publication of "Cain."

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REVIEW OF BOOKS.

The Spaewife. A Tale of the Scottish Chronicles.

WHEN the title-page of a story is no way deceptive, and we are honestly given to understand the nature of the work which is placed before us, we know not that we are entitled to set ourselves in battle array against the species at the expense of the individual. Were this not the case, we should be much disposed to protest against so much in the peculiar line of invention under which the *Spaewife* is to be classed—meaning that mixture of fact and fiction, of verisimilitude and romance, which has been brought into so much currency by the author of *Waverley*. It is ridiculous, no doubt, to lay down strict and impassable rules for genius in the iron manner of exploded French criticism; but, without affecting anything of this kind, we may be allowed to get weary of an eternal succession of crazy prophetesses and mysteriously inspired mad women, resting for acknowledgment upon worn-out superstitions, and traditions which are rapidly following them. We must not be mistaken: we cannot recollect *Macbeth* without bowing to the lofty use which may be occasionally made of such materials; but what should we think of one or two tragedies a season, with an accompaniment of witches? or of a succession of labours, to insinuate that after all there is something in these vulgar notions, for, strange to say, demented old women are precisely the channels through which Providence deigns to communicate a knowledge of futurity? Moreover, it is a very different thing to adopt that, which, in relation to *Macbeth*, may be termed a Mythology, and to build upon it an hypothetical truth. In this way the *Faust* of Goëthe, the *Manfred* of Lord Byron, and many more, are legitimately supernatural; but it is something too much, as in the tale of Guy Mannering, to mix up astrology and second-sight with modern every-day transaction; or, as in the *Spaewife*, to attribute formal historical event to similar agency. Felicity of execution may, no doubt, cover the discrepancy in a few highly gifted exertions, but the repetition of imitators is sure, sooner or later, to expose it.

In point of fact, we venture to prophecy in our turn, that the minds of the great mass of readers for amusement will very soon be saturated with these misty associations, in which the variety is very bounded. The long received notion that madness is a species of possession, is the foundation of all these creations; and in the correspondent per-

traiture there must necessarily be a tedious sameness. We have before had occasion to observe, that the purely imaginative is infinitely more restricted than the really existent, and that the created, or rather the compounded, beings of fancy, are anything but multitudinous. The Meg Merrilies family, for instance, are by no means numerous, or materially various in feature. From the Cumean Sybil down to Mrs. Williams of Store-street, and from Otway's boding old woman in the Orphan to the *Spaewife*, there is much similitude in the leading features; and, in consequence, nothing in the world is more easy than to have too much of them.

Having written our mind upon this too abundant application of exploded traditions—and the more freely as it seems connected with a strong desire to foster certain lurking superstitious tendencies in our nature as socially useful—we proceed to the more pleasant part of our labours. Except then, as before excepted, the author of the *Spaewife* has embodied the meagre descriptions of the Scottish Chronicles and History with considerable force and dexterity. He doubtless lacks the lightness of hand and skill at individualization which so much distinguish his great leader, but his elaboration is able, and his skill in narrative still more so. Like his original, however, he is by no means happy in the arrangement of his story, or in that general disposition which develops a rising and progressive interest to the close. But sufficient in this strain: proceed we to the story.

Be it therefore known to our readers, that the *Spaewife* is founded upon the tragical murder of James I. of Scotland, and a light imitation of the manner of the old Chronicles is affected in the way of telling the story. Independently of general history, the notions are chiefly gathered from a MS. contemporary account of the murder, written by one John Shirley, an Englishman, which thus commences:—

“ The followyng begynnyth a full lamentable cronycle of the dethe and false murdure of James Stuarde, last Kyng of Scottys, nought long agone prisoner yn Englande, ynne the tymes of the Kynges Henrye the fyfte and Henrye the sixte.”

This document the author gives at length in an appendix, and many will be amused by it, to whom the fiction founded upon it will be of very secondary consideration. It is, in fact, very curious, and what is more, contains the tradition which gives rise at once to the fictitious title chosen by our author, and the personage to which it alludes. The following is the passage:—

“ After this the Kyng sodanly avasid made a solempne fest of the Cristynnes at Perth, which is clepid Sant Johns towne, which is from Edenbrough on that other side of the Scottish See, the which is vulgarly clepid the Water of Lethe. Yn the myddis of the way thare arose a woman of Ersland, that clepid herselfe as a auth-sayer. The which anone as she saw the Kyng, she cried with a lowde voise, sayng thus, ‘ My Lord Kyng, and ye pase this water, ye shall never turne ayane on lyve.’ The Kyng heryng this was astonyed of her wordis; for bot a litill to fore he had red yn a prophesie, that yn the selfe same yere the Kyng of Scottes shuld be slayne. And therwithall the Kyng as he rode clepid to him one of his knyghtis, and gave hym yn comaundment to torne ayne to speke with that woman, and ask of here what she wold, and what thyng she ment with her lowd cryyng? And she began, and told hym as ye hafe hard of the Kyng of Scottes, yf he passed that water. As now the Kyng askid her how she knew that? And she said that Huthart told her so. ‘ Sire,’ quod he, ‘ men may calant y tak non hede of yond womans wordes, for she ys bot a drunkeine fule, and wot not what she saith.’ And so with his folk passid the water, clepid the Scottishe See, toward Saynt Johannes towne, but iiii miles from the

cuntreth of the Wild Scottes ; where, yn a close of Blakfriars withowt the said towne, the Kyng held a gret fest."

Our task will now be easy. The story commences with a brief account of the melancholy circumstances which led to the English imprisonment and education of the poetical and literary James, and of his return to Scotland imbued with English notions of government, and entertaining a decided intention to curb the feudal barbarity of his nobles. The peculiar relationship of the Royal Family, which necessarily produced hatred and treason, is well described, and the *Spaewife* is furnished with as fine materials to make a Macbeth of as need be.* In truth, in generals, the story is the same: the Spaewife, a crazed and unblest fairy changeling, "paltering" with a tempted and deceived traitor "in a double sense," precisely like the witches. This, no doubt, is the weakest part of the story; for the situation of Athol rendered such goading altogether unnecessary, not to dwell upon such palpable imitation. The cruel execution of his uncle and cousins by James (however well they deserved it), and the escape of one of them, the lover of the tale, lead to the remaining interest of the story, and at the same time bring into play a well drawn Celtic Chieftian, and a few other kindred sketches, not forgetting a portraiture of the undaunted Sir Robert Græme, the immediate assassin of the King. This feudal ruffian is well drawn; but after all, less ably so than in the real Chronicle. Owing to some fatality or other, our author mismanages his catastrophes, otherwise the horrible fate of the conspirators might have produced some excellent dark painting—the torture sustained by Græme, and his deportment under it, in particular. The love-business is very poor, and scarcely holds the story together; and what is worse, with the exception of the dignified widow of the executed Duke of Albany, we are scarcely interested for a single individual from one end of the book to the other. Still it rivets the attention, and we know no greater proof of power. We supply the following passage, which will show the version made by our author of the incident in the Chronicle, as also convey a notion of the affected formality of his narrative:—

"The King and the Queen, and their lords and ladies, having departed with all befitting pomp and pageantry from the Abbey of the Holyrood at Edinburgh, came in due time to the South Ferry, where many boats, barges, and mariners were convened to carry them across the Forth. And it happened, while they were standing on the shore, in the bustle and controversy of embarkation—the gallants talking loudly—the gentlewomen fearful—and the mariners and servitors making a great noise with much loquacity, that Anniple of Dunblane was seen coming rushing wildly down the hill—her dishevelled hair and tattered mantle fluttering and streaming behind—her arms outspread, and in her right hand the uncouth sapling which served her for a staff, making altogether the apparition of a creature rather of some fantastical element, than of the solidity of this world.

The young and the light-headed, who saw her first, began to laugh at so strange an advent, wondering and marvelling by what insane rapture she was so driven and borne; but as she drew near, every one became silent; for without heed or hindrance of any impediment, she came on like an arrow from a bow towards the King;

* King Robert XI. the grandfather of James, privately married Elizabeth Mure, by whom he had several children, but to please his father he put her away, and publicly wedded Euphemia Ross. On the death of the latter, however, he owned his first marriage, and the children of Elizabeth Mure were declared to stand in the line of succession before those by Euphemia Ross. The Earl of Athol, who brought about the murder of James, was the eldest son of the latter, and hence—aided by the too hasty measures of James in the resumption of Crown Lands—the treason.

and so very oraculous was her whole air, gesture, and delicious straight-forwardness, that those who should have stood between her and his Majesty recoiled backward to the right and to the left, and stood aghast and subdued as if she had been indeed some messenger of dooms and destinies.

When she was come close to the King, she fell on her knees, and took hold of him by the surcoat, panting and breathless; being, by reason of her headlong haste, unable to speak. His Majesty, seeing the condition in which she was, moved not from her hold, but waited compassionately till she had utterance, when he said to her familiarly—

‘What wouldst thou with me? What tidings have caused thee to come with such speed, that it would seem as if thou hadst almost left thy breath behind?’

To this, however, she made no prompt answer; but, after a time, rising from her kneeling, she looked fearfully around, as if in quest of some person that she thought was present; and then she suddenly pointed to the barge prepared for the King and Queen, and said,—‘I thought it was here, but it’s yonder, yonder!’

‘What didst thou think was here?’ said his Majesty curiously, and somewhat awed by the air of visionary horror with which she gazed towards the boat.

‘Yon, yon,’ was her answer, stretching forward her hand and keeping her eye fixed upon the thing which she saw. Then she added, still gazing earnestly and awfully,—‘See you it not? a man in a winding-sheet with eight-and-twenty stains of blood, and he has a black banner in his hand. He’s no meet company for a king; I rede you no to gang in the boat with him.’

‘It is the same woman,’ said his Majesty to the Earl of Athol, who stood behind him, anxious to avoid the eye of Anniple; and he added, addressing himself to her,

‘But what wouldst thou by eight-and-twenty wounds?’

Instead, however, of making him any answer, she turned quickly round, and fixing her eye on the Earl, cried—

‘Lórd Athol, wha’s that beside you?’

The Earl grew pale, and looked to the right and to the left, and was much confused, for every eye was directed towards him.

‘I see no one nearer than myself,’ said the King.

‘But I see another,’ replied Anniple—‘a king too—an auld, auld, auld ane—

His face is wrinkled, his eyne are young,

And he licks his lips wi’ a lying tongue.

Do ye no see him there, at the Earl’s right side? In his hand he has a chain, and that chain fastened deep, deep in the Earl’s heart. My Lord, ye’re his—when he gets the right-hand side and the left-hand grip—

There’s no a power by land nor by sea,

Nor a saint aboon that can set you free—

Ye may count your beads and sign the cross,

But your gold for masses as well might be dross;

What ye pray for ye’ll get—Ah! mair’s the loss,

And ye’ll thank for dule and a blessing that’s bows—

So away wi’ him ye maun gang, O.”

The King, notwithstanding the awe and dread with which this rhapsody visibly affected the Earl, smiled and said to him,—

‘This is worse than my eight-and-twenty wounds.’ But his levity was in a moment checked by the utterance of a wild and frightful scream from the rapt and frantic creature.

‘How now, Anniple,’ said Stuart, ‘what see you now?’

She made him, however, no answer, but going up to the Lady Catherine Douglas, who was standing between the Queen and the Lady Sibilla, she touched her on the right hand.

‘What is this for?’ said that lady, who had observed with much wonderment the whole scene.

‘Nothing, nothing,’ replied Anniple, ‘I saw nothing—but, bonny as ye be, ye’ll be married with the left hand.’

‘That is to tell me,’ said the Lady Catherine, endeavouring to laugh, ‘I shall not be married at all.’

‘And have you nothing to spae to me?’ cried the Lady Sibilla, in a still gayer tone, to remove the solemnity which the prophetic phantasies of Anniple had very plainly bred in the bosom of her royal mistress. It had, however, been well for her that she had said nothing; for Anniple took hold of her right hand with her left,

and holding up her own right hand between her and the Lady Sibilla, as if to screen her eyes from a dazzling splendour, she looked at her for some time, and then dropped her hand and turned away.

'You tell me nothing,' said the Lady Sibilla.

'Do you wish that I would?' replied Anniple sharply, and with a look that covered the face and bosom of the lady with the crimson of a blush.

By this time the boats and barges were prepared, and the King and Queen were on the point of going to the shore to embark, when Anniple again seized him by the skirts.

'Let the poor woman be taken hence,' said the King. 'Stuart, pray see that she is conveyed to some meet place.'

In saying this, his Majesty endeavoured to disengage his surcoat from her grip, but she clung to it, crying—

'I'm a leal subject, and I'll no part wi' you. The yett's barred, if ye cross that water: once o'er, and there's nae coming back.'

Stuart, at this, came forward and seized her roughly by the arm to draw her away, but the King chided him for being so rude.

'Harm her not,' said he, 'it is but an innocent phrenzy.'

His Majesty then took hold of her by the arm, and said to her smilingly—

'I pray thee, let me go,—it is not wise of one with such wisdom as thine to hold me here in this condition,—do,—take thy hand away,—the tide and the wind now serve, and we shall lose the favour of both, if I must longer abide thy pleasure. It were kind, and as a loving subject, to let me go.'

'I would be as false as'—she cried, looking wildly round, '—as Lord Athol there, were I let you go.'

'She bears the Earl no good-will,' said the Lady Catherine Douglas.

'And what for should she?' exclaimed Anniple, heedlessly dropping the King's skirt, and going erectly towards that lady, who shrunk away at her coming.

'And what's in Lord Athol, that I should bear him any good-will?' A fozy heart, and a cheatie man; though I travelled three times three, and thrice that of weary miles, to spae that he was to be a crowned King, he grudged to pay me the courtesie of a meet largess.'

The King laughed lightly at this speech; and said to the Earl, moving, with the Queen leaning on his arm, towards the shore, 'I no longer marvel that she bodes such ill to you. Gifts were always thought requisite to propitiate the oracles. I pray you, bespeak a better prediction.'

The Earl, who had all this time stood in trouble and perplexity, scarcely witting what he did, pulled his purse from his girdle, and taking from it several pieces of silver, threw them towards her; the which moved the King's mirth still more, and he looked round to Anniple, as she hastily gathered the money from the ground, saying, 'But I know not wherefore it is that thou hast been so cruel in the prophecy to me, as to deal me no less than eight-and-twenty wounds,—what shall I give thee to spae me a happier destiny?'

Anniple looked up, and smiling, said, 'Nothing to me, but gi'e a crown to your son.'

The King was observed to start at this; and the Earl of Athol and Stuart exchanged looks of alarm and anxiety. The Queen, who had all the while witnessed, with a cold and thrilling terror, what was passing, dropped her hold of the King's arm, and returning back two paces towards Anniple, said,—

'I beseech thee to be plain with me; and say what it is that moves thee to speak in this mysterions manner, as if thou wast privy to some coming sorrow.'

Anniple at first looked as she would have answered; but suddenly she waved her hand, as if to bid her Majesty not inquire; and turning round towards Stuart, cast her eyes wildly for a moment upon him, and then began to laugh with so frightful a vehemence, intermingled, as it were, with yells and howls so very terrible to hear, that all present hastened towards the boats, and left her standing alone.

It only remains for us to say, that our author has not intended to make us in love with feudal Scotland by this tale; for a more dreary set of barbarians than her nobility, both then and long subsequently, could scarcely be imagined. Heaven knows—this being about the era of the wars of York and Lancaster—England displayed barbarity enough; but the merciless stabbings and assassinations of the Scottish chivalry are unprecedented; nor do we think that the history of any other

country records a tissue of more merely murderous and indefensible régicide. We are aware that, comparatively speaking, the English are a very contemptible race at present; but in truth Edward I. is half defended by the Scottish history of more than two centuries after him, and by the later happy effect of the union of the crowns. How the eternal school-boy James the Sixth and First picked up his silly notions of right divine and passive obedience, we cannot tell,—certainly not from the history of his *own* country, where the lieges were in the habit of slitting a royal windpipe almost every other reign. It is curious to trace the progression of the ruffianism of one age into the loyalty of another, and that which renders so large a body of the very same people, who murdered royal Stuarts with so little ceremony at one time, endure all sorts of privation and danger for the most contemptible of that contemptible race at another.—But what has this to do with the *Spæwif*?

ON IMITATION IN THE ARTS OF DESIGN.

“Ut pictura, poësis.”—HORACE.

IMITATION in the arts of design has for its principal and essential end the fictitious representation of any object, whether of sight or feeling. Thus, for example, painting imitates a man, a horse, a tree, a plant,—these are palpable existences; but neither light nor extent is susceptible of feeling. Yet art has found the method to present to our eyes the immensity of extent, and to embody, if I may thus express myself, not only light, but also that subtle and unseizable vapour which constitutes the air in which we live and breathe. Aristotle's *De Poësia* asserts that “the object of all the fine arts is to imitate, by colours and figures, rythm, eloquence, and harmony.”

The object of painting is to represent the form, the tone of colours, the circumambient air, the light in which animated beings are in action and motion. I do not allude to the other department of painting, which contributes to its perfection, that is, linear perspective, because it consists in forming the plan of a picture, requiring the application of geometry to determine with exactness the points of extent in elevation or in depth, for the purpose of establishing the respective distances of objects, in relation to each other.

These divers parts constitute, in a comprehensive view, the art of painting, in considering it yet only in its mechanical powers. But as the fine arts tend to elevate the imagination, to awaken sentiment in the recesses of the heart, and conduct to the grand and sublime, imitation in the arts of design ought not to be servile, and offer but a cold and insipid copy of any simple view, observed without selection and discrimination. This is so true, that if the painter submitted to inspection, with scrupulous fidelity, all the imperfections of vulgar or degraded nature, his work would be repulsive to the eyes, and excite even disgust instead of pleasure—instead of emotion; above all, instead of surprise and admiration. I shall add, that painting cannot descend to a minute detail of the human form, so as to delineate the beard and the hair on the surface of the body; in a word, all the particles capable of being divided and enumerated, without extinguishing the fire of

the imagination and the warmth of sentiment,—the only two springs that give life to the intellectual creations of man. To reduce art to such low operations, is to annihilate it. The great masters of different schools have painted, in masses, all these puerile details, so poor in effect. It may be adopted as a principle of the art, that extreme servility of delineation is admissible, at most, in flower-painting,—the sole branch that allows of an execution minutely and rigorously exact; but here neither genius nor sentiment is required. Sir Joshua Reynolds observed, “One who has a genius will comprehend in his idea the whole of his work at once; whilst he, who is deficient in genius, amuses himself with trifling parts of small consideration, attends with scrupulous exactness to the minuter matters only, which he finishes to a nicety; whilst the whole together has a very ill effect.” The most general rule in the choice of subjects, fit for the purpose of the art, is that of Horace:—

“Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo.”

“The useful, lovely, grave, and sweet unite;
Each point is borne—of doctrine and delight.”

Conformably to the system which we maintain,—a system, besides, supported by the soundest reasoning, the great painters have found means to produce the most complete and satisfactory illusion. Change the process, and the consequence most unfavourable to painting will be discernible. We may easily prejudge it from the works of modern German painters. Their pictures move no one; as the labour and patience, which are their distinctive character, supersede the facility, and above all the enthusiasm, which disclose, in the productions of painting, the brave eccentricities of the pencil. By dint of exactness they miss their aim. I go farther; let Rembrandt be placed in opposition with a Gerard Dow, or a Miéris, however precious and rare he may be as “the king of high and minute finishing,” yet we shall discover which of the two fulfils the best the condition which is the characteristic excellence of painting,—even illusion, that enchantress, which seduces in deceiving us. At the same time, the manner of the one is negligent and often incorrect, working with the broad fullness of the brush, and leaving the touch undisturbed; sometimes he employed the stick, the pallet-knife, or his fingers, to produce effect; whilst that of the two other painters whom I have named, is superabundant in pains,—is costly, but indicates the work of patience, rather than of the freedom in execution, which attests the force of ardour and of imagination. The power of Rembrandt in the art he practised was perfectly original, and its exercise quite unlike that of any other painter; being drawn from nature with the most faithful and discriminating eye, but with the most peculiar selection and enthusiastic rapture. His scholar, Douw, was remarkable for his patient perseverance in finishing his pictures. As an instance of this, it is mentioned that a broom in one of his pictures was particularly noticed and admired for its neatness: upon which he said, that he proposed to spend three days more in working on that broom, before he should think it complete. In another picture, he spent five days in finishing the hands of a lady, that leaned on her arm-chair. The most capital picture of this master in Holland is three feet by two and a half feet broad, representing two rooms with

a variety of objects. Another artist of the Flemish school, Douw's pupil, Mieris, resembled his master in the ingenuity of his compositions and execution; painting his draperies with so much minuteness, that all the peculiarities of their different textures were visible. Silk, velvet, stuff, carpets, &c. all were not only marked with their general characteristic appearances, but the threads of their texture were made as visible as in nature. His own valuation of his time, was a ducat an hour. One of the most beautiful works, in this country, is known by the appellation of the "Shrimp Man."

A FEW WORDS ON GENOA.

Genoa, Oct. 1823.

THEY may well call this *Genova la Superba*. Truly it is so in every sense. It is *superb* in our acceptation of the word, that is, magnificent;—magnificent in itself; magnificent, most magnificent, in its situation; and *proud* it has good cause to be, if such things occasion pride.

Genoa must be a sore thorn in the side of feudal people, and the proudest of feathers in the cap of merchants. It is, or rather in its best days it *was*, a proud proof of what may be done by ships, and commerce, and industry,—trade, that is, in its large sense,—without the assistance of any territorial advantages; and consequently, without the concomitant drawbacks of old territorial regulations and establishments. Genoa is a little nook, a mere corner, considered in relation to its positive extent; and yet, during the ages when the large kingdoms of Europe equally neglected and despised trade, it had almost a power, and certainly a fame, equal, if not superior, to any of them. And after all it is not to be wondered; when all wealth and honour lay in the possession of land, and all fame in the cutting of throats, it is quite to be understood, that a city which had the precocious sense to perceive that there were other things not dreamt of in this no philosophy, should outstrip those lords of the *good old time* in every thing appertaining to the arts of life,—in all cultivation and enlightenment of talent. It is true that these merchant-princes and their cities have since declined; but it appears to me that it is because the great territorial nations have by degrees imitated, and consequently, from their natural advantages, excelled them. Whence is the great existent wealth and power of England? Not, assuredly, from its size, or even from its fertility. It is small, and in an ungrateful climate; but it directed its attention to manufactures and trade; we became a "nation of shopkeepers;" we supplied the world with the comforts, if not the necessities of life, and made them pay tribute to our intellect and industry, if not to our brute force. And whence will the decline of England come, if it do come? Not from our being less skilful, or less industrious,—but from other nations with greater capabilities of climate, of numbers, and of soil, following our example, and, consequently, outstripping us in our own line. France is naturally, it is quite undeniable, a superior country to England. What has made us always her rival, always her equal, and sometimes her superior, has been these moral, which have counterbalanced her physical, advantages. In the *ancien regime* it was a matter of inferiority, even of contempt, to be engaged in mercantile concerns; but Napoleon, with all his own mili-

tary education, predilections, and habits,—with all his affected sneering at our mercantile pursuits,—was far too clear and far-sighted a statesman not to perceive and to value the true source of our power and greatness; and he encouraged in every possible way the establishment and the prosperity of manufactures in France, of which we are, at this moment, beginning strongly to feel the effects. At this very port, and even at Leghorn, which is comparatively free, the French merchandize is fast outstripping ours. In cloths especially, the proverbial staple of our country, the whole, or nearly the whole of Italy, is now supplied by France, to the almost total exclusion of our own.

“A nation of shopkeepers” must always prosper and stand high, as long as there are few such,—as long as other nations are kept in *territorialism* and backwardness, and are compelled to come to them for the means whereby to live. Thus was it that the commercial cities of Italy, in the middle ages, possessed power and wealth which we can scarcely reconcile either with their trifling rise, or their present decay, were it not for the solution of the riddle I have alluded to above. Genoa was one of the chief of these, and is a fair sample of them all, both in their points of admiration, and in their faults. Of these last, the chief and damning one of all, which indisputably hastened their downfall, by lessening their vigour of struggle with their rising competitors,—is their chief merchants abandoning and becoming ashamed of the very means to which they owed all,—in a word, of their being merchants. Commerce brought them riches, and these inspired into their heads all the fumes of so-called nobility, which are so absurd and baneful in every case, and so utterly fatal in theirs. They pay their hundred thousand francs to get their name inscribed on the *Libro d'Oro*, and then they point to the impassable gulf of nobility fixed between them and their fellows of yesterday! In the name of every thing that can claim even Scotch cousinship with common sense, whence has it arisen that it is reckoned more matter of honour to possess earth than what the earth yields? Whence can have possibly sprung that respect and consideration which, I must acknowledge, are almost universally attached to the possession of land? It can by possibility come from nothing but *ancienté*—mere, mere time. People were proprietors of land, when the corn, which was eaten raw, and the beasts, which were eaten half-raw, were all that the land afforded; and therefore landed gentlemen are of more ancient date than merchants and traders, the makers, namely, and the sellers of manufactured goods. But in all shadow of sense, the preference ought to be given to the latter; for being a manufacturer or a merchant argues the possession at least of some skill, which is intellect, and necessitates the possession of some industry, which is virtue. But being the proprietor of land argues nothing at all—except being the son of a proprietor of land, which is nothing at all; and as it exempts, by inherited wealth, the necessity of working for acquired wealth, it frequently, very frequently, involves the absence of both skill and industry—of both intellect and virtue. And yet men are always proud of being the one, and nearly always half ashamed of being the other! Such is the perversity of the human mind. And perhaps the fault is to be laid more to that general perversity than to the individuals who are swayed by it; for of all implanted within us, one of the very strongest is the desire of

ration; and if these great merchants found their consideration vastly increased by their becoming little lords, it is natural, though still lamentable, that they should do so.

And yet it were to be wished, if not expected, that the Genoese should have been an exception to this. They were the great examples of the commercial system of their time—every body wondered at and admired the things done by this small community of merchants—but the admiration ceased, and the wonder ceased, and the achievements themselves ceased, when these haughty and powerful merchants became a knot of equally haughty but not at all powerful nobles. In exact proportion as the nobility increased, and the merchandises diminished, did the superiority and strength of Genoa dwindle and decline. This was much assisted, it is true, by the general reasons I have named above—but the internal causes were strong ones also. This is truly the verification of the folly of the stag in the fable, who was ashamed of his legs, which were his safeguard, and was proud of his horns, which were his death.

But it seems there was always considerable inclination to play the *magnifico* in Genoa. The erection of one of its most beautiful and one of its most useful objects—the church and bridge of Carignano—was owing to this. These were both constructed by a family called Saoli—not in fulfilment of any vow—not in consequence of any devotional feelings—but because one of its members did not like getting up early in the morning. It appears that a Marchese di Saoli sent one Sunday to the cure of his parish to beg him to say mass somewhat later than usual, as he was indisposed, and could not rise so early as the common time. To this modest request the cure sent back for answer, that if the Marchese di Saoli wanted mass said at his own hour, he must build his own church, and appoint his own priests—but, for him, he should perform the service at the appointed hour. The Marchese, in the pride of his wealth, took him at his word, and built the present church close to his own palace. It is very beautiful, being in the form of a Greek cross of admirable proportions; having a very elegantly formed cupola, and being ornamented with pictures and statues of considerable merit. The nephew of this marquis, to facilitate the communication between the body of the town and his palace and new church, built a bridge across the ravine which separated them. This work, though we should not, perhaps, think much of it in these days of “roads and bridges,” was certainly one of considerable boldness and power for the time (the beginning of the 17th century), in which it was executed—being of considerable length and great height, having houses of seven stories beneath the arches.

From the top of this church is a magnificent view of Genoa and the surrounding country, which, like that near Florence, is studded with a suburb of palaces. For this reason I almost prefer this view to the more celebrated one from the sea; for, from the latter, you see only the city, unless you go out so far as strongly to diminish the effect of the whole. When I say “a suburb of palaces,” I do not mean streets —a *fauzbourg*—but palaces, each standing in the midst of its own garden, thus adding the beauty of intermingled trees and verdure.

It is noted out to me that which Lord Byron lately occupied the man's manner, that the English ask for it more

frequently and anxiously than for that which was the habitation of Andrew Doria.

At the Ducal Palace there are the vestiges of the independance of Genoa. The state apartments formerly occupied by the Doge are now untenanted. In these rooms he remained during the two years of his reign, with the exception of the occasions of public processions. Four counsellors were the companions of this gubernatorial captivity, but these were relieved every month, while the Duke himself still remained within his gilded cage. Truly this must have been *un triste metier*.

There were Piedmontese sentries at the gates,—as the rest of the palace consists of public offices, and of the residence of the Governor. Some of these were Sardinians, a regiment of whom has been for three or four years at Genoa. They were mostly short, slight men, with very dark complexions, and sparkling eyes. I have often wondered at the very slight knowledge which exists of the island of Sardinia. I was told here that it is in a state of great barbarism. These men, when they arrived, were filthy to a degree to shock even Italians. Their language was almost if not quite unintelligible in Italy.

The man, a very intelligent one, who guided me, ventured a sort of cautious curse against their present masters, to feel the way as to how I should receive such tenets. On my not expressing myself exceedingly shocked at his hatred of foreign dominion, he began a lamentation and complaint on the part which England had played in the transfer of his country. Indignation, it was very evident, would have mingled strongly in what he said, were it not for his fear of giving me offence as an Englishman. The bitterness which he seemed to feel (— for though a *laquais de place* is like “a courtier, a pococurante by profession,” he really did seem to feel on these points—) for the loss of the independance of his country was almost half caused by the fact of its masters being its hereditary enemies, with whom they were almost always at war, and over whom they had often been victorious. It was as if France had become the ruler of England, or England of France. I was pleased to find, however, that this man seemed to have some idea of where the blame was justly due—for, so far from implicating our nation generally in this piece of flagrant and scandalous treachery, he acquitted even our General of blame. He seemed to know that Lord William Bentinck’s proclamation was issued, by him at least, in all honesty and honour; he called him *un brav’ uomo* (which in a French or Italian mouth conveys much), and said, that during his command in Genoa, he was universally respected and loved.

No one could be more worthy of such sentiments than Lord William Bentinck—and he has proved it so in this instance; for it is understood that he has never ceased to feel the situation in which his Government placed him with reference to Genoa. What, indeed, could be more galling to a liberal and enlightened statesman than to be made the instrument of a Smithfield transfer of a whole nation to slavery?—what could be more galling to an high-minded soldier, than to be made the mouth-piece of a treacherous and despicable lie?

But it will never do to get upon the transfer of Genoa, for I have resolved, for this while, to make *trêve à la politique*. B.

FABLE.

THE BEAR, THE MONKEY, AND THE HOG.

(From the Spanish of Don Tomas Yriarte.)

A BEAR, whose hinder feet were train'd
In stately paces to advance,
With food a Piedmontese maintain'd,
Though rudely taught to rear and dance.

Aspiring proudly to excel,
Before an Ape he show'd his skill,
And vainly asked—"Is not this well?"

"No," said the Monkey, "very ill."

"I rather think," replied the Bear,

"Small favour have I in your sight:

"Who can surpass my graceful air?

"Or say my footsteps are not right?"

Enchanted at the view, a Swine

Exclaimed in raptures of surprise,

"Bravo! well done! Bien va! divine!

"No dancing else so charms the eyes."

The Bear, on hearing this, revolves

Their differing judgments in his head;

And as the question he resolves,

Thus to himself demurely said:

"The censure of the Ape inclines

"My thoughts to doubt of my address;

"But such encomium as the swine's

"Bids me despair of all success."

Let authors hence a moral learn:

Their work, if Wisdom fail to laud,

Is bad;—and also to discern---

Is worse, when Folly dares applaud.

TO THE READERS OF THE LITERARY EXAMINER.

WE should not be dealing honestly with our Readers, if we longer delayed to notice the absence of the *Indicator* from our columns. While there was a prospect of the continuance of these papers, we filled up, in the best manner we could, the vacuum occasioned by their suspension; but that prospect no longer exists. This publication was set up chiefly as a vehicle for the resumption of the *Indicator*:—ill-health and other circumstances now prevent anything like regular contribution from its Author; and we are therefore compelled, notwithstanding the very promising degree of support it has obtained, to discontinue it.

The present number is the last; and as it concludes the half-yearly Volume, a Title-page and Index are given to complete it. Our Subscribers may procure complete sets, or any single numbers, by giving orders to their booksellers, or by application to the publisher.

In consequence of this discontinuance, the occasional "Literary Notices" will be resumed in the *Examiner* Newspaper, particularly those of Lord Byron's forthcoming Works.

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